CORNUCOPIA

TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSUE 43 2010

GREAT ROCKS OF ZEUS

CARIA'S CULT OF THE THUNDER GOD

THE MAD MOSQUE

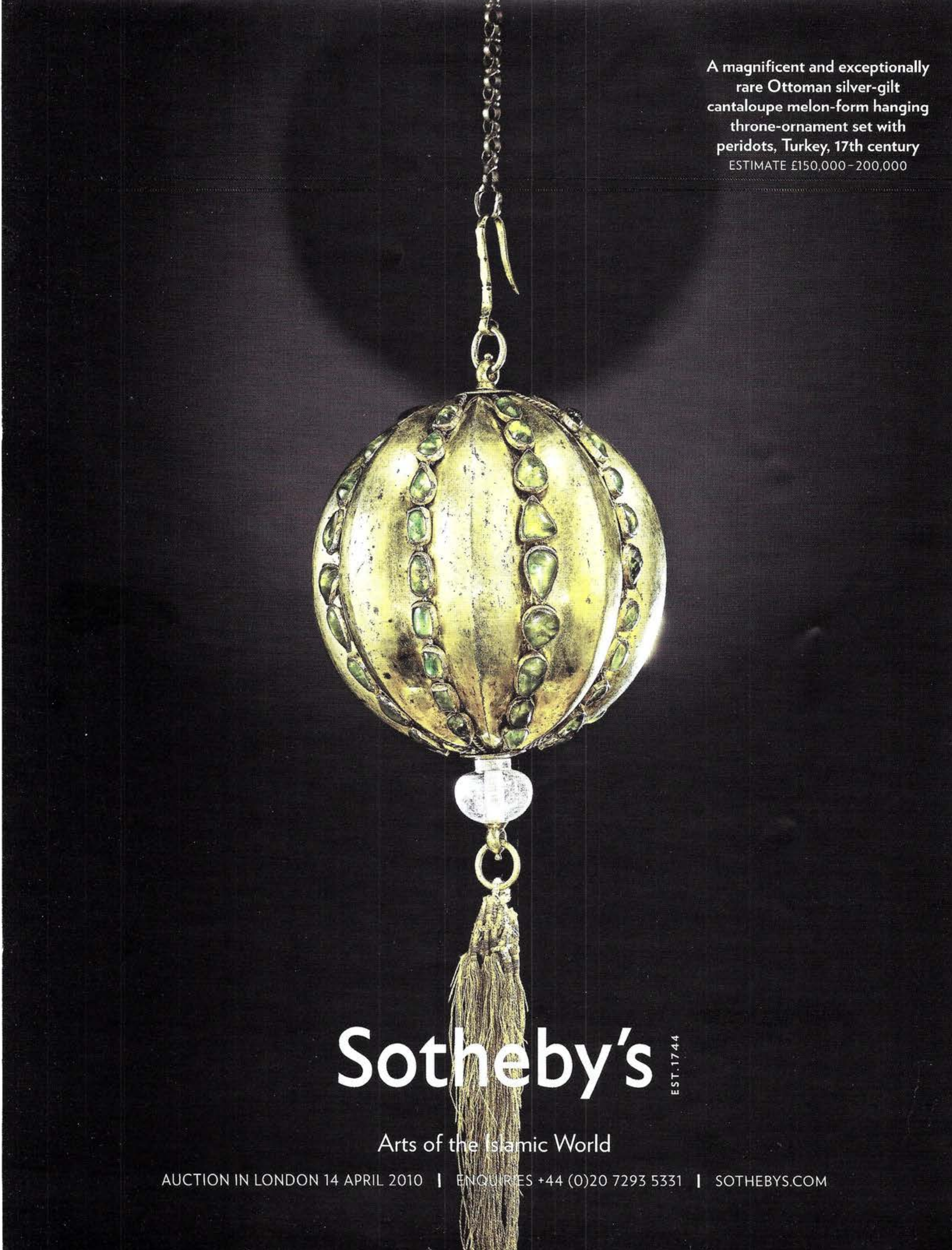
DIVRIĞI'S RIOT OF CARVING

FREEZE FRAME

A FILM DIRECTOR'S WINTER PANORAMAS

TREASURE TRAIL

CAPITAL OF CULTURE:
THE BEST OF ISTANBUL 2010
HEAD-TURNING OTTOMAN FASHION
DRESDEN'S DAZZLING DISPLAY



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Contents

Turkey for Connoisseurs

Shrines & Sanctuaries

Cover Story

Labraunda

Cult Capital of Caria: Rupert Scott on the hilltop shrine to Zeus
Photographs by Ali Konyalı · 54

Divriği

Sublime Portals: a 26-page tribute to Divriği's Great Mosque and Hospital
By Yolande Crowe, Patricia Daunt, Michael Hornsby, Oya Pancaroğlu and Daniel Shaffer · 74

Connoisseur

Istanbul 2010 Capital of Culture
The Townley Discobolus · Istanbul and Venice · Lydian gold · Classical Picasso
The Hippodrome down the ages · Ottoman costumes · 7

Turkey in Europe
Dresden's glorious armoury · Maastricht's museum pieces · The London sales · 18

People & Places

Frozen Moments: the outstanding photographs of the film director
Nuri Bilge Ceylan, by Maureen Freely · 28
Riding into History: on horseback with dedicated followers of Evliya Çelebi · 70
Good Vibrations: a luthier conjures up early Ottoman sounds, by Caterina Scaramelli · 100
At Home with the Ephesians: Thomas Roueché on a tour of the Terrace Houses · 108

Books

The Elusive Dane
Barnaby Rogerson on the Danish Royal Library's magisterial
new catalogue raisonné of Melchior Lorck · 39

Book Reviews
Rupert Scott on Francis Russell's guide for today's Grand Tourist · David Barchard
on archaeologists in the Aegean and a new Andrew Mango masterpiece · John Freely on
Heath Lowry's village memoirs · Caterina Scaramelli on novels in translation · 48

Food

Back to Our Roots: timeless recipes for radishes and turnips, by Berrin Torolsan · 112

Regulars

Private View: by Andrew Finkel · 24
Village Voices: Azize Ethem's Iznik diary · 120
Eating Out: the search for star quality · 125

Cover: The Stones of Labraunda. Photograph by Ali Konyalı
From the book *Mylasa Labraunda, Milas Çomakdağ: Archaeology and Rural Architecture in the Southern Aegean Region*
Courtesy of Milli Reasürans. See page 54

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THE ORIGINAL 'CORNUCOPIA'
The Latin *cornu copiæ* or 'horn of plenty', a horn overflowing with flowers, fruit and corn; symbol of prosperity and abundance in the cities of Anatolia.

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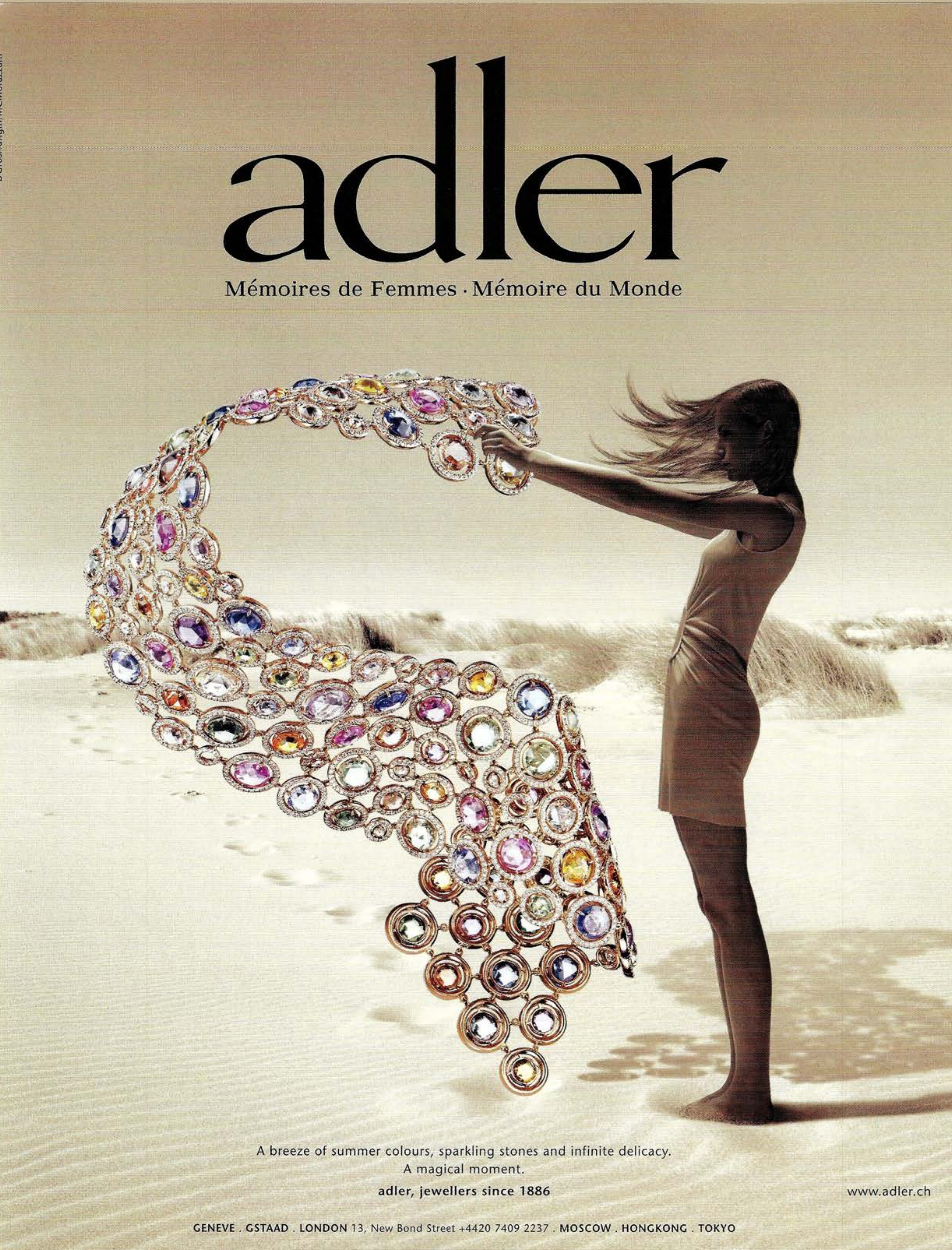

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Tekke Turkmen mature woman's yellow-ground embroidered chyrpy (back) Turkmenistan,
2nd half 19th century. Length 137 m. (4'6") loomwidth 44 cm. (1'6")

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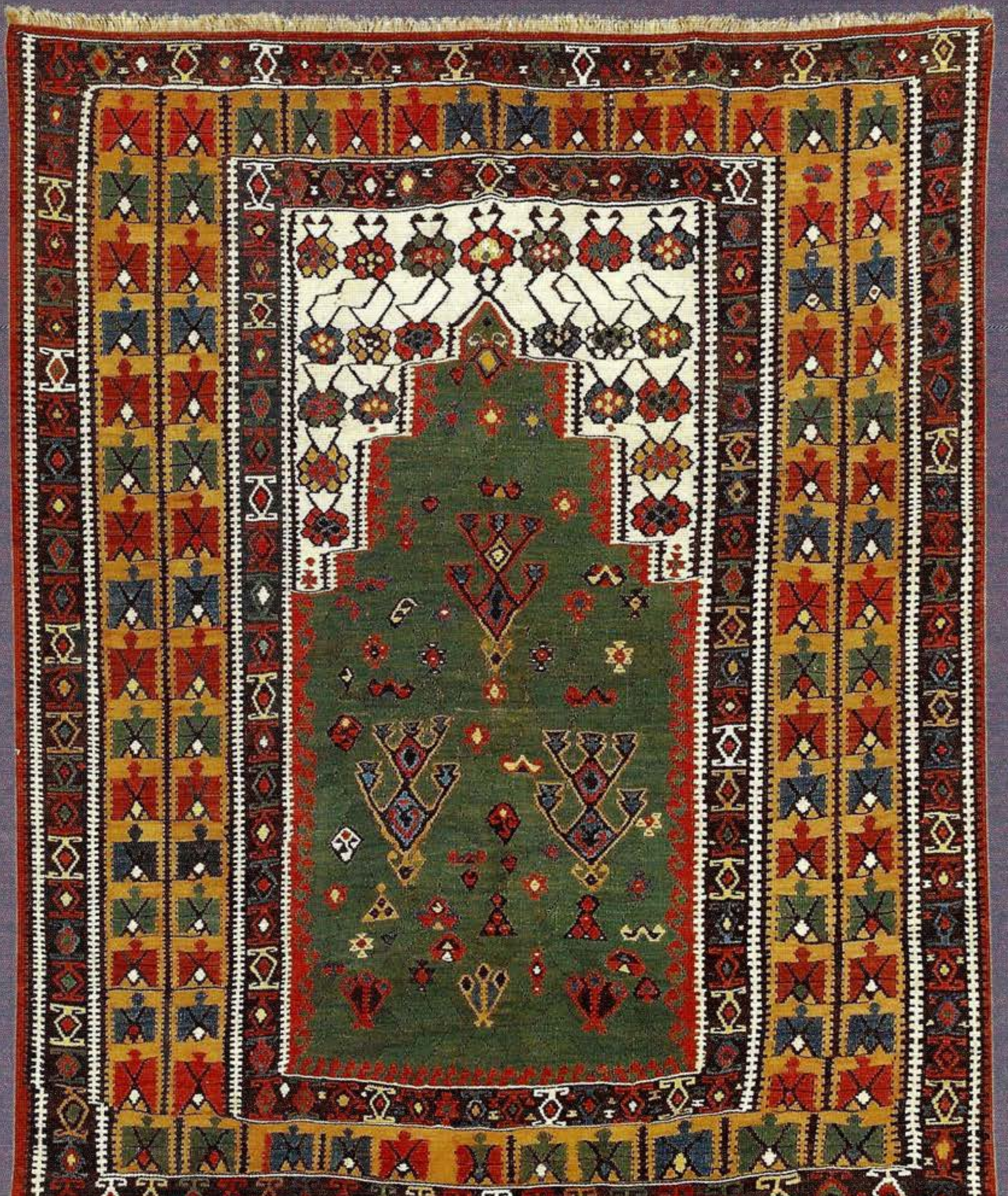

Bayburt prayer kilim, East Anatolia 19th century.1.30x1.60 m. (4'4"x5'4")

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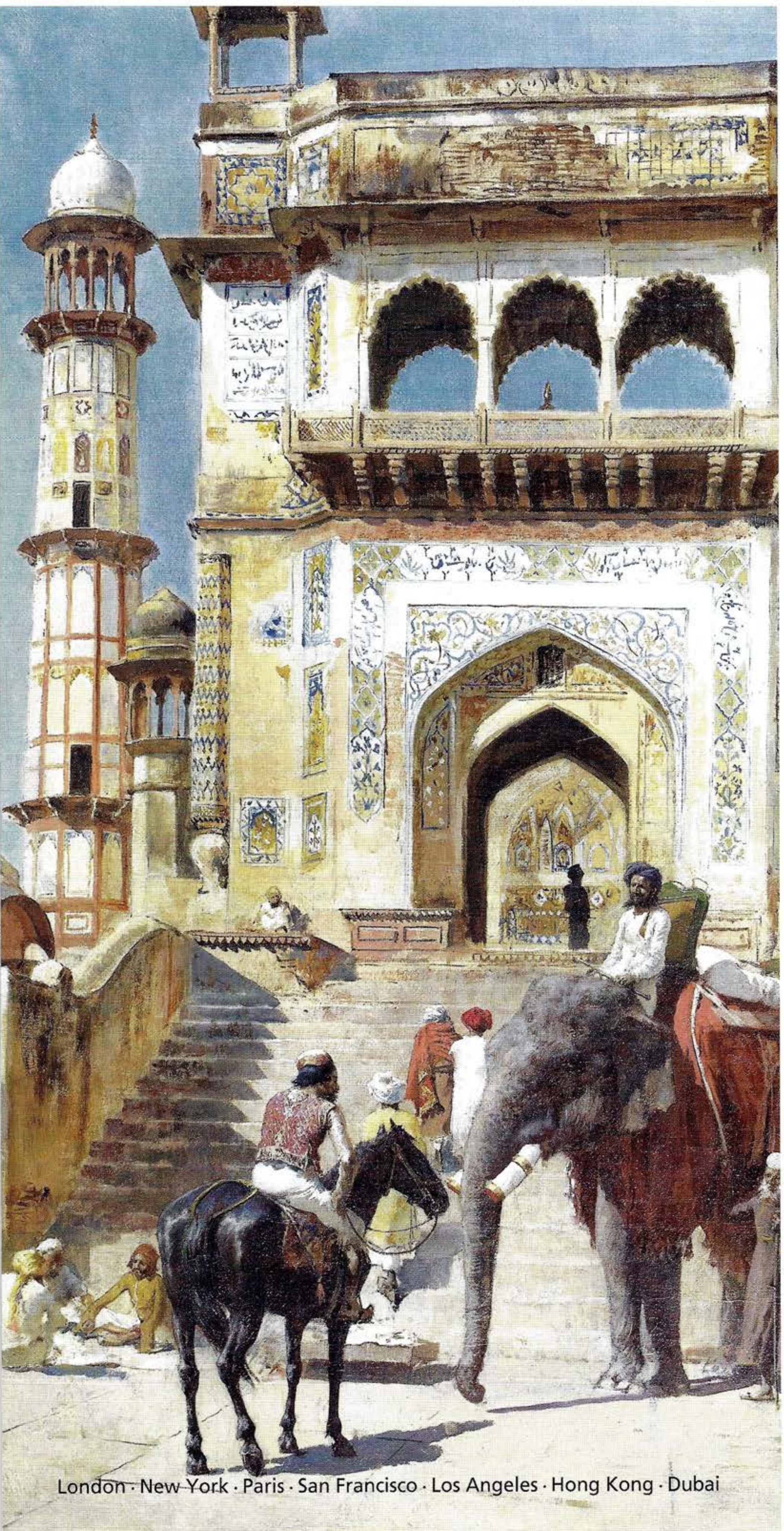
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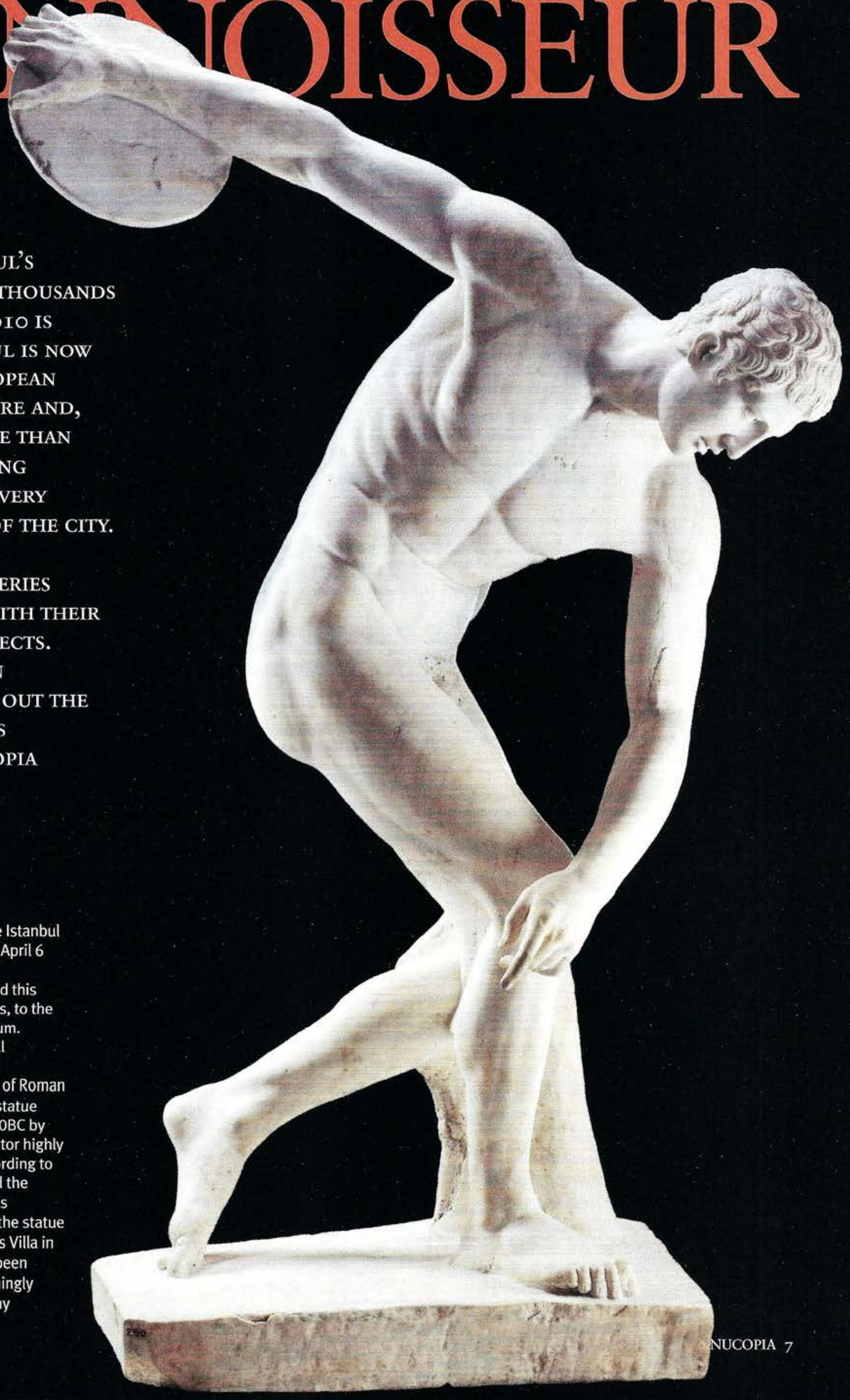
CONNOISSEUR

Every year Istanbul's festivals attract thousands of visitors. But 2010 is different: Istanbul is now one of three European Capitals of Culture and, to celebrate, more than 500 events are being mounted across every neighbourhood of the city. The major private museums and galleries have responded with their own exciting projects. In a special edition Connoisseur picks out the highlights of this cultural cornucopia



A SPORTING GESTURE

The Townley Discobolus at the Istanbul Archaeological Museum, until April 6

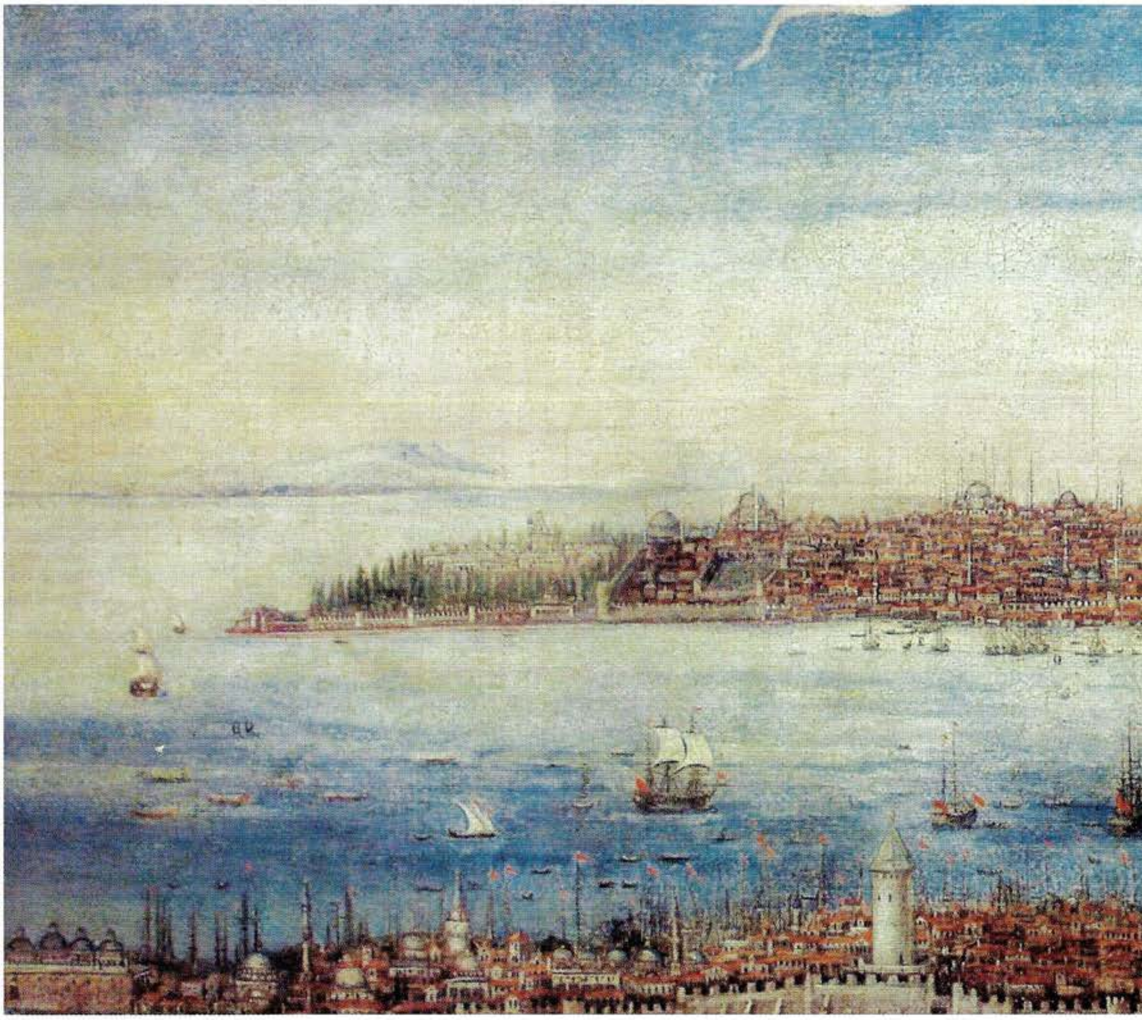
The British Museum has loaned this statue, the Townley Discobolus, to the Istanbul Archaeological Museum. Perhaps the most famous of all examples of classical art, the Discobolus is one of a number of Roman copies of a lost Greek bronze statue that was created circa 460–450BC by Myron, a 'Severe Period' sculptor highly regarded by the Romans. According to Petronias, he 'almost captured the souls of men and animals in his bronzes'. This marble copy of the statue was found in 1790 at Hadrian's Villa in Tivoli, and while its head has been incorrectly restored, it is stunningly beautiful in its athletic harmony

TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

The Sakip Sabanci Museum celebrates the rivalry that fuelled the Renaissance

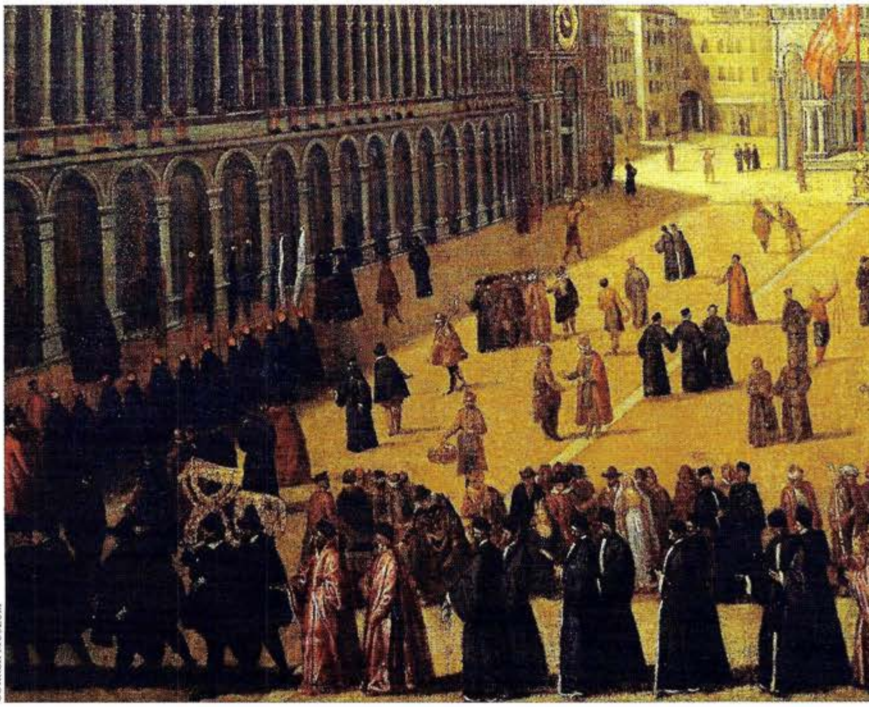
The Renaissance saw a tempestuous relationship between Istanbul and Venice that led to a surge of creativity in both cities. Providing the perfect sendoff for Istanbul's 2010 odyssey as Capital of Culture, the exhibition *Istanbul and Venice: Love by Any Other Name* (until March 20) reveals the fruit of this intense rivalry. Brocaders, cartographers and moneylenders fought tooth and nail, yet seeing works of art from la Serenissima and the Sublime Porte side by side today is a revelation. Lotto and Bellini carpets woven in Uşak, beloved of madonnas and doges, take on a whole new life in this setting. muze.sabanciuniv.edu



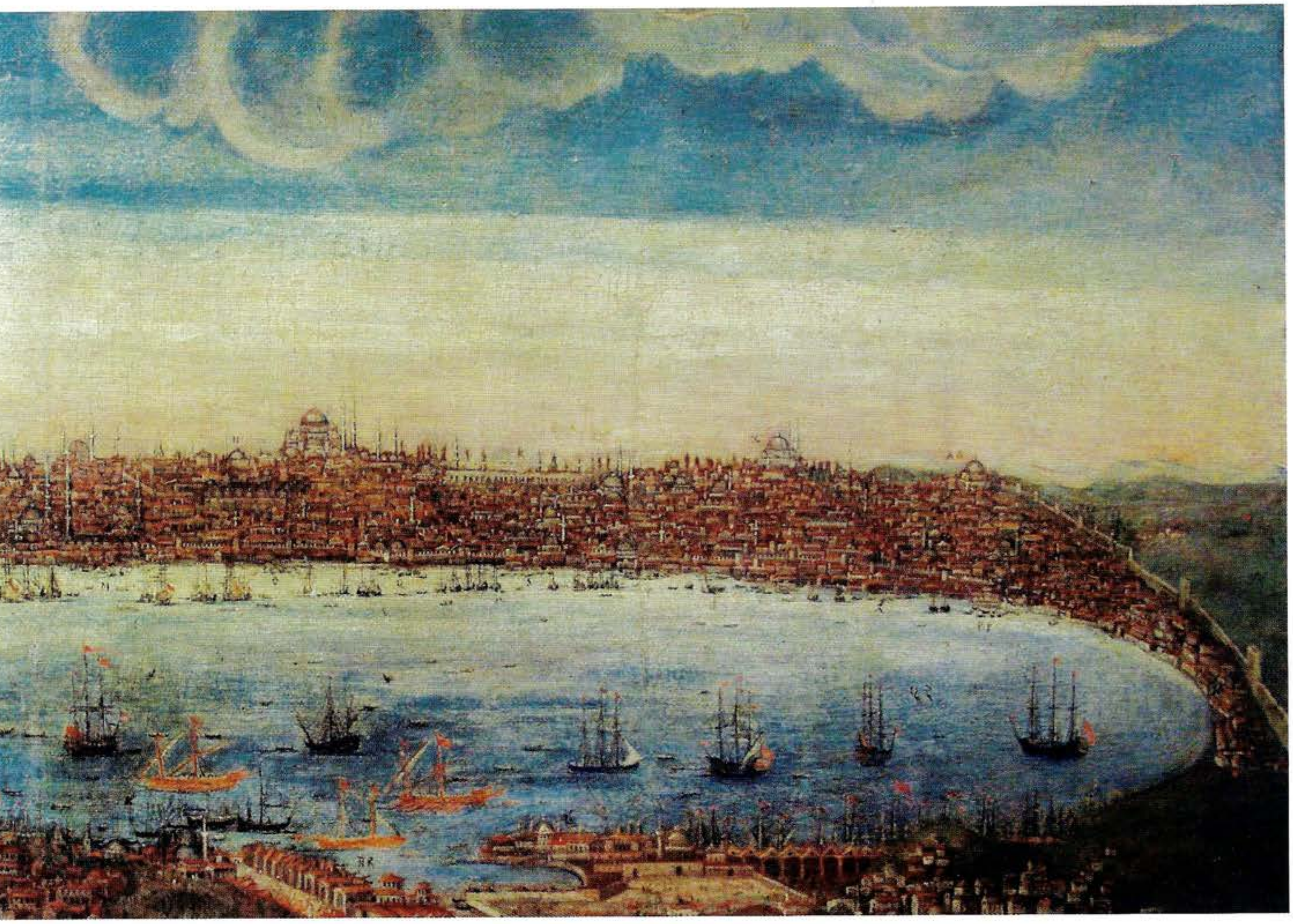
CORRER MUSEUM

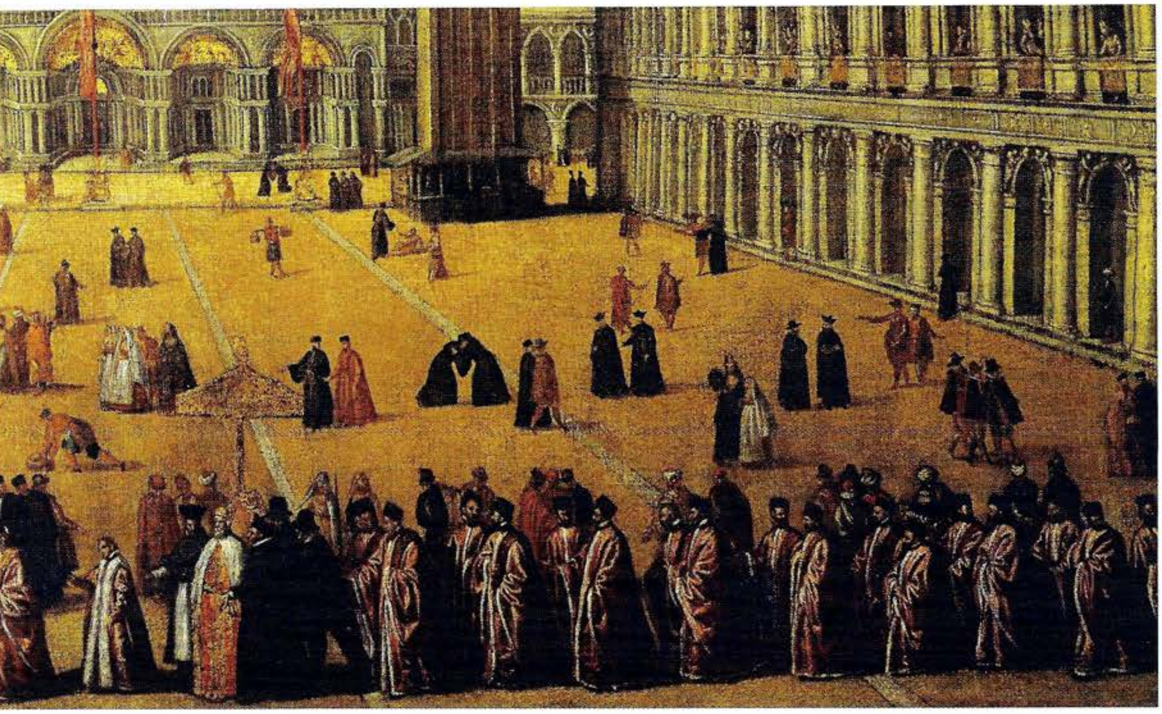
From the Golden Horn...

△ The Golden Horn was Istanbul's equivalent of the grand Italian piazza. *Constantinople at Sunset,* from the Correr Museum in Venice, offers a view that merchants of Venice knew well. Anonymous, and a metre and a half wide, the work has a hint of cartography (and espionage) about it. The view is from the walled Italian quarter of Pera (seen in bird's-eye view in the foreground on the left). Interestingly, still visible in the dockyard at Kasımpaşa, in front of the red boats, is the entrance of a long-forgotten canal inspired by Venice. It was built in the 1570s by the Ottoman admiral Piyale Pasha, capturer of Piombino in Italy, for a mosque built by Sinan half a mile inland



CORRER MUSEUM

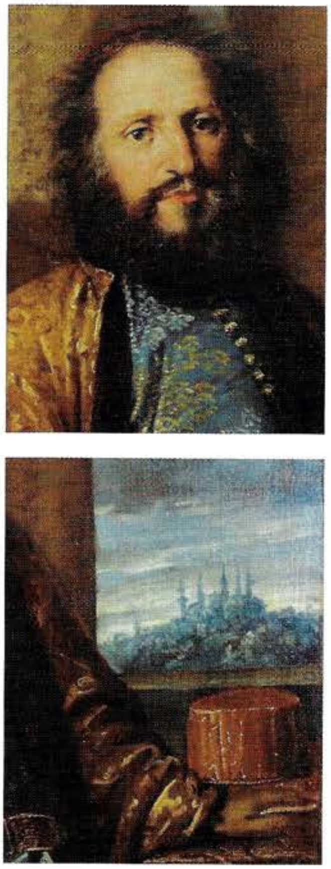




...TO THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO

◁ The Correr Museum's magnificent oil painting of the Doge's progress through the Piazza San Marco is attributed to Titian's cousin Cesare Vecellio (1521–1601). This detail of a work some two metres wide reveals a keen interest in clothes. Turbaned figures look on as the bejewelled Doge is followed by senators in luxuriant kaftan-like velvet robes. Sumptuary laws in Venice tried to curb profligacay and class-crossing among newly rich merchants – not everyone could wear pearls, for instance. Fashion books were in great demand. In 1589 and 1598, Vecellio published two of the most popular ones, which included costumes from around the world

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

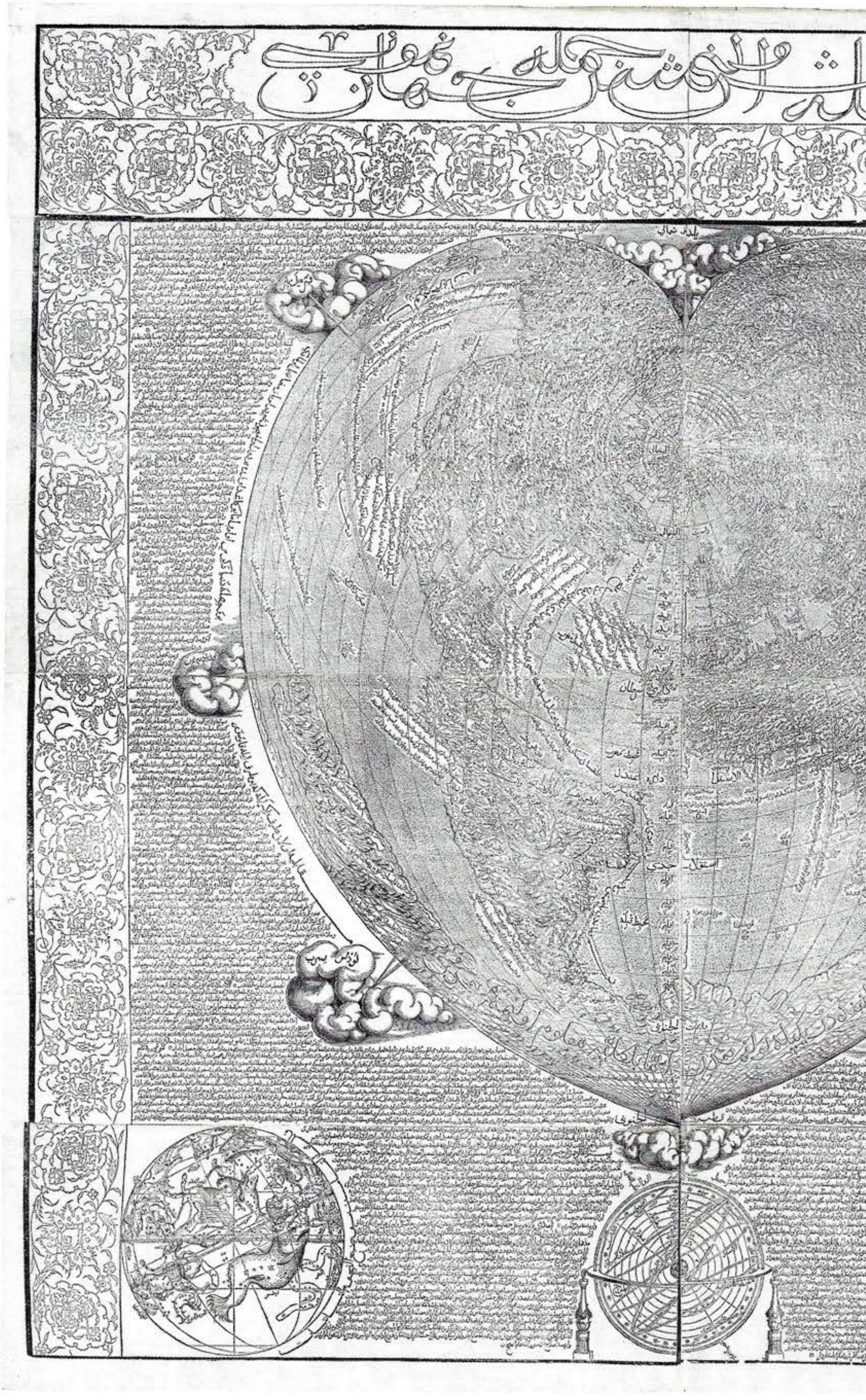


THEIR MAN IN ISTANBUL

△ Many *bailos*, as Venetian ambassadors to Istanbul were known, were leading lights in Venice's political and intellectual elite, rigorously trained at the universities of Padua and Bologna. These are details from a portrait of one of the most influential, Giambattista Donà, by Pietro Liberi. Donà was *bailo* in 1680–84, and author of *Della Letteratura de 'Turki'* (Literature of the Turks)

THE MYSTERIOUS MAP OF HAJJI AHMED, 1559

▷ A 'wretched downtrodden' Muslim slave in Christian captivity, one Hajji Ahmed of Tunis was the author this map, or so the Turkish text says. Did the *hajji* ever exist? Or was he a ruse by Venetians to appeal to the Ottoman market? Whatever the case, this famous heart-shaped map is a fascinating record of a Venetian–Ottoman world view. After it was printed, Venice's ruling Council of Ten confiscated the six wooden blocks; they were not released for another two centuries



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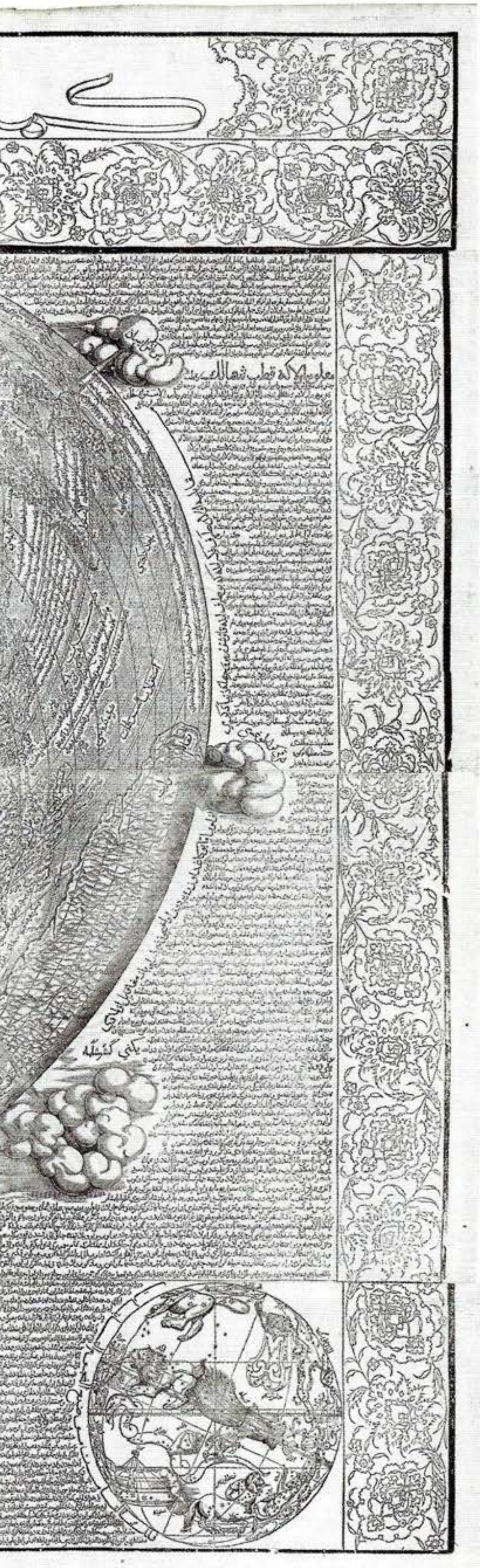
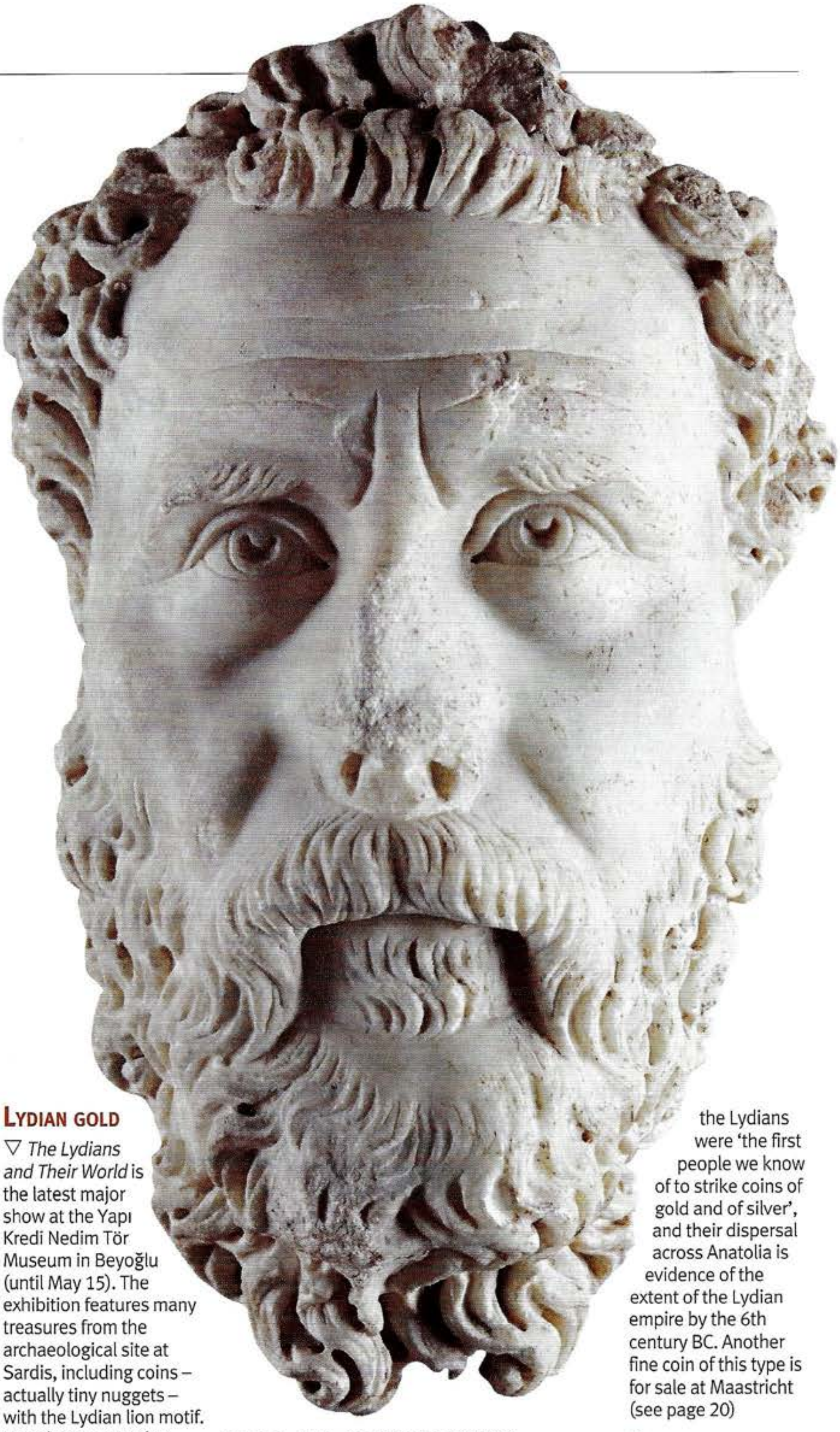


PRECIOUS DISCOVERIES

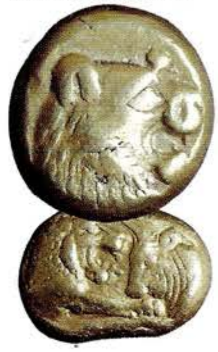
EXCAVATIONS AT SARDIS – STARTED BY THE OTTOMAN POLYMATH OSMAN HAMDI BEY – ARE STILL UNCOVERING PRICELESS FINDS. THE LATEST ARE ON SHOW AT THE YAPI KREDI GALLERIES IN PERA



MANISA ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

LYDIAN GOLD

▽ *The Lydians and Their World* is the latest major show at the Yapı Kredi Nedim Tör Museum in Beyoğlu (until May 15). The exhibition features many treasures from the archaeological site at Sardis, including coins – actually tiny nuggets – with the Lydian lion motif. Herodotus wrote that the Lydians were 'the first people we know of to strike coins of gold and of silver', and their dispersal across Anatolia is evidence of the extent of the Lydian empire by the 6th century BC. Another fine coin of this type is for sale at Maastricht (see page 20)



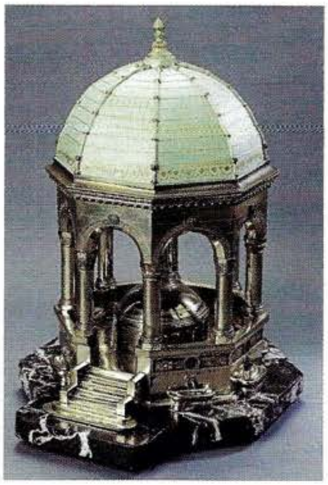
SARDIS AFTER THE LYDIANS

△ Not all the finds at Sardis are Lydian: this astonishing marble head is 3rd- to 5th-century and features a Christian graffito above the hairline: a set of initials that stands for 'Jesus, Son of Mary'. www.ykykultur.com.tr

A DAY AT THE RACES

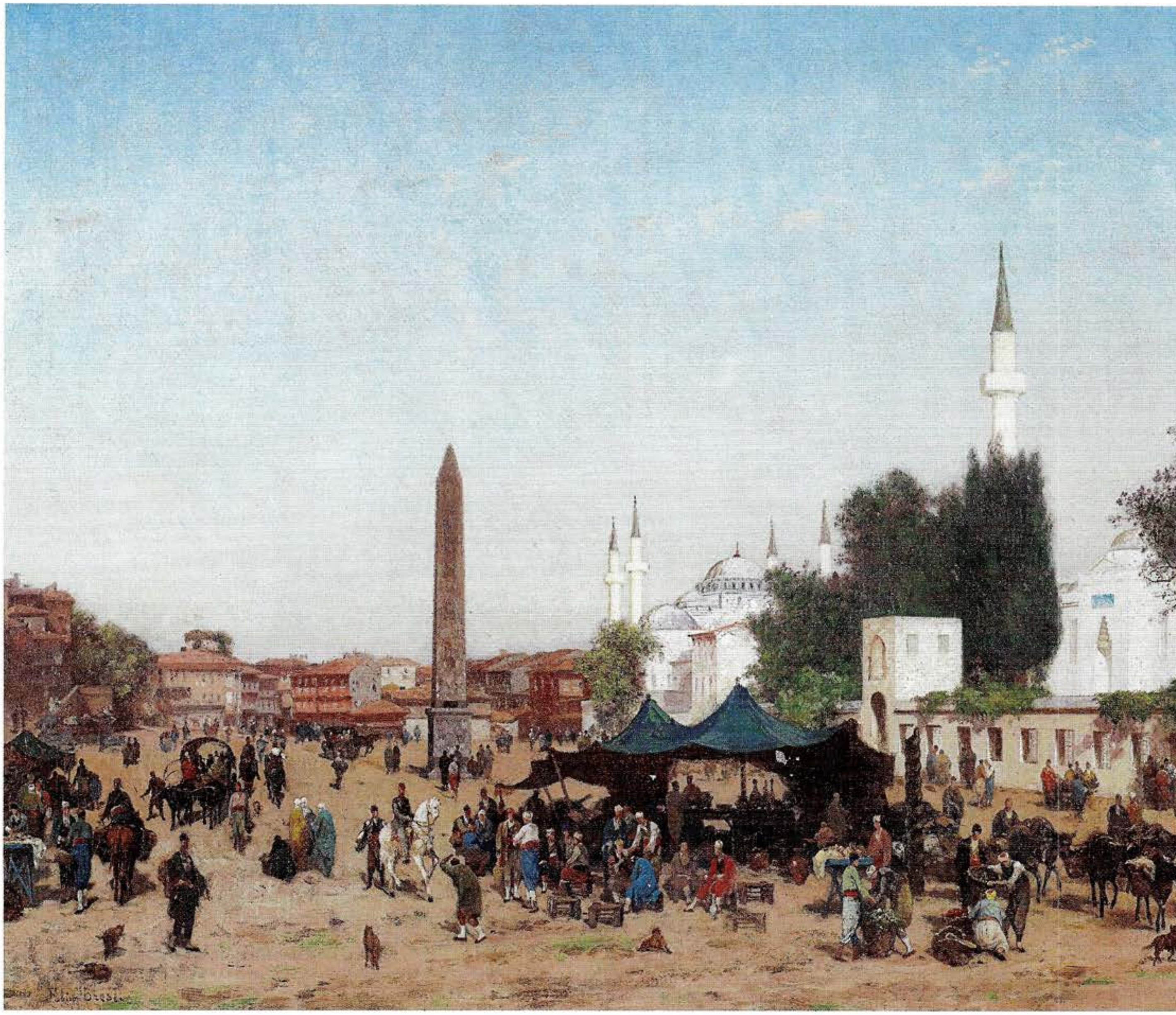
The Hippodrome, the ancient heart of Istanbul, comes back to life at the Pera Museum. Also on show are some extraordinary Picasso etchings

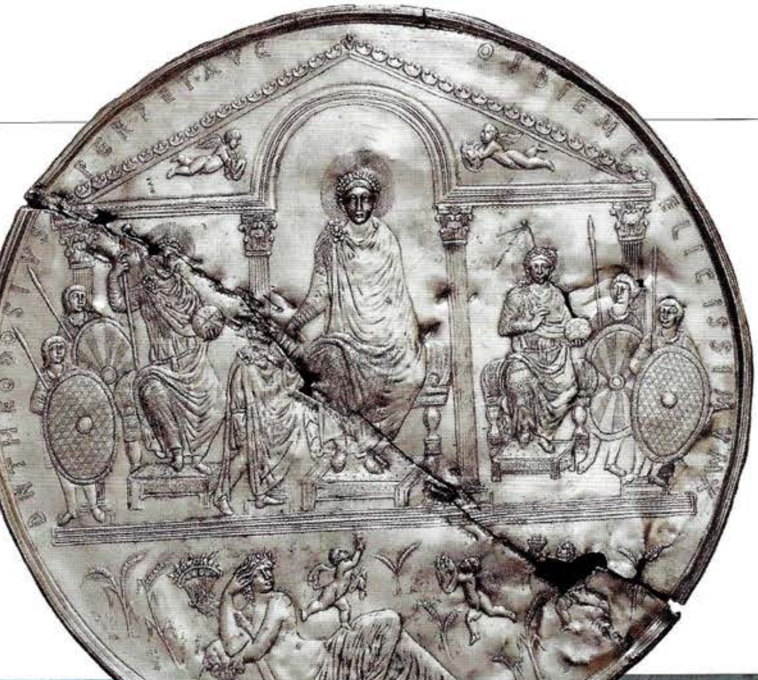
The focus of the Pera Museum's first venture onto the stage of Istanbul 2010 is the very core of the city itself, the Hippodrome, or Atmeydanı. Nowhere in Istanbul better displays the complexity of the city's history, its blended cultures and overlapping empires. The idea of public horse-racing is Roman: the Circus Maximus was built as a large public space adjacent to the imperial palace – prefiguring both the Byzantine Hippodrome and its Ottoman incarnation as the Atmeydanı. But this ancient public space has always been used as much for riots as for races



THE INCREDIBLE SHRUNKEN FOUNTAIN

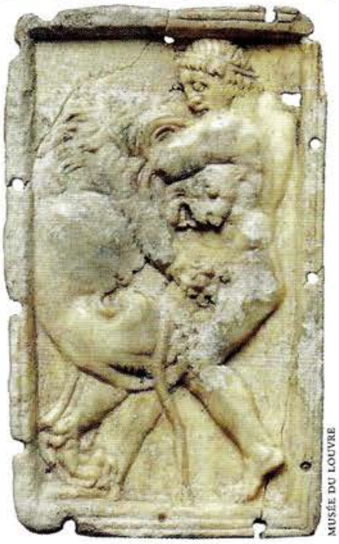
◁ This model from the Erol Makzume Collection, made in 1901 of marble and gold-plated silver, is a precise reconstruction in miniature of the Atmeydanı's famous German Fountain. The original fountain, constructed in 1898 to honour the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm II to Constantinople, is notable for its unusual design: a combination of neo-Byzantine and German Rundbogenstil architecture



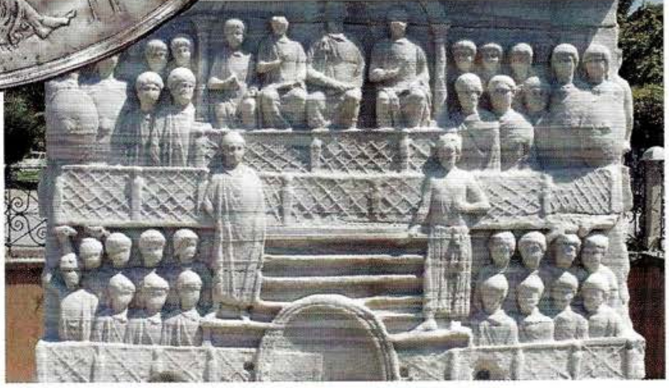


GIANTS AMONG MEN: THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS I WITH HIS PEOPLE, 388AD

◁ ▽ This massive plate, which measures 74cm in diameter, and the famous base of the obelisk in the Hippodrome both figure the Emperor Theodosius I. On the silver plate we see Theodosius flanked by his co-emperors, Valerian II and Arcadius, who sit like giants among their smaller subjects. Beneath them lies the supine figure of Earth grasping a cornucopia. The frieze on the base of the obelisk has Theodosius at its centre, surrounded by his subjects, reflecting the court protocol that would have been seen in the Hippodrome

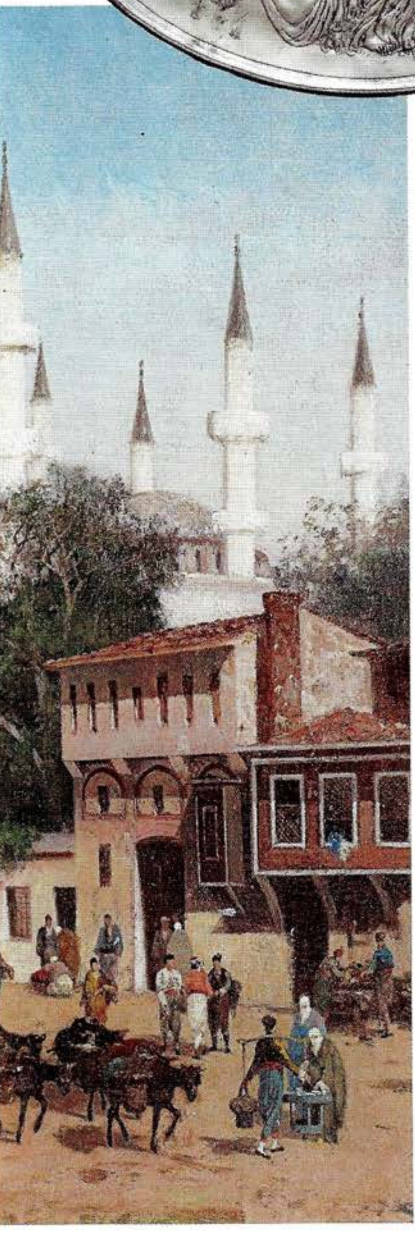


MUSÉE DU LOUVRE



HERCULES AT WORK

△ In this vivid bone plaque dating from the 4th century, Hercules is strangling the Nemean Lion, a beast with a hide impervious to weapons. This first of the 12 Labours of Hercules was an extremely popular theme as late as the Byzantine period, when the Hippodrome was the scene of violent animal fights and factional riots in real life. History would come to repeat itself in Ottoman times, when the Atmeydanı became the setting for frequent Janissary revolts

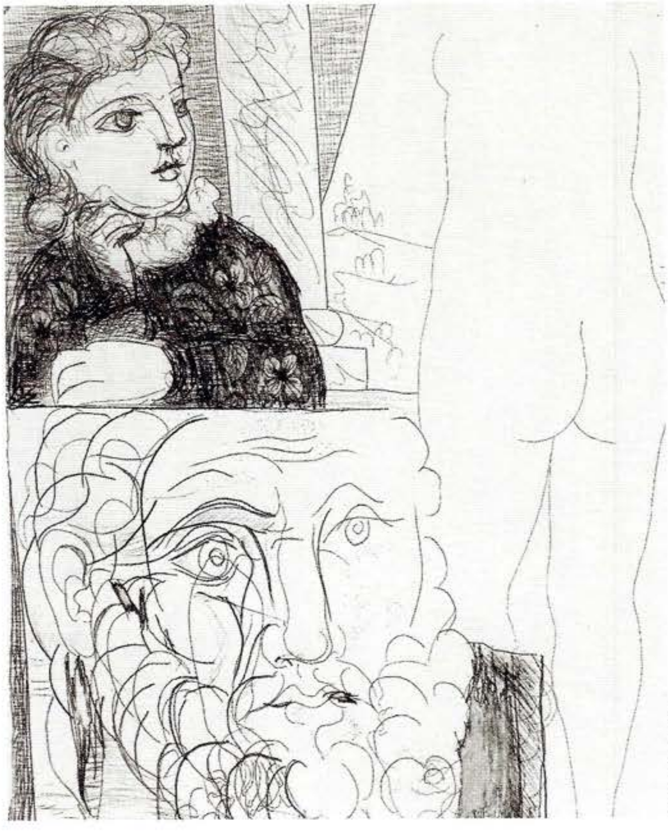


THE ATMEYDANI IN 1882

◁ This wonderful painting from the Koç collection, by the French artist Fabius Brest, captures a gently scruffy Atmeydanı in the late 19th century. The Hippodrome of Constantinople is here a backdrop to everyday life: in the foreground we can see the low chairs and tables of a coffee shop

PICASSO AT PLAY

▷ In this 1933 etching from the series that Picasso called his 'Suite Vollard' – entitled *Woman Leaning on her Elbow, Sculpture Viewed from Behind and Bearded Head* – the artist plays with several of the themes that run through the series and almost all his work, particularly women, mythology and classicism. In moving from the depiction of motion to calmer pictures such as this one, he is also playing with sculpture and movement. The suite, commissioned by Picasso's good friend the dealer Ambroise Vollard, embodies the ambiguity that characterise Picasso's work. In the words of the curator Pablo Jimenez Burillo, 'We can find everything and nothing in the "Suite Vollard"'



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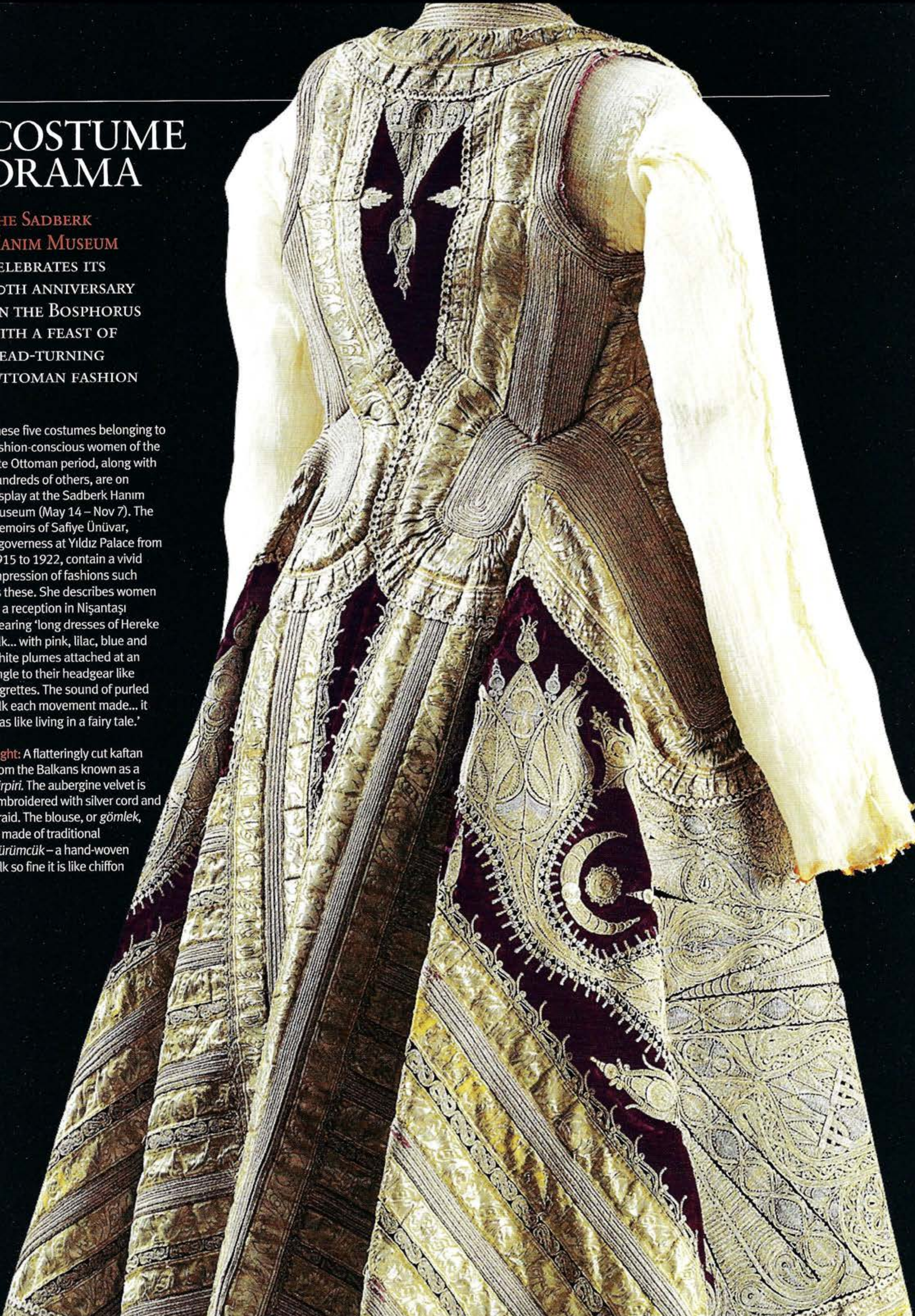
COSTUME DRAMA

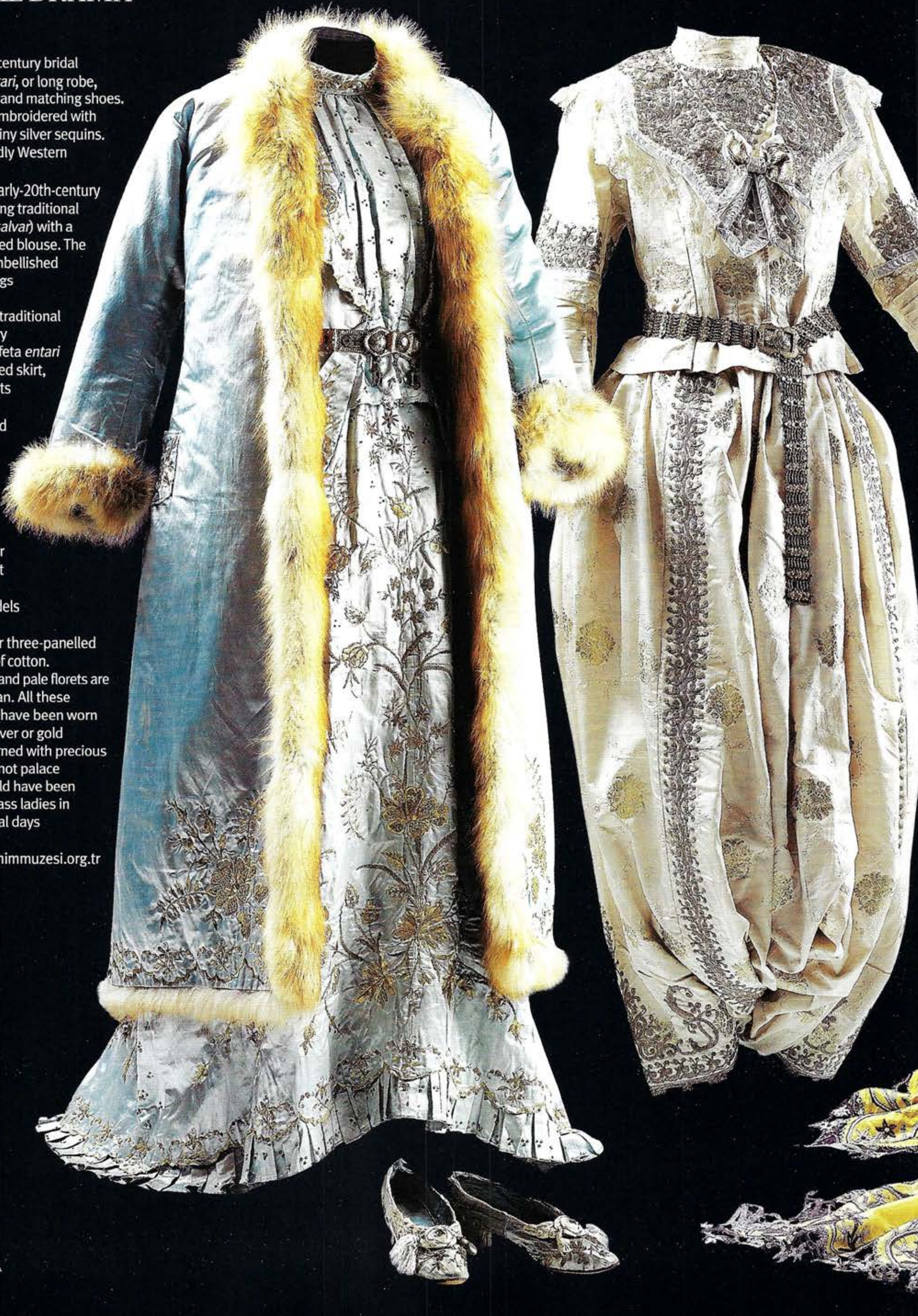
THE SADBERK HANIM MUSEUM CELEBRATES ITS 30TH ANNIVERSARY ON THE BOSPHORUS WITH A FEAST OF HEAD-TURNING OTTOMAN FASHION

These five costumes belonging to fashion-conscious women of the late Ottoman period, along with hundreds of others, are on display at the Sadberk Hanım Museum (May 14 – Nov 7). The memoirs of Safiye Ünüvar, a governess at Yıldız Palace from 1915 to 1922, contain a vivid impression of fashions such as these. She describes women at a reception in Nişantaşı wearing 'long dresses of Hereke silk... with pink, lilac, blue and white plumes attached at an angle to their headgear like aigrettes. The sound of purled silk each movement made... it was like living in a fairy tale.'



Right: A flatteringly cut kaftan from the Balkans known as a *pirpiri*. The aubergine velvet is embroidered with silver cord and braid. The blouse, or *gömlek*, is made of traditional *bürümcük* – a hand-woven silk so fine it is like chiffon

COSTUME DRAMA



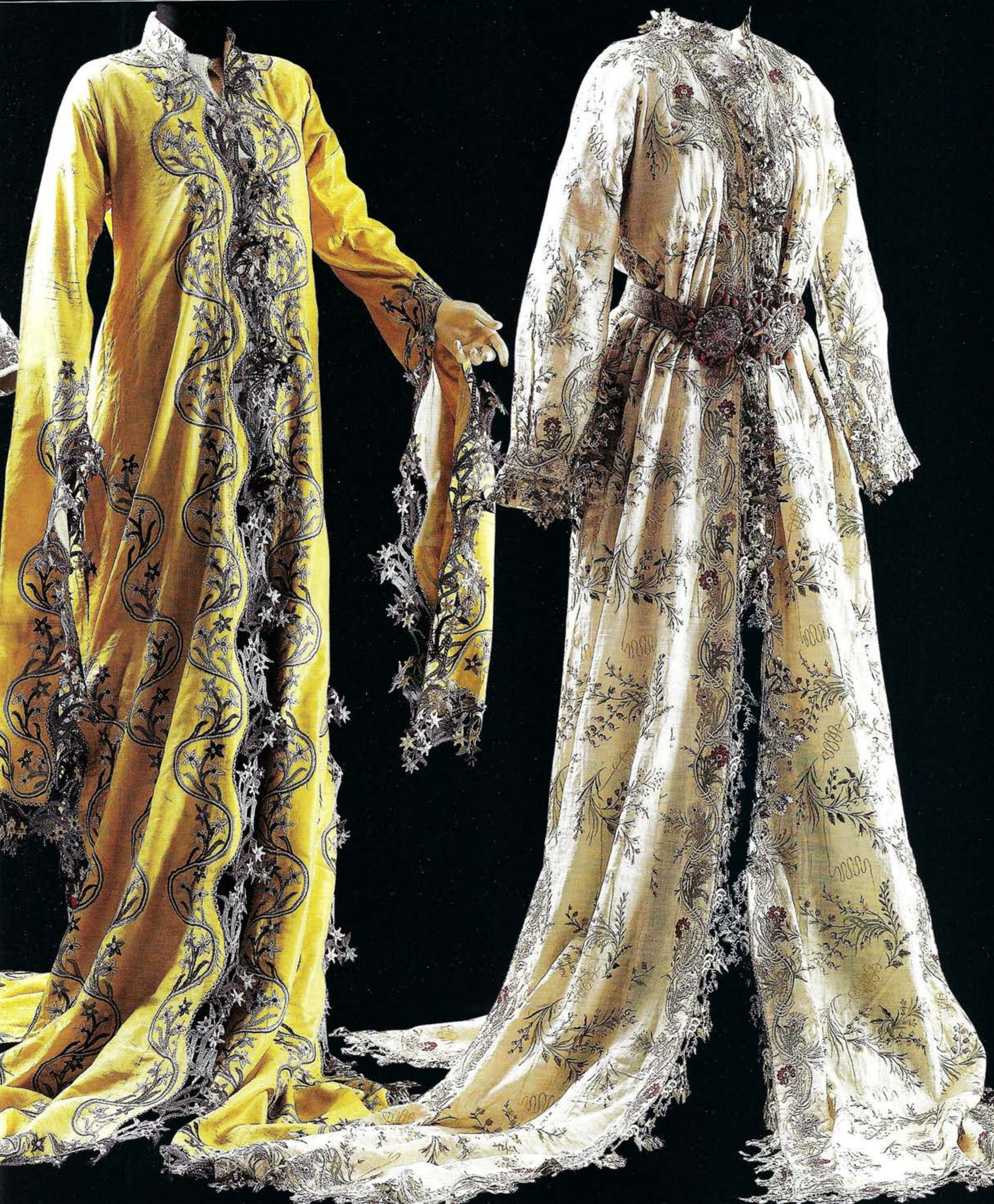
Left: A late-19th-century bridal costume with *entari*, or long robe, fur-trimmed coat and matching shoes. The silk satin is embroidered with gold thread and tiny silver sequins. The cut is decidedly Western

Second left: An early-20th-century costume combining traditional baggy trousers (*şalvar*) with a Western-influenced blouse. The silk brocade is embellished with lace trimmings

Third from left: A traditional early-19th-century canary-yellow taffeta *entari* with three-panelled skirt, the long front parts of which were sometimes tucked decoratively into the belt. This costume is thought to have been used by the Orientalist painter and archaeologist Osman Hamdi for his pretty models

Far right: Another three-panelled *entari*, this time of cotton. Both the sleeves and pale florets are distinctly European. All these costumes would have been worn with matching silver or gold filigree belts adorned with precious stones. They are not palace dresses, but would have been worn by upper-class ladies in Istanbul on special days

www.sadberkhanimmuzesi.org.tr



THE ELECTOR'S TURKISH TREASURES

THE CITY OF DRESDEN IS NOW HOME TO ONE OF THE FINEST DISPLAYS OF TURKISH ART AND ARMOURY

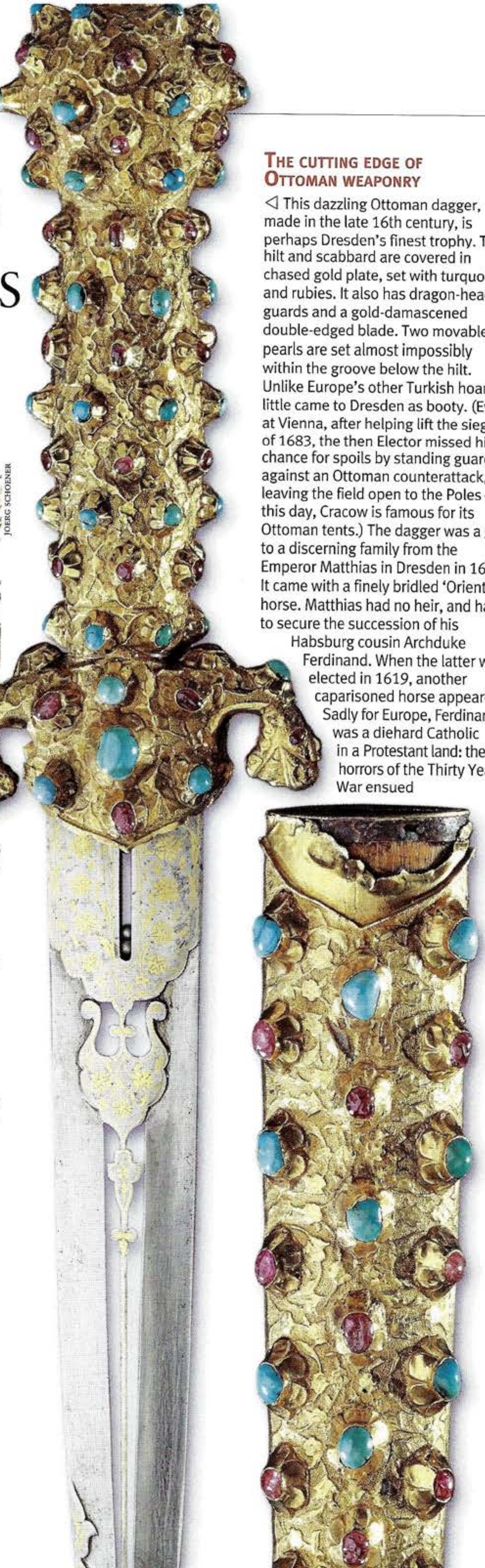
JOERG SCHOENER

THE TURKISH CHAMBER AT THE ROYAL PALACE

△ Dresden was infamously left in ruins by Allied air raids in 1945, but as the Berlin train pulls across the Elbe, the skyline today still captures the thrill of its Baroque heyday. It is a miracle that there is anything left to see in Dresden's museums, but there is: whole collections were hidden in castles along the Elbe, and after the war Russia returned what the Red Army had carted off: paintings, ivories, porcelain and precious stones galore. The Royal Palace of the Electors of Saxony is home to arguably the world's most beautiful museum of decorative art: the Green Vault, a suite of mirrored halls created as a gallery for August the Strong's most precious objects in 1730. Now, 70 years after it closed, the palace's 'Türckische Cammer' reveals Ottoman art and arms in all their glory. www.skd-dresden.de

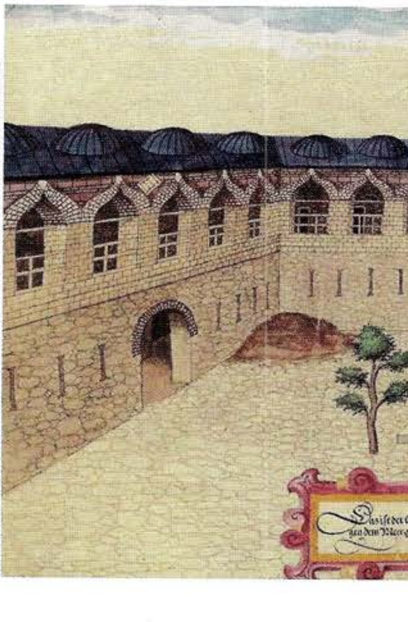
EMPIRE BUILDING

▷▷ Saxony's taste for things Turkish goes back to the 1570s, when David Ungnad was imperial envoy to Istanbul. The ambassadors' caravanserai, which Ungnad had had repaired, can be seen in his secret *Türckenbuch* (opposite). A Saxon envoy in his party took home a gold-damascened Ottoman sword. The gift was clearly appreciated. The Electress then gave her husband a Hungarian sabre one Christmas, and the Medicis and the Dukes of Savoy and Mantua showered him with Oriental gifts

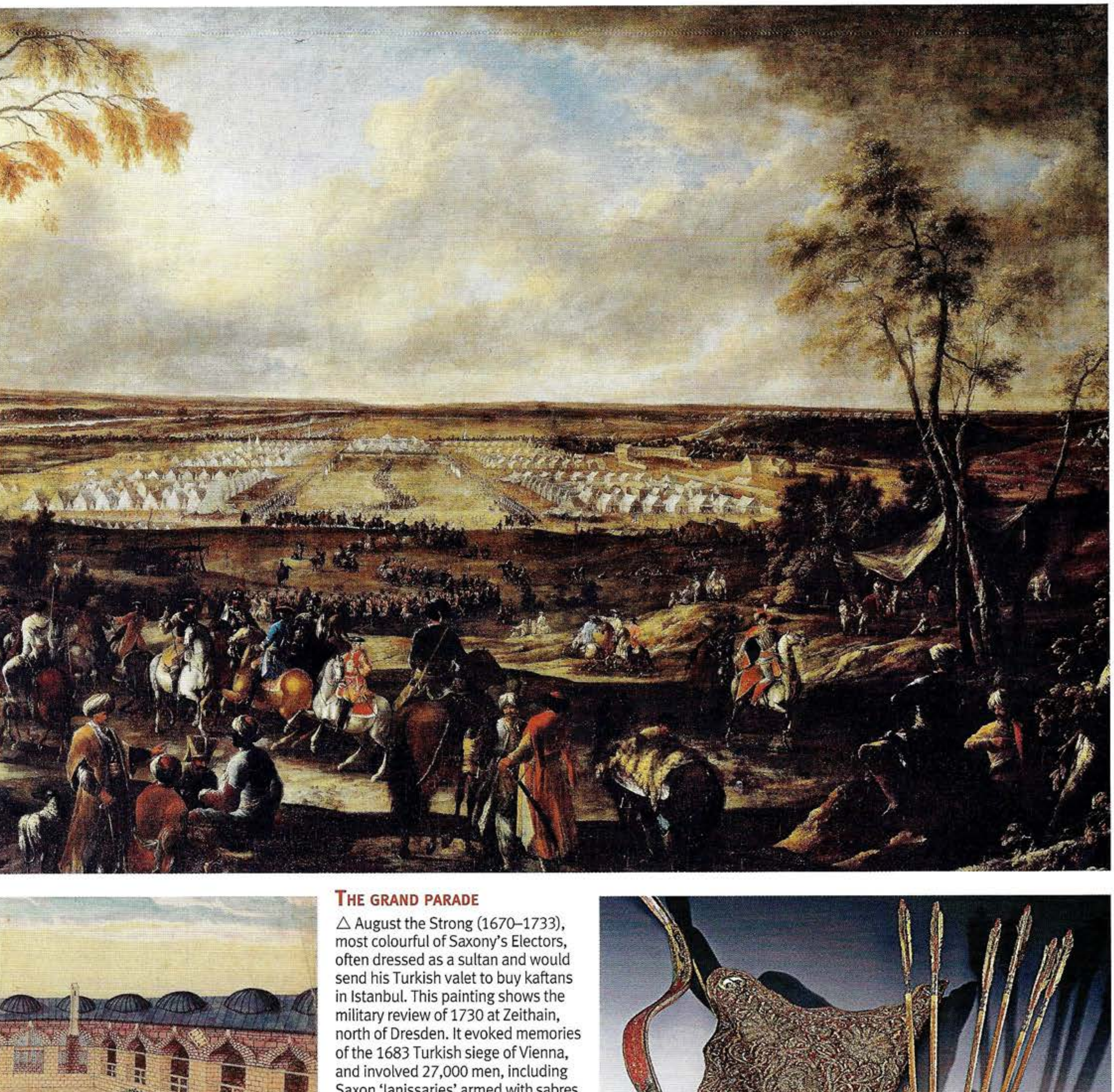


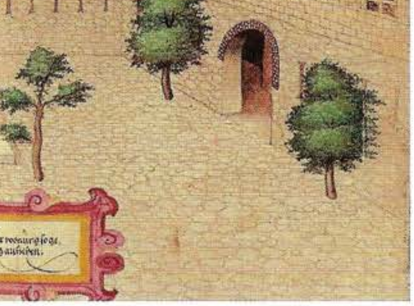
THE CUTTING EDGE OF OTTOMAN WEAPONRY

◁ This dazzling Ottoman dagger, made in the late 16th century, is perhaps Dresden's finest trophy. The hilt and scabbard are covered in chased gold plate, set with turquoise and rubies. It also has dragon-head guards and a gold-damascened double-edged blade. Two movable pearls are set almost impossibly within the groove below the hilt. Unlike Europe's other Turkish hoards, little came to Dresden as booty. (Even at Vienna, after helping lift the siege of 1683, the then Elector missed his chance for spoils by standing guard against an Ottoman counterattack, leaving the field open to the Poles – to this day, Cracow is famous for its Ottoman tents.) The dagger was a gift to a discerning family from the Emperor Matthias in Dresden in 1617. It came with a finely bridled 'Oriental' horse. Matthias had no heir, and had to secure the succession of his Habsburg cousin Archduke Ferdinand. When the latter was elected in 1619, another caparisoned horse appeared. Sadly for Europe, Ferdinand was a diehard Catholic in a Protestant land: the horrors of the Thirty Years War ensued



PHOTOGRAPHS: HANS-PETER KLUT AND ELKE ESTE / STAATLICHE KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN DRESDEN



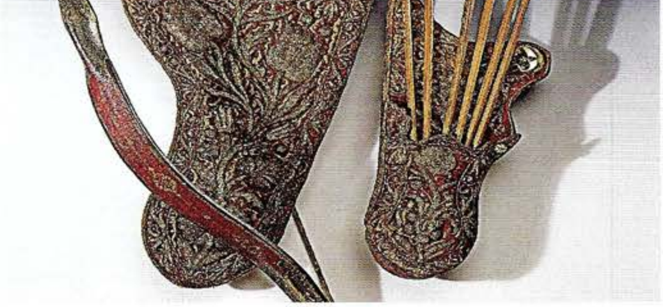


THE GRAND PARADE

△ August the Strong (1670–1733), most colourful of Saxony's Electors, often dressed as a sultan and would send his Turkish valet to buy kaftans in Istanbul. This painting shows the military review of 1730 at Zeithain, north of Dresden. It evoked memories of the 1683 Turkish siege of Vienna, and involved 27,000 men, including Saxon 'Janissaries' armed with sabres. There were 1,051 tents in all. The largest tent in Dresden's new gallery was brought from Poland for Zeithain

PIYALE'S BOW, 1586–7

▷ Complete with quiver, arrows and its original string, this is the oldest signed and dated bow on display, bearing its maker's name, Piyale. Arrows could penetrate body armour at 300 metres (guns only caught up in the 19th century). But bows needed to be lacquered as protection against the rain

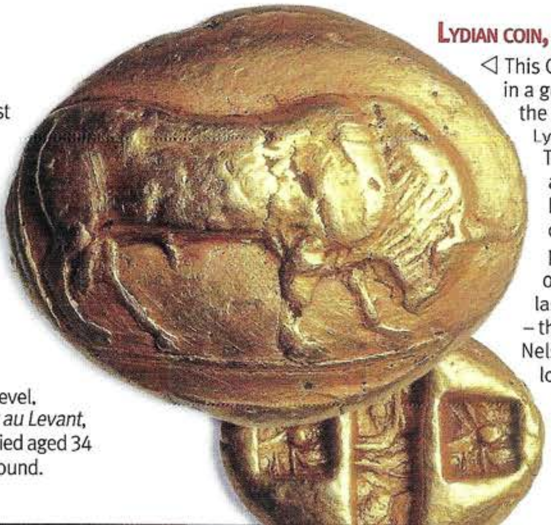


WHERE MUSEUMS MUSE

NO ART FAIR IN THE WORLD TURNS UP MUSEUM-QUALITY ART ON THE SCALE OF TEFAF MAASTRICHT. CORNUCOPIA CATCHES SIGHT OF FOUR HISTORICAL OBJECTS WITH TALES TO TELL

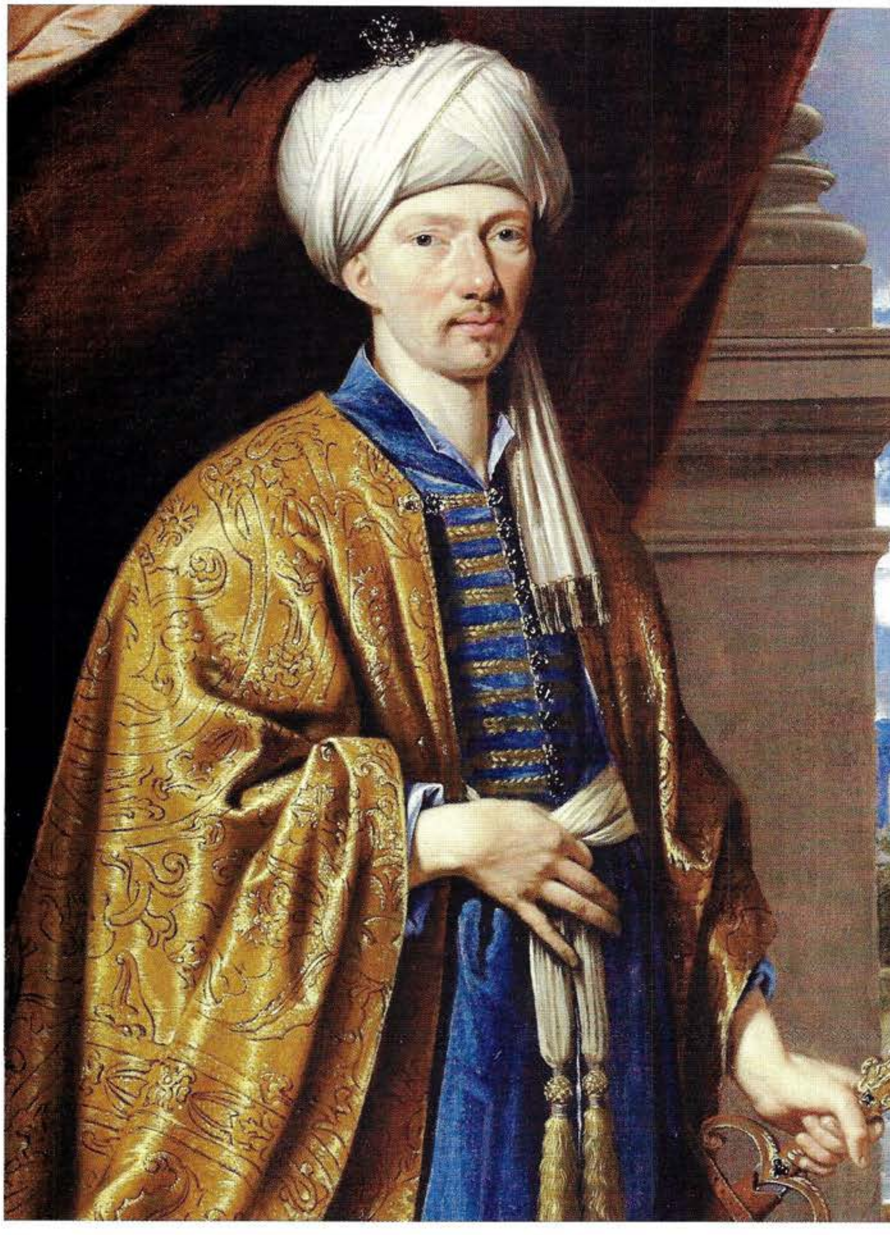
JEAN DE THÉVENOT (1633–67) BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE

▽ This important portrait of the 17th-century French Orientalist, botanist and traveller Jean de Thévenot is being offered by the Weiss Gallery in London for €450,000. Thévenot spent 10 months in Istanbul before settling in Alexandria in 1656. He arrived back in Marseilles in 1659 with hundreds of sacks of mocha coffee beans, which he sold. After four years studying Turkish, Persian and Arabic in Paris with his uncle Melchisédech Thévenot, cartographer and inventor of the spirit level, he published *Relation d'un Voyage Fait au Levant*, and left for Syria, Persia and India. He died aged 34 near Isfahan after an accidental pistol wound. Visit www.weissgallery.com



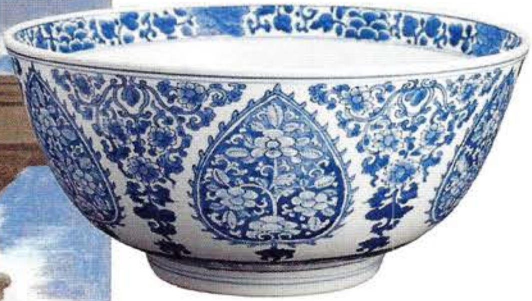
LYDIAN COIN, CIRCA 575BC

◁ This Greek coin, a *stater* in a gold-silver alloy from the Aegean kingdom of Lydia, is being sold at Tradart of Brussels and Zurich. It has a bold bull motif on one side and three punch marks on the other. Ironically, its last illustrious owner – the American tycoon Nelson Bunker Hunt – lost it in the 1980s after he went bankrupt trying to corner the world silver market. Visit www.tradart.be



BLUE AND WHITE FOR A SERAGLIO

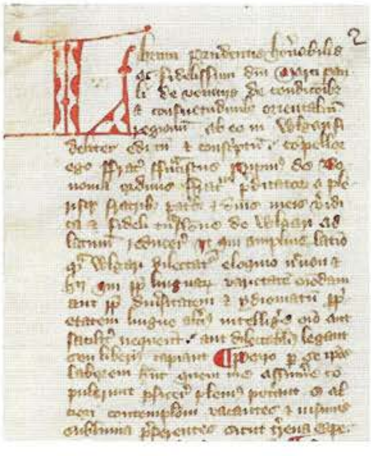
▽ Maastricht's sumptuous displays of porcelain include this Kangxi-period (1662–1722) blue and white bowl inspired by Islamic motifs. Price €30,000. www.vanderven-vanderven.com



THE COURTENAY COMPENDIUM

▽ Dr Jörn Günther Rare Books of Switzerland is asking €2.5 million for this collection of 14th-century tracts. They include the first manuscript of Marco Polo's travels to come on the market for 80 years. www.guenther-rarebooks.com

TEFAF Maastricht, March 12-21, www.tefaf.com



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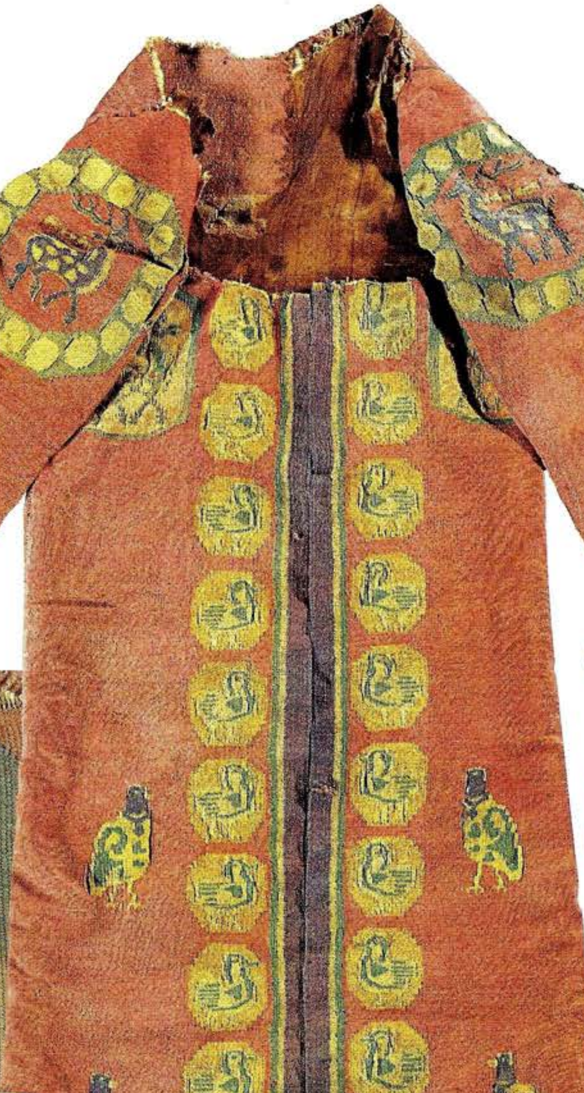
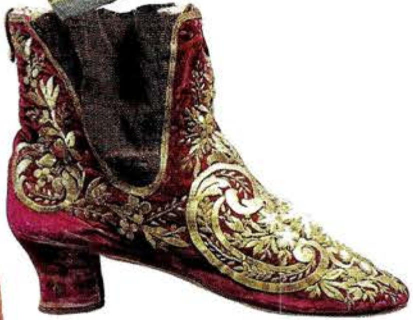
FROM STEPPE TO SERAGLIO

WONDROUS GARMENTS FROM CENTRAL ASIA AND THE BOSPHORUS ARE AT SOTHEBY'S THIS SPRING. PLUS NATURE IN PROFUSION – A RARE IZNIK 'LEAF' TILE AND A PEARLY COFFEE-CUP HOLDER



SOGHDIAN COAT, 11TH CENTURY

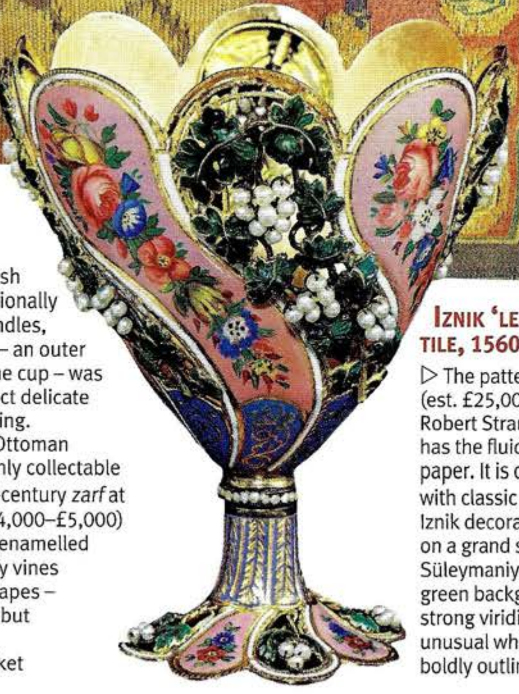
◁ This miraculously preserved 1,000-year-old Soghdian kilim coat (est. £100,000–£120,000) features images of stags – recalling the Central Asian belief that deer help to carry the soul into the next world. The Soghdian language was the lingua franca of the early Silk Road, and Soghdian records are a vital source on the early Turks. A Soghdian stela dated 582 refers to an empire of the 'Turkit' beside a picture of a wolf shielding a boy, and in the same century Soghdians led the first Turkish embassy to Constantinople



OTTOMAN SHOES, CIRCA 1800

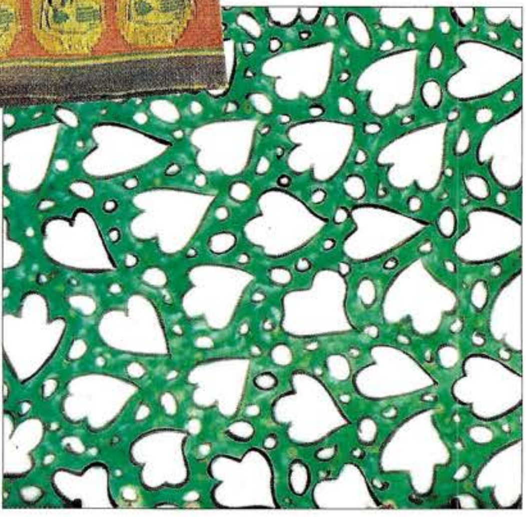
△ Here is more sartorial splendour, in the form of an eye-catching pair of velvet shoes (est. £3,000–£5,000). Richly embroidered in silver-gilt, these were once worn by a lady in the fashionable, Paris-conscious court of Selim III (1761–1808)

www.sothebys.com



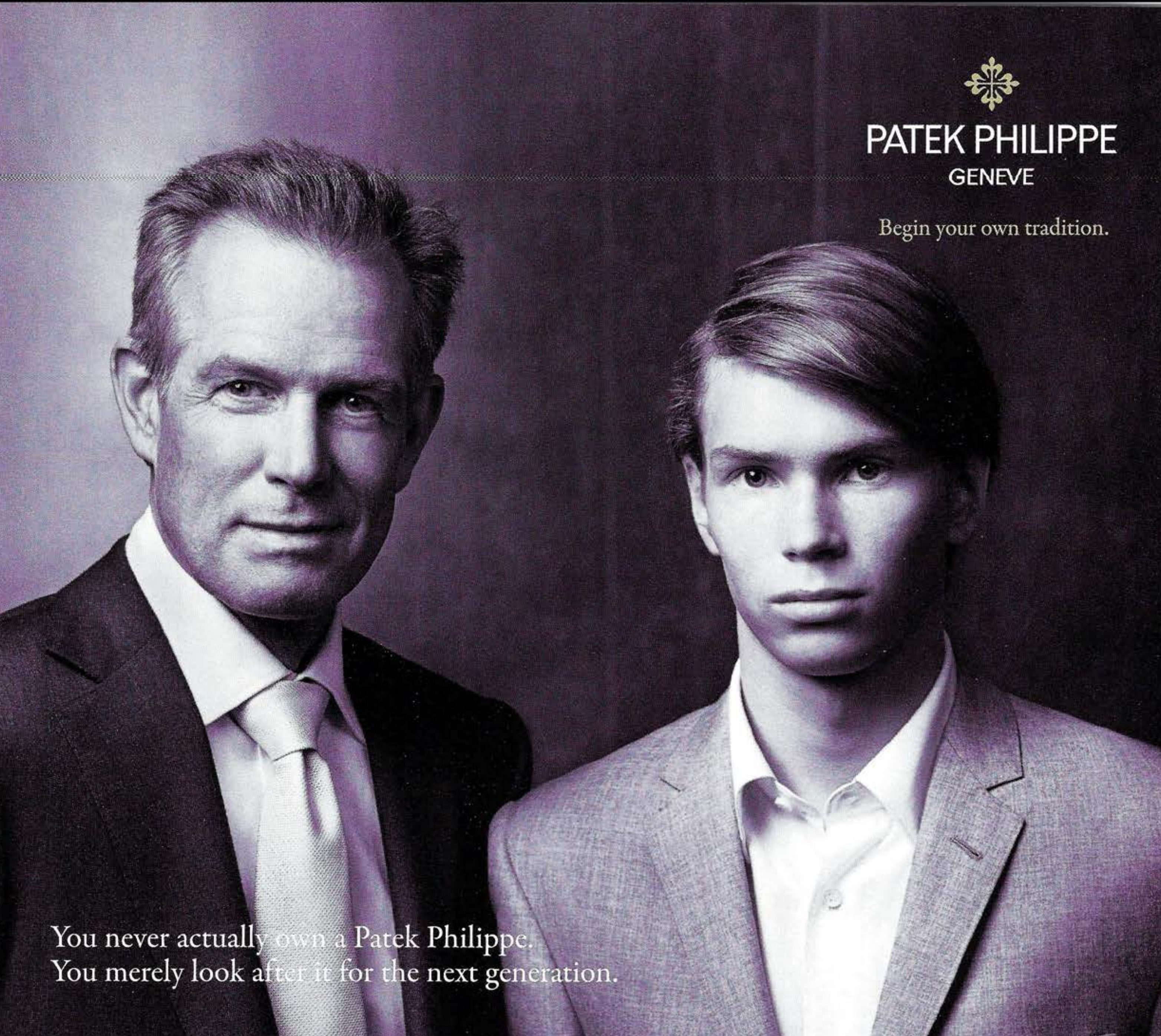
COFFEE-CUP HOLDER, 19TH CENTURY

▷ Porcelain Turkish coffee cups traditionally come without handles, so a *zarf* like this – an outer case to contain the cup – was essential to protect delicate fingers from burning. Jewel-encrusted Ottoman *zarfs* are now highly collectable pieces. This 19th-century *zarf* at Sotheby's (est. £4,000–£5,000) – decorated with enamelled garlands and leafy vines set with pearly grapes – is actually Swiss, but was made for the Ottoman market



IZNIK 'LEAF' TILE, 1560–70

▷ The pattern on this tile (est. £25,000) from the Robert Strauss Collection has the fluidity of marbled paper. It is contemporary with classic polychromatic Iznik decoration, first used on a grand scale in the Süleymaniye Mosque. The green background is a strong viridian, and the unusual white leaf motif is boldly outlined in black



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Private view

Andrew Finkel witnesses a chilly re-enactment, remembers the late Ertuğrul Osman, last heir to the Ottoman dynasty to be born in Istanbul, and worries that opportunities are being missed during the city's stint as European Capital of Culture

Why take the plunge?

While northern Europe shivered under a blanket of snow in January, in Istanbul it felt like spring – which was very good luck for the three beefy-looking chaps thrashing about in the water off the Kuzguncuk pier on the Asian side of the Bosphorus. They were participating in an ancient if somewhat chilly ritual that occurs every January 6, the Epiphany: a symbolic re-enactment of the baptism of Christ. Metropolitan Athanasios of Chalcedon (today's Kadıköy) threw a wooden cross into the fast-running waters, and off the three men raced to be the first to retrieve it.

Three is a number laden with symbolism in the Orthodox faith. In Western Christianity the Epiphany marks the visit of the three magi with their gifts, each representing a different part of the known world – Africa, Asia and Europe. This would seem to reinforce Istanbul's claim to be not just the European Capital of Culture, but also the capital of multiculturalism, where not only continents meet but also magi in swimming trunks. I was warned, however, against reading too much into the mystic number three. "There could be two, there could be 20," I was told. "It depends on who wants to get wet."

When I say that the throwing of the cross happens "every" Epiphany, the truth is that this custom has only recently been revived. There are ceremonies in other parts of the city, but this is the first time it has taken place in Kuzguncuk since 1955. Why the neighbourhood should have suspended the practice that particular year is pretty much self-explanatory. The following September there occurred a series of riots aimed at the Greek population after what we now know was a government-staged provocation. A lot of water has flowed down the Bosphorus since then, and the procession from the local church of Ayios Yorgios down to the shore might have seemed solemn. Rather, like a warm spell in winter that brings out the buds, it was a day that brought forth recollections. I managed to snap a photo of two Greek women returning to Kuzguncuk, where they were born, who recalled the throwing of the cross 55 years ago. "I'm too young to remember," Recep, who runs the grocery store across the street, told me, but his father remembered it well – along with the occasional funeral cortège from the church which would wind its way up the hill to the Greek cemetery. Perhaps there will be another ceremony again next year, but we had the sense we were witnessing something like a full eclipse or a meteor shower, one of those things you are lucky to witness once in a lifetime.

I have lamented in this column before that living in Istanbul is a battle against nostalgia. The streets are not paved with gold so much as other people's memories, and most of the time we walk through an urban landscape unawares. I have an archaeologist friend who urges her students to take pictures of anything that catches their attention, because there is a reasonable chance that the next time they pass it will be gone. Why do people dive into the Bosphorus in the middle of winter? I suppose it is to remember that they still exist.

The nation's heirloom

There was no state funeral and no public mourning for Ertuğrul Osman, the eldest member of the Ottoman dynasty and the last heir to that throne to have been born in Istanbul. Instead, his death and long life (he died at 97) was a cause for private reflection in Turkey, much in the way that the discovery of a yellowing family photo at the back of a cupboard can open a window onto another dimension.

That he passed away last autumn in the city of his birth is itself remarkable. Like other members of his family, he was banished from Turkey in 1924 (in fact, he was studying abroad in Vienna), his very existence seen as a threat to the legitimacy of the young Republic. He was allowed to return in 1992, by that time more a curio than a danger. He revisited one of his ancestral homes – Dolmabahçe Palace – as an ordinary member of a guided tour.

I first met him at a party in Manhattan: "My name is Ertuğrul," he told me. A *New York Times* article of 2006 quipped that no one would be happier were the Ottomans to be restored to the throne than the landlord of his New York rent-controlled flat. A few years later I managed to interview him during one of his summer visits to Istanbul. I was working on a project and was eager to talk to someone who had actually been dangled on Abdülhamid II's knee. Of course, he was born in 1912, long after Abdülhamid had been deposed, and no one could fault him for remembering very little. His own abiding memory of authoritarian rule was of the German *Fräulein* who ruled his nursery. Most of what he knew had been relayed to him by others. He spoke of a household composed of elderly concubines and of a monarch whose stark simplicity was at odds with the pomp with which he was surrounded.

The anecdotes he told – of the plain steel letter-opener the Sultan used to deal with his mail, of exchanging a jewel-encrusted cigarette case for the plain box used by the American ambassador – all spoke of a pointed lack of any pretension of majesty. It was clearly a style he himself cultivated. My wife thought to present him with a copy of *Osman's Dream*, her history of the Ottoman Empire and in that sense a history of his own family. She was carefully instructed by others to inscribe it to His Imperial Highness Prince Ertuğrul Osman, but he refused to let her do so, opting instead for plain Osman.

He had his own professional life, running a mining company with interests in Latin America, travelling with a home-made *laissez-passer* which in a simpler, pre-9/11 world took him everywhere he needed to go. Eventually he did acquire a Turkish passport and the Turkish surname Osmanoğlu. What struck him most as he rediscovered his homeland, he told me, was that "everyone speaks Turkish". What had been for him a language of exile was spoken by everyone in the streets. It was a Turkey that had managed to turn a royal-family-in-exile into the commonplace, and more than six centuries of history into an heirloom on the shelf.

Ertuğrul Osman, also known as Osman Ertuğrul Osmanoğlu, Imperial Prince of the Ottoman Empire and 43rd Head of the Imperial House of Osman, born August 1912, died Istanbul September 2009.

2010: what's the point?

It may be my imagination but it seems to me that, after all the hoopla, Istanbul is not really embracing its role as a European Capital of Culture. Part of the reason is that it is not an accolade that really increases Istanbul's already overdeveloped sense of self-worth. It's a bit like describing Venice as a city with good water features or Paris as well worth the detour. For those already engaged in the cultural life of Istanbul, 2010 seems

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a bureaucratic distraction – a chance to wrestle a bit of arts funding out of an institution that distributes beneficence as freely as blood from a stone. And for those not engaged – well, what's the point?

Defining the point of the exercise is, of course, what Istanbul 2010 should have been addressing in 2008 and 2009. When İzmir bid (alas, unsuccessfully) to host the world's fair, Expo 2015, it raised a realistic hope that this was an event that would leave its mark: London still looks back at the Great Exhibition of 1851; the Olympic Games are an expensive self-indulgence for many cities but one its residents do not easily forget. Istanbul needed to ask what they could be doing under the European Capital of Culture umbrella that would create a legacy for the city of tomorrow.

So far the most dramatic accomplishment has been to get rid of the scaffolding that for 17 years has been used to restore the mosaics in the dome of Ayasofya. I have to confess that after all these years I have grown a sort of fondness for this amazing tower of tubular steel and have mixed feelings about seeing it go. One argument in its favour is that Istanbul ECoC is less about building a Crystal Palace that will claim a place on an already crowded skyline than about bringing art, music and theatre to parts of the city where these are still luxury commodities rather than part of everyday life. Such efforts will make few headlines but could create an impact. At the same time much of the money is actually being spent on physical plant – restoring historic buildings or tidying up Kadıköy Square. In these recessionary times there is nothing wrong with this. Some of the most dramatic buildings in Washington DC – the Jefferson Memorial or the National Gallery – were conceived as public-works projects during the Depression. Who would object if Istanbul 2010 produced a commitment to construct a world-class museum to house the finds of the Byzantine harbour during the Yenikapı excavations?

However, what seems to have been overlooked at the end of month one is that Istanbul is not just a cultural capital but a European cultural capital, and that it bears this honorific as part of an effort to strengthen Europe's belief in Turkey and Turkey's European vocation. It is not just about making Istanbul feel more cultured but about making both Europe and Istanbul itself understand that the city is an important custodian of an important tranche of Europe's own heritage. One of the 2010 projects is to produce a decent map of public transport, which is all to the good. But another should have been an inventory of historic properties – something very elementary which Istanbul still lacks.

Let's be optimistic. The next months may produce a steep learning curve. The project was launched with fireworks on a night when the city was inundated with rain, producing both figurative and literal damp squibs. If Istanbul 2010 has produced so much frustration already, this may be a sign that it is also producing a determination to get things right. ◆

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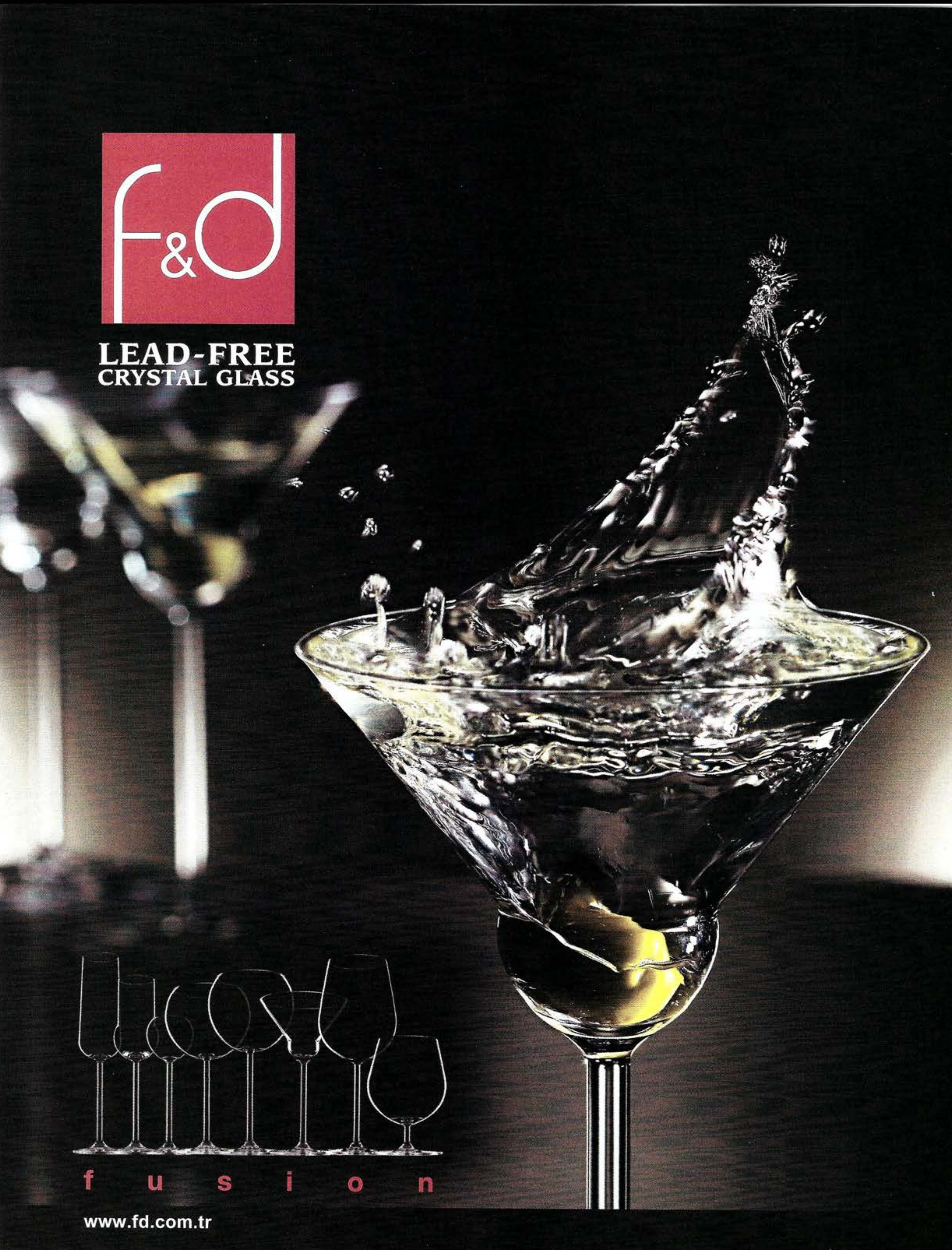
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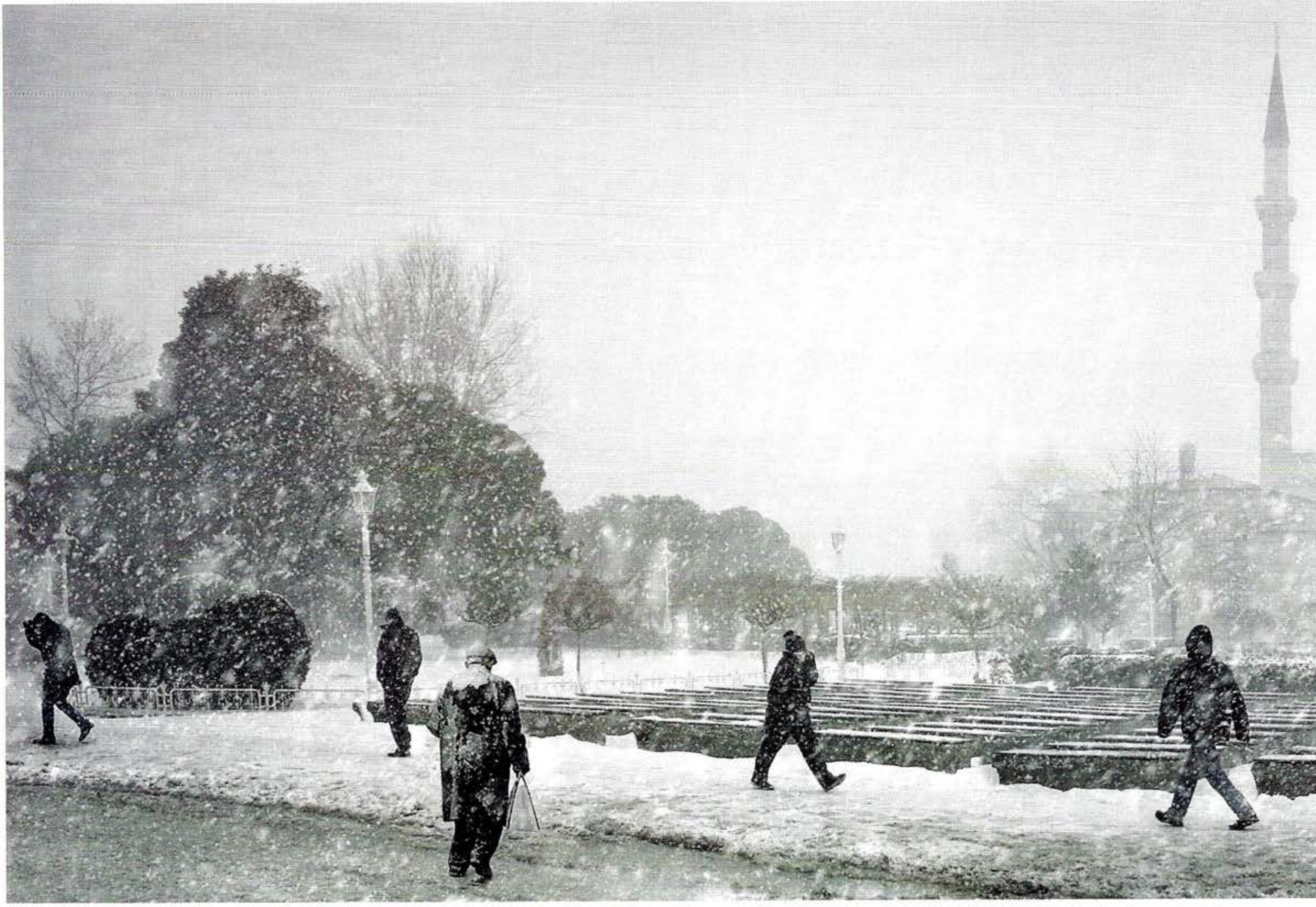


Sultanahmet Square in winter, Istanbul 2004. The Blue Mosque recedes into the mist as pedestrians struggle through th

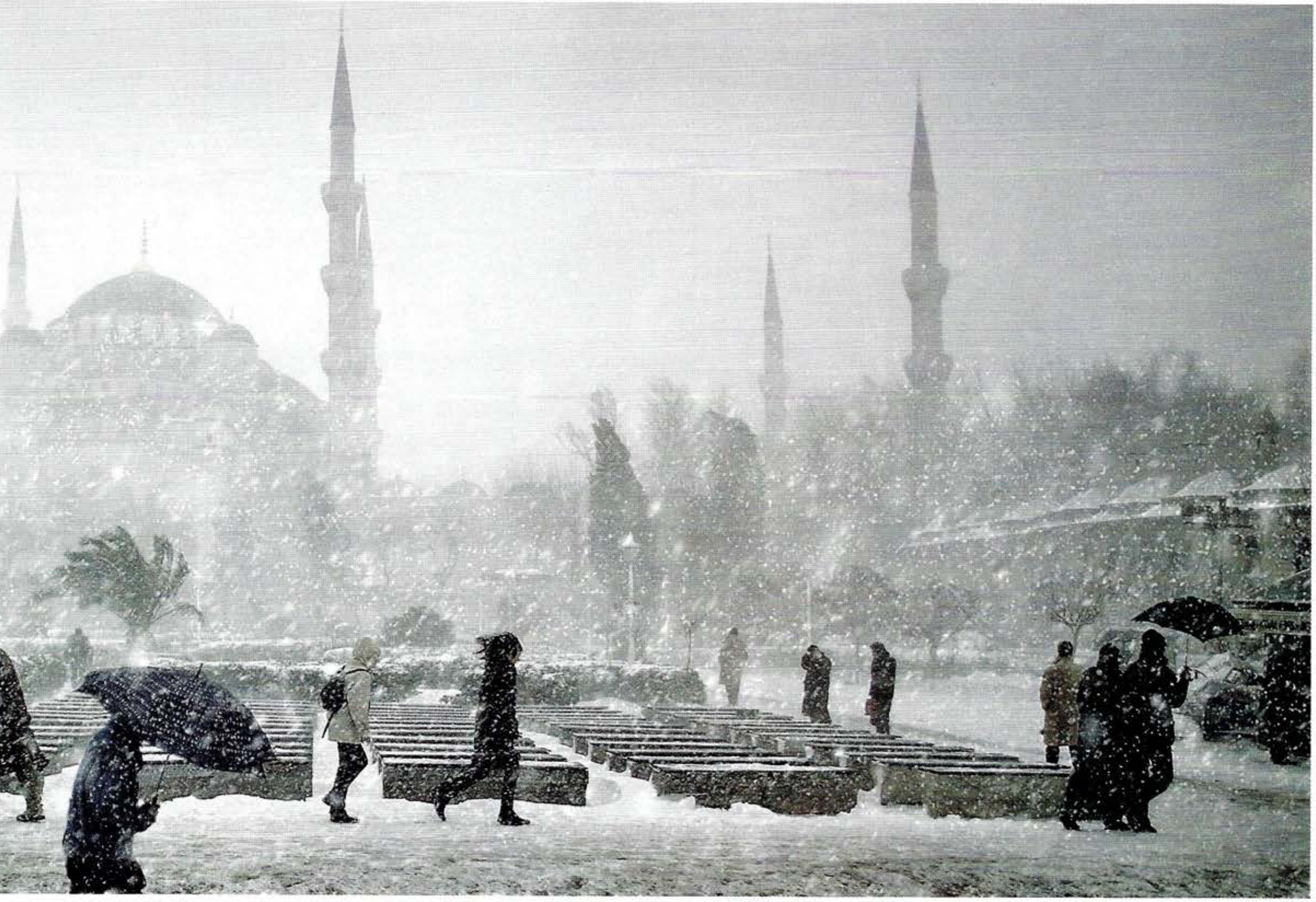
Portfolio

FROZEN MOMENTS

Famous for his atmospheric films set in stark landscapes, Nuri Bilge Ceylan is now attracting attention with his photography. His enigmatic, painterly scenes in wintry Turkish settings – mostly shot during his search for locations – have been collected in a fine limited-edition album. The writer Maureen Freely, herself brought up in Istanbul, leafs through its beautiful pages

Admirers of Turkey's most fêted film director may not be surprised to hear that Nuri Bilge Ceylan has a second calling as a photographer. In this new limited edition of 97 images taken between 2003 and 2009, mostly while scouting for locations, he takes us back into the world of his films. Here again are the panoramic landscapes of *Uzak*, *Climates* and *Three Monkeys* – the great curving rivers, roads and hills along which the eye, too, must travel before it can take in the whole. Here, too, are the snow-covered shorelines, flooded pastures, arid plains, ancient sites and ghostly city streets that serve as backdrops to his dramas.

On the page, as on the screen, it is the human figure that draws the eye: the schoolgirl standing on the almost flooded

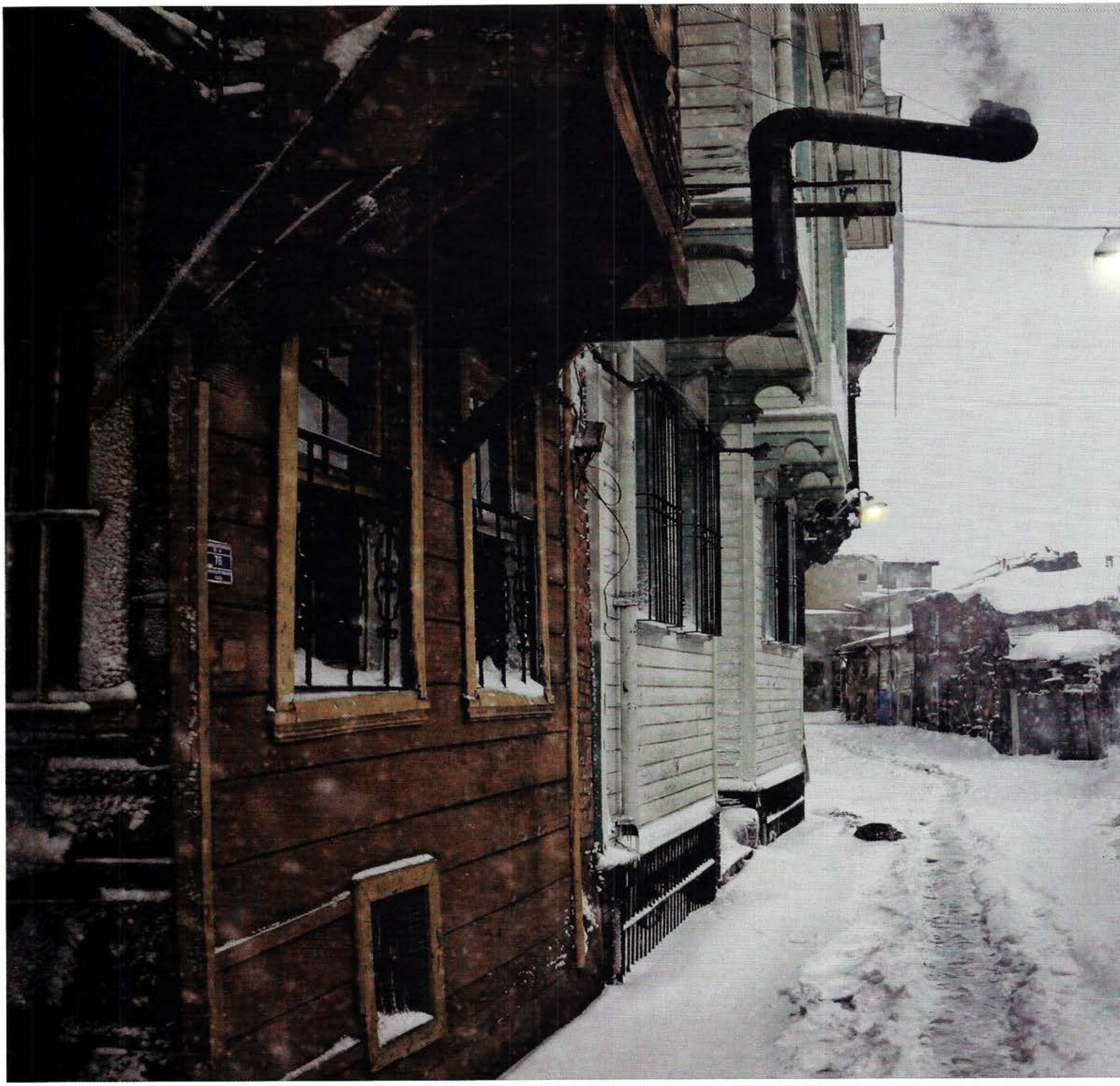


VIND AND SNOW. THE STARK GEOMETRY OF THE SQUARE GIVES WAY TO BENDING TREES, TILTING UMBRELLAS AND UNEXPECTED CURVES

train tracks, the newlywed behind the great curve of her washing line, the boy in the alleyway whose half-shadowed face calls to mind a masked bandit. Most look as if they have agreed to pose for the camera, but their trust in the photographer seems fragile. There is a challenge in their eyes, and in their stance. The peasant mother is ready to defend her two innocent daughters. The man standing tall in his best suit would be a good friend – and a bad enemy. The fun-loving boys near Ahlat would like to know what this inquisitive stranger sees through his lens, though it does not seem to occur to them that he might be just as interested in the landscape.

Nuri Bilge Ceylan's father was the only member of his family to get an education. An agricultural engineer, he chose to leave a promising career in Istanbul in the early 1960s, returning with his wife and two young children to work (and, he hoped, transform) his father's lands in Yenice, near Çanakkale. Ceylan's older sister, Emine (herself a distinguished photographer), has written of their father's intense engagement with nature, rivalled only by his love affair with his Chevrolet, imported with some difficulty from the US. It was in this Chevrolet that he took the family to see all the great sites of Anatolia. His idea of a happy day was to wander off into the ruins for hours on end. The children were left wondering what he saw, and what he was seeking.

Nuri Bilge Ceylan has captured other silent quests of this order, sometimes in places of undisputed beauty (as with the shepherd with his umbrella, standing on the hilltop, gazing down at his



WINTER EVENING IN ISTANBUL, 2004. AS A LONE DOG MAKES ITS WAY DOWN A DESERTED STREET, WE NOTICE FIRST THE SNOW ON THE EAVES

sheep amidst the toppled columns of a Roman ruin) and sometimes in landscapes recast by snow, wind or the setting sun.

He has a particular genius for finding the painterly in the real, and whatever he finds he enhances. His wide-screen digital images revel in their sharp, colliding edges and their sweeping curves. Printed on rag paper, coloured by archival pigment inks, they seem lit from within. Though some of his Istanbul street scenes seem to echo those of Ara Güler (Ceylan loves his ferries, his streetcars, his old wooden houses and his windswept city streets), his images are never at pains to deny the picturesque. Ceylan's modern city does not seem to be at odds with the old city crumbling beneath it. There is, instead, an assumed unity and an unabashed celebration of the gorgeous. Instead of repudiating the postcard view, Ceylan reframes it, so that it is no longer the white peaks of Mount Ararat that draw the eye but the flock of men chasing that football on the vast plain beneath. The Blue Mosque recedes into the mist as tense figures fight their way through the snow in the foreground. Each image invites a question. Why is the farm girl posing so happily in front of her family's rough-hewn house as her sister glowers from the wall some way behind her? And what of that figure in the far background, raking hay? Is he their protector, or is he their fate? The portraits are riddled with tension: each detail, each pair of eyes complicates the story, just as each "pure landscape" suggests a story on a grander scale. Why is

INDOWSILLS, THEN A HEATING PIPE BELCHING SMOKE. THE MYSTERIOUS OVERHANGING LIGHT SEEMS TO PROMISE AS MUCH AS IT WITHHOLDS

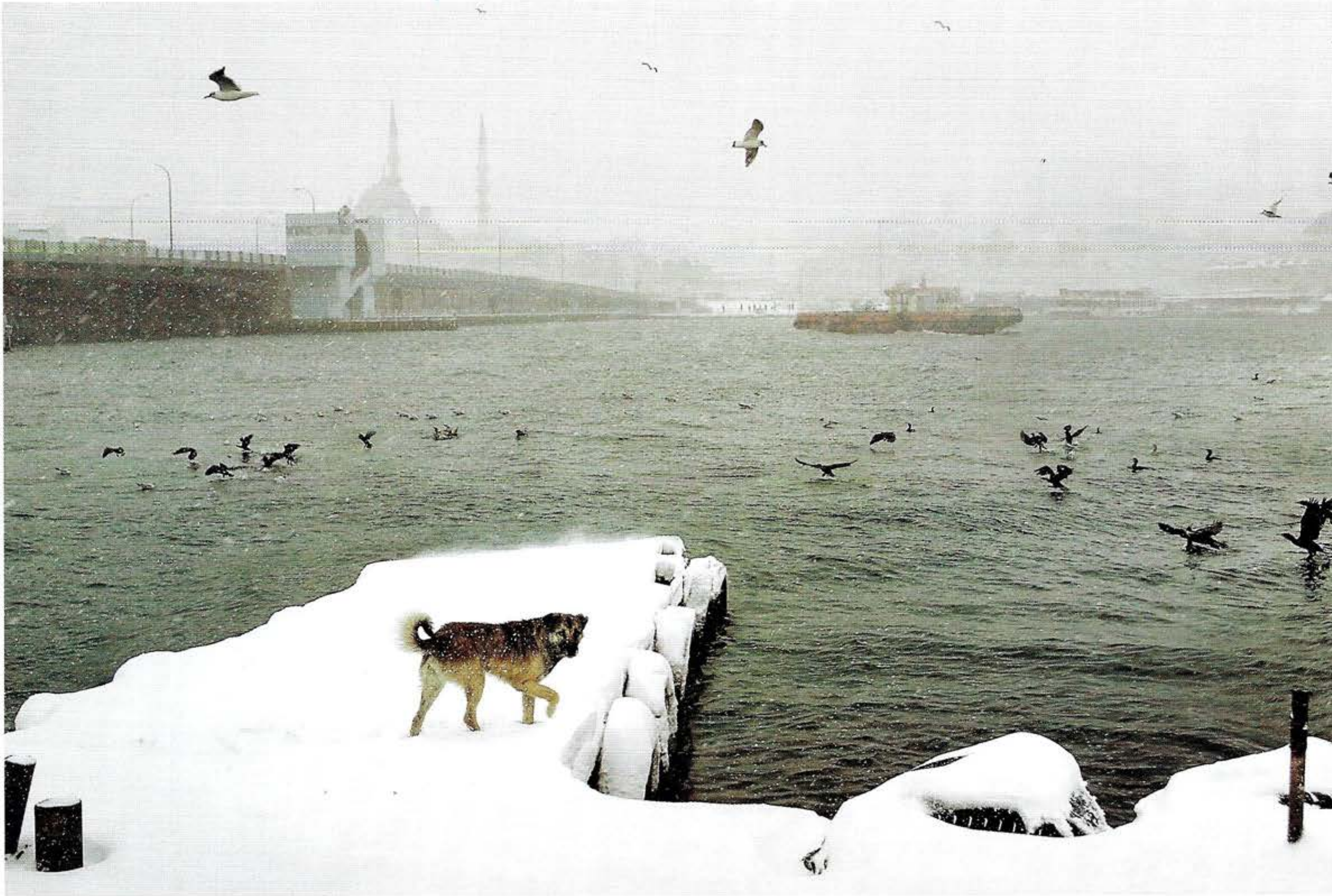
this horseman racing across the steppe? How long has this carriage been travelling through the blizzard, and how long will it be before he can see the lantern in the little shack? Each picture withholds a story, though there are clues and suggestions.

This is an enthralling collection, artfully arranged, with no expense spared. It is deserving of its own table, so that it can be leafed through at leisure, again and again. ◆

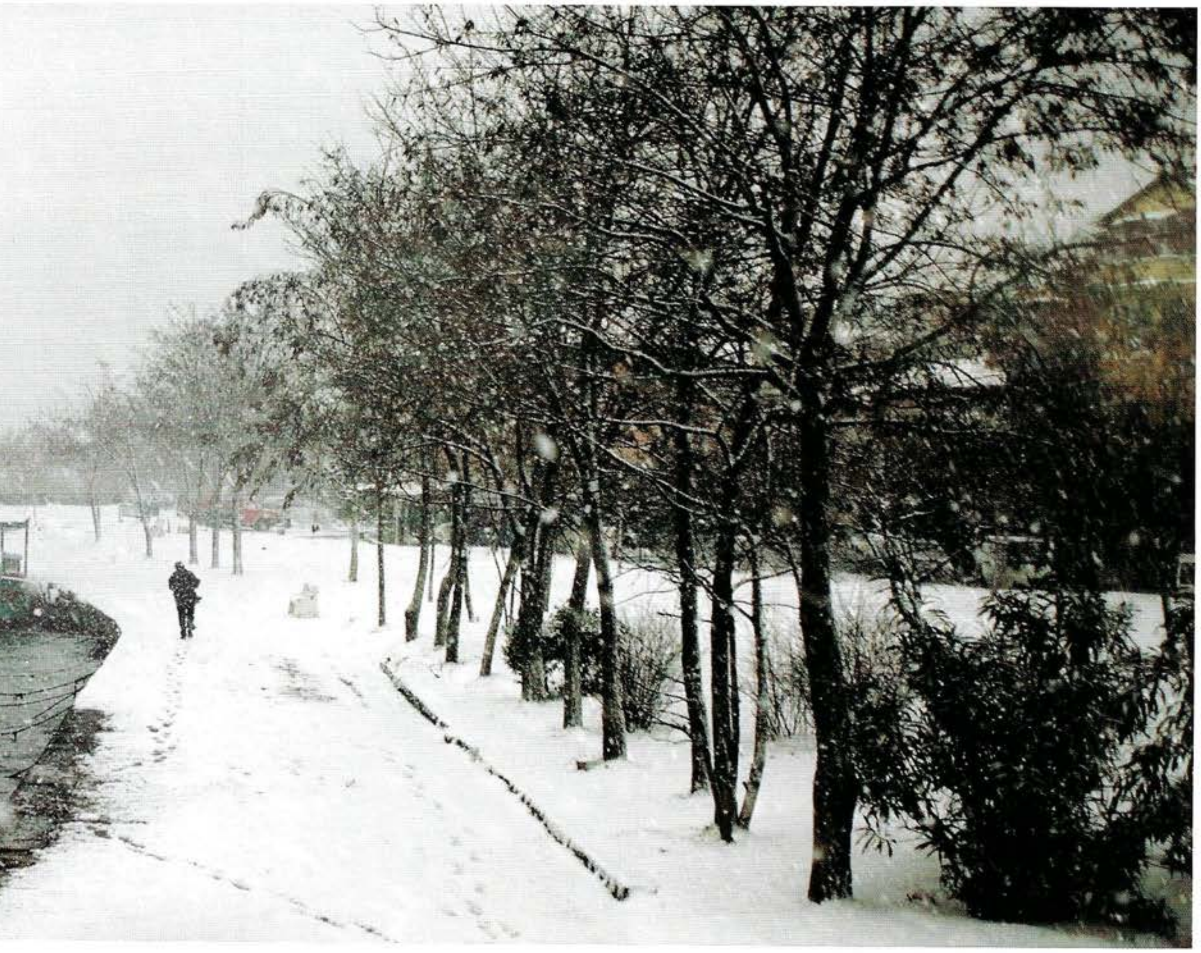
Maureen Freely is the author of six novels, of which the most recent is *Enlightenment*. A Professor at Warwick University, she is perhaps best known for her translations of *Snow*, *The Black Book*, *Istanbul: Memories of a City*, *Other Colours* and *The Museum of Innocence*, all by Orhan Pamuk

NURI BILGE CEYLAN'S FILMS

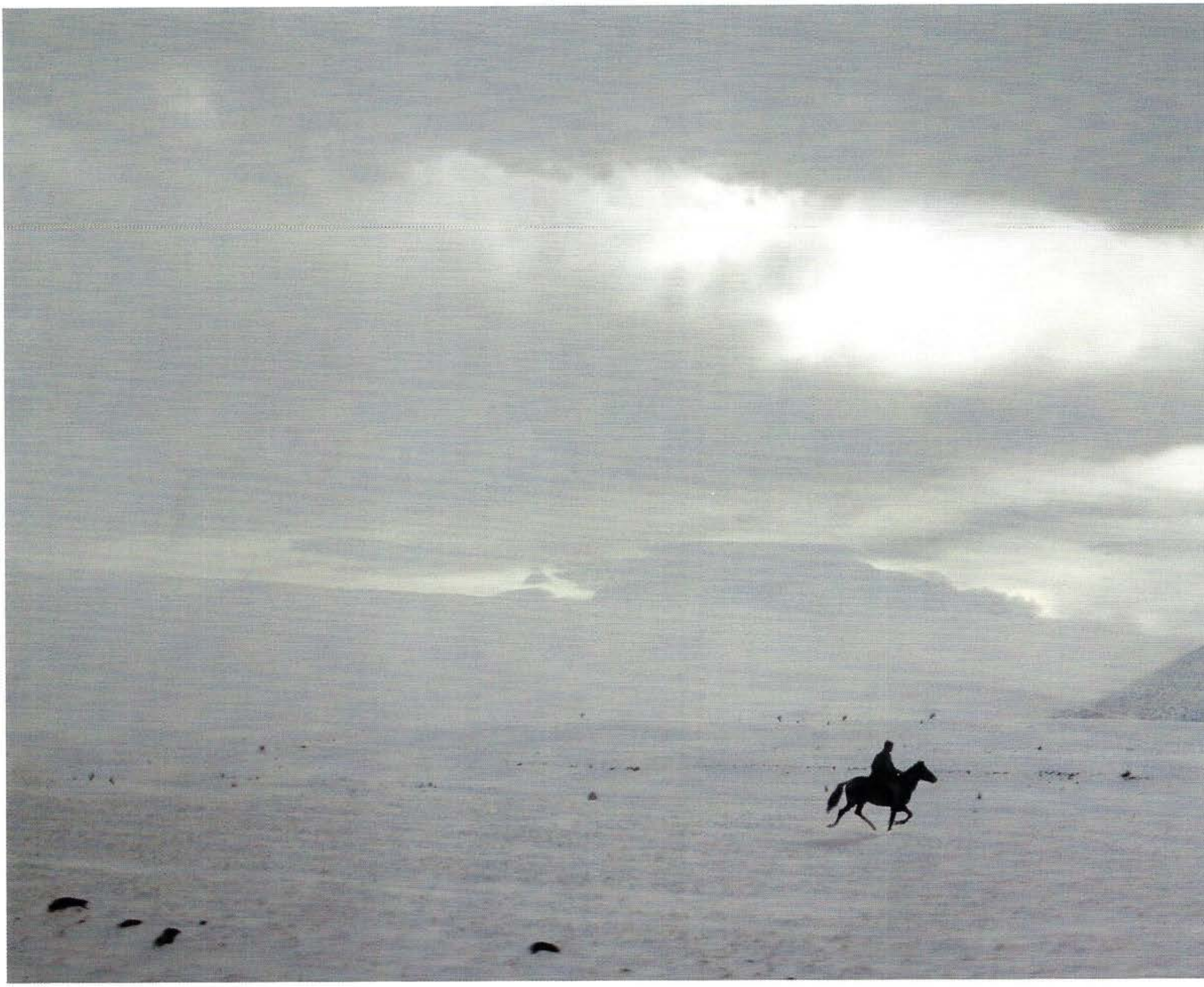
The European film world was quick to see Nuri Bilge Ceylan's potential. His first film, *Cocoon*, was an official selection in the short-film competition at the Cannes Film Festival in 1995. His first full-length film, *The Small Town*, won the Caligari Prize at the Berlin Film Festival three years later. It was with *Uzak*, the third in his so-called "provincial trilogy", that he gained international recognition. The film was awarded the Grand Prix and Best Actor Prize at Cannes in 2002. In 2006, Ceylan was back at the Cannes Film Festival with *Climates*, this time winning the FIPRESCI Prize. His most recent film, *Three Monkeys*, shown at Cannes in 2008, was awarded the prize for best director.



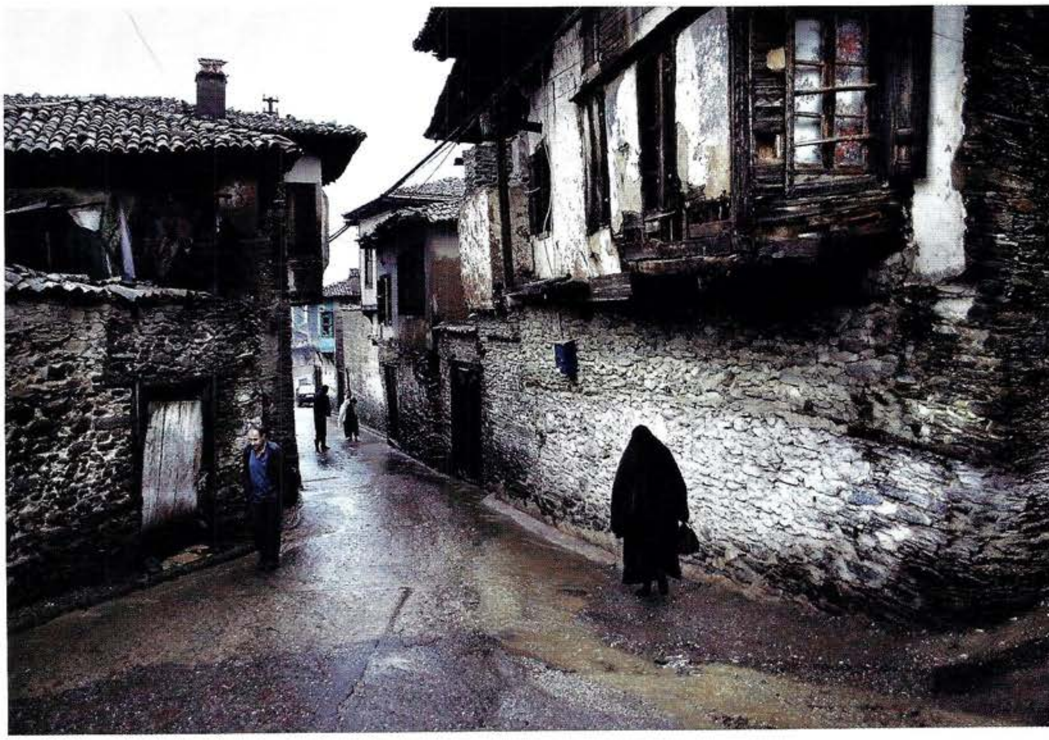
Above: Istanbul, 2004 – another dog patrols as cormorants gather along the abandoned seafront by the Galata Bridge. Despite the harsh weather, the mood is light-hearted, even celebratory

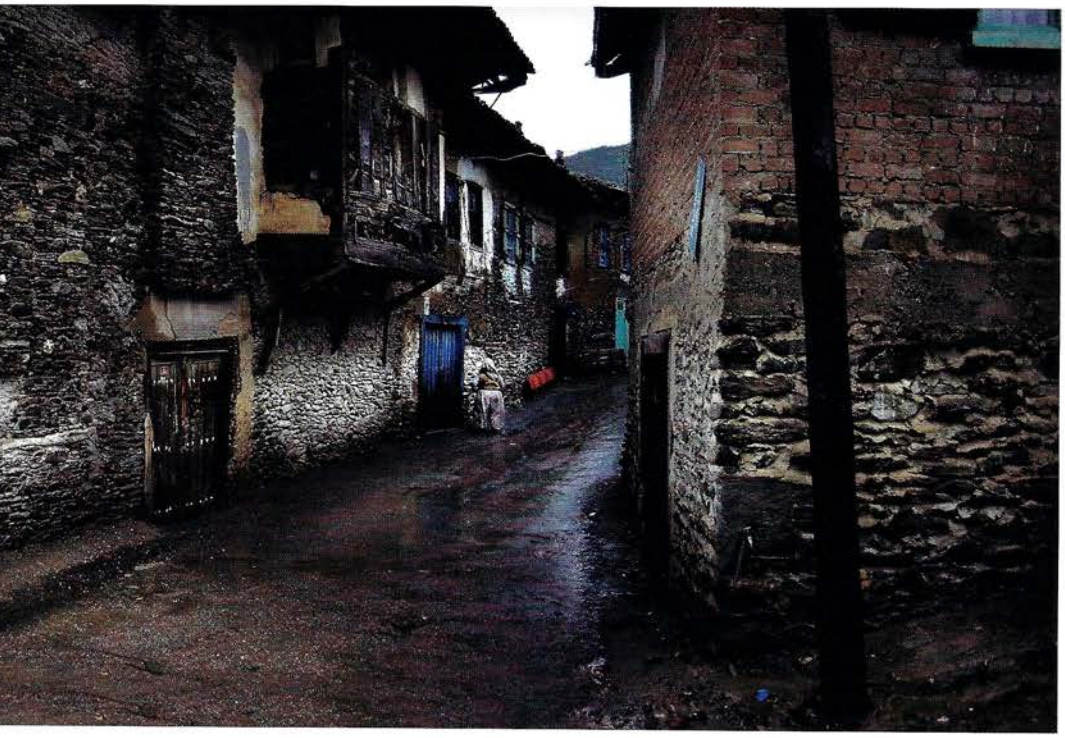


Left: as a storm in 2006 batters the shores of the Golden Horn, a solitary figure walks towards a white glow on the horizon, leaving a wavering line of footprints. Does he notice the patches of red that attract our attention on either side of him?



Above: a horseman crosses the steppe as light breaks through the clouds. Only the mountain stands its ground





LEFT: AS A SHROUDED WOMAN ROUNDS A CORNER IN THE TOWN OF BİRGİ, CEYLAN'S CINEMATIC LENS ALLOWS US TO SEE IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, CREATING CURVES OUT OF ERODED ANGLES AND ILLUMINATING A MOMENT IN A LIFE WE WILL NEVER KNOW

'Nuri Bilge Ceylan: Turkey Cinemascope' is published in a limited edition of 1,000 numbered copies by NTV. The album is available to CORNUCOPIA *subscribers at £245, including p&p (www.cornucopia.net)*

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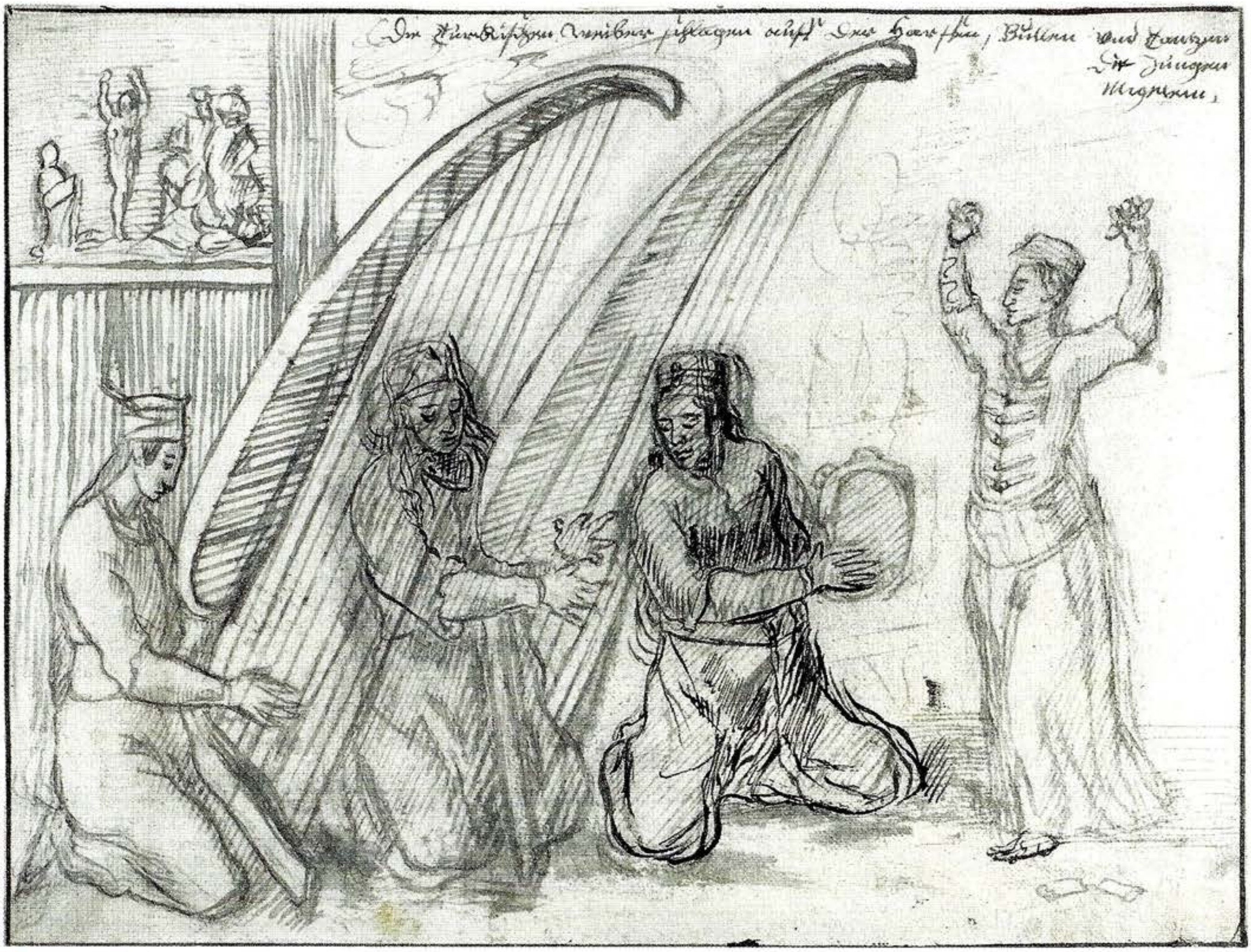
Polychrome, underglaze-painted, stoneware Iznik plate.
Photograph by Fritz von der Schulenburg

BOOKS

SPIRITED IMPRESSIONS OF OTTOMAN ISTANBUL IN THE 16TH CENTURY FROM A MISCHIEVOUS DANISH ARTIST AND AN ACERBIC FLEMISH ENVOY


Die Türkischen weiber schlagen auff die Harffen, Bütlern und tanzen die Jungen Megdlein,

HAREM SOIRÉE. A SKETCH MELCHIOR LORCK MADE OF WOMEN MUSICIANS DURING HIS STAY IN ISTANBUL (1555–59). THE TWO WOMEN ON THE LEFT ARE PLAYING TALL HARPS (OR 'ÇENG'). THE SKETCH ONCE BELONGED TO THE 17TH-CENTURY ENGLISH DIARIST JOHN EVELYN

LORCK-SCHIERNING COLLECTION

THE ELUSIVE DANE

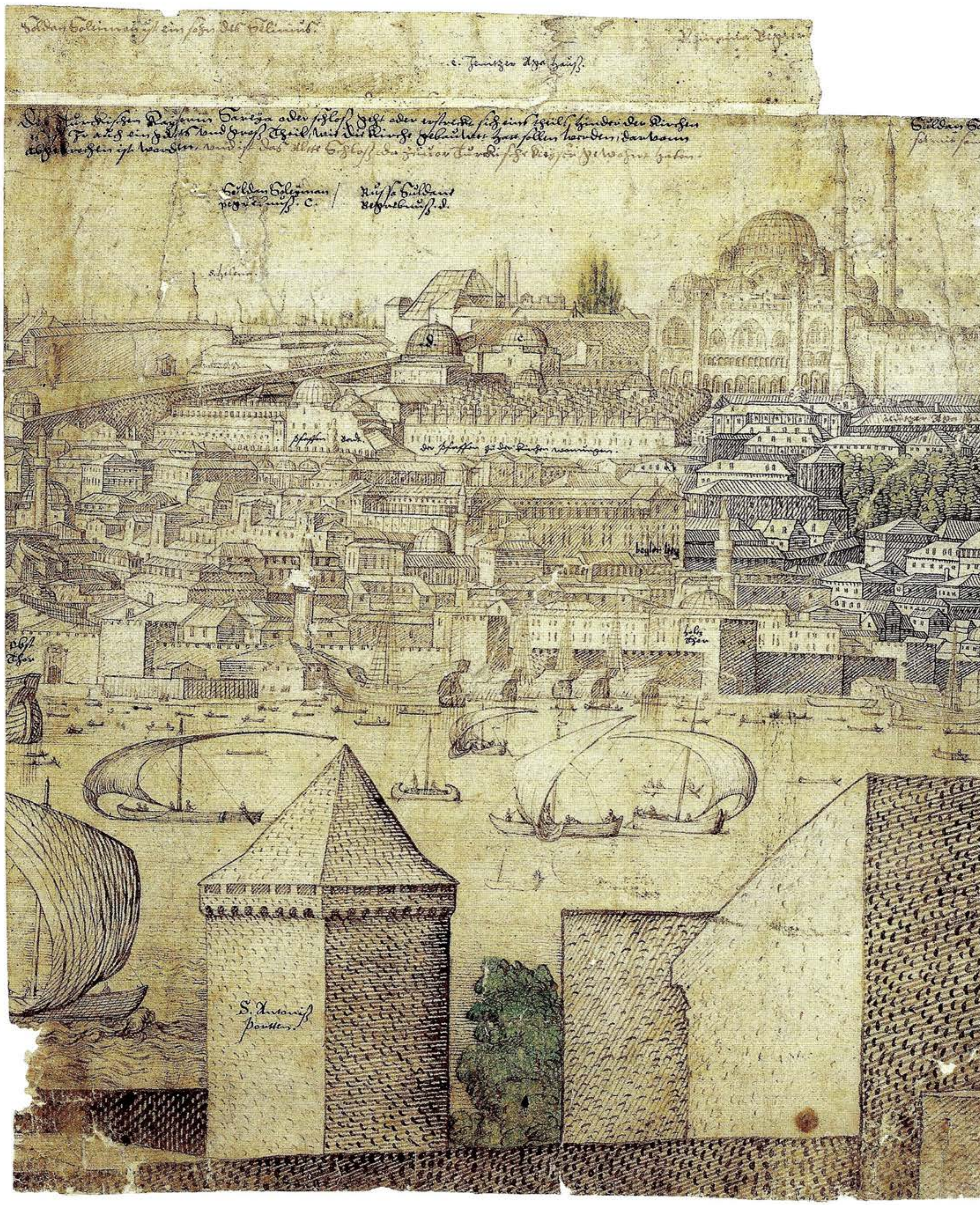
Barnaby Rogerson

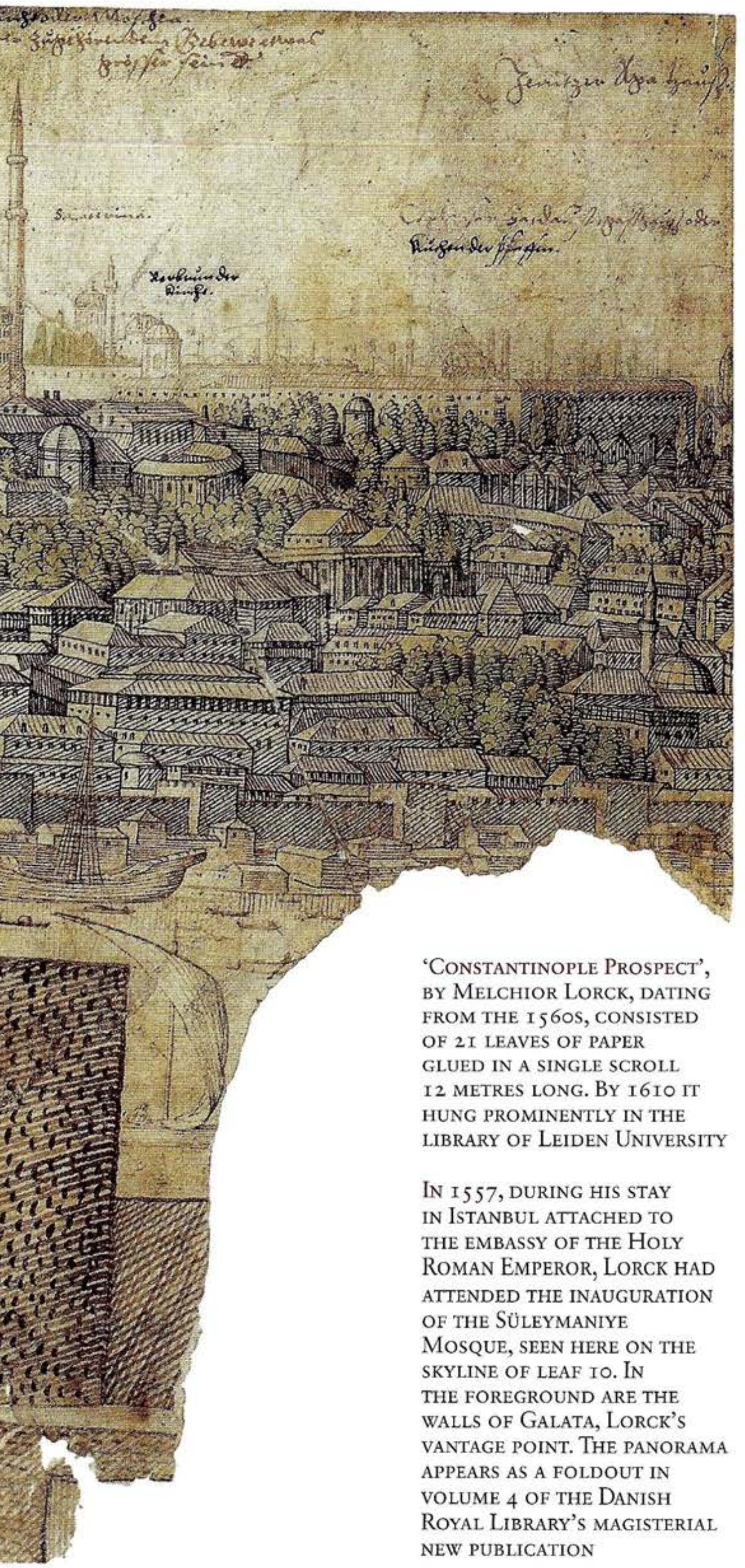
MELCHIOR LORCK

By Erik Fischer with Ernst Jonas Bencard and Mikael Bøgh Rasmussen
Published by The Royal Library and Forlaget Vandkunsten, Copenhagen
Volumes 1–4, €300
Volume 5 (Autumn 2010), €150

Why publish five massive tomes about an obscure Danish artist of the 16th century? The sheer quality of the production might be thought to silence any such question, for the collected volumes constitute a silent, brooding gravitas of printed matter. They have admirably thick bindings, black endpapers, wonderfully dense and creamy paper (130 grams Muken bookwove), beautiful balanced typography, with different colours and typefaces for different languages, set within a harmonious overall design of double columns and generous margins.

The reproduction of Lorck's drawings and etchings is exquisite – and I speak as someone who has over the years sought out some of the original prints, wearing white gloves in the rare-books department of both the V&A and the British Museum – although, as with all modern printing, one misses that intense fusion of ink and paper at impact, when the paper has been bitten into by the pressure of inked wood and metal on an actual press


Soldan Solimon ist ein sohn des Selimus.
c. Janitzer Aga hauß.
Soldan Solyman begrebnuß. c.
Russa Suldanin begrebnuß. d.
S. Helena
S. Antonius portten.



'Constantinople Prospect', by Melchior Lorck, dating from the 1560s, consisted of 21 leaves of paper glued in a single scroll 12 metres long. By 1610 it hung prominently in the library of Leiden University

In 1557, during his stay in Istanbul attached to the embassy of the Holy Roman Emperor, Lorck had attended the inauguration of the Süleymaniye Mosque, seen here on the skyline of leaf 10. In the foreground are the walls of Galata, Lorck's vantage point. The panorama appears as a foldout in volume 4 of the Danish Royal Library's magisterial new publication

Leiden University Library

rather than on a rotating drum.

As a publisher I stand in awe of the end result, and as a book-lover (who daydreams not about a sports car but about more library shelves) I am close to rapture at owning such a set of volumes.

Yet there is still an awkward voice in me that questions the why and the wherefore of it all. Is Denmark in some sort of competition with its neighbours? With Sweden, whose diplomats have always forged an understanding of Turkey, based on their mutual historical antagonism towards Russia, or with Norway, the wealthy refuge of choice for many political dissidents from the Muslim world? Or with Germany, which has only ruled over the old Danish Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein these last hundred years, so that it is a moot point which nation Lorck truly belongs to. Perhaps none of these. Perhaps it is simply that when the Royal Library finally puts its seal to a project – this one has been incubating for 40 years – it believes in producing something that is worth waiting for.

Whatever the motivation, the complete set – and a fifth volume is due in late 2010 – will certainly make a handsome diplomatic gift.

Melchior Lorck deserves the five-volume treatment because he is the first famous Danish artist. He is also a genuinely European figure: he supped from the Hanseatic, German, Dutch and Italian schools of art before making his name as the man who brought the first accurate and sympathetically observed images of Turkey back to Europe.

I was able to arrange myself, before a log fire and a glass of whisky, with all four volumes spread out in front of me, so that after several hours of happy browsing as an owner, I could settle down and address the books as a reader. The volumes bring together all the printed images known to have been made by Lorck, the few surviving drawings (which may or may not be fine copies of his actual penmanship), as well as translated versions of all the historical documents that refer to him.

Volumes 2 and 4 are reserved for facsimiles of his two great printed works, *The Turkish Publication* (which was compiled posthumously and printed in 1626) and *The Constantinople Prospect*. Until now, the works of Lorck have been scattered across the globe, studied in many languages, in different museums, journals and catalogues.

After the pleasure of looking over the prints, I found that the accompanying text has remained playful, even argumentative, and mercifully not in the slightest bit pompous.

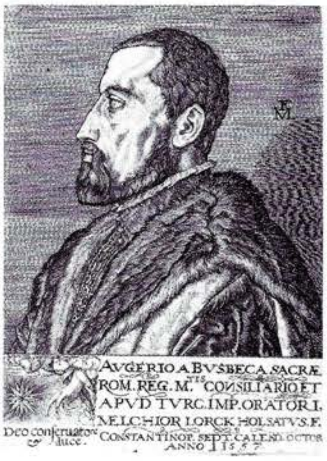
Instead, the three editors seem to share a delight in the mystery of the man, this elusive butterfly they have all chased after without any expectation of pinning him down. His fame was entirely posthumous and his life story is full of uncertainties. The first edition of *The Turkish Publication*, which made him famous, appeared in 1626, decades after his death. Even his dates are vague: he may have been born in 1526 or 1527 and is considered to have died "sometime" after 1583. After his youth, we do not really know where he lived, who he learned from or how he survived. So we have a life full of holes, with bits of blazing glory as the itinerant artist picks up commissions from the monarchs of Europe that leave us with a trail of sorts.

Though Danish, he spent most of his working life as far from his homeland as possible, produced nothing of real worth in Denmark and at the end of his life seems to have been once more in disgrace with his royal patrons. But then no-one who has ever looked intently at his profile set against the city of Constantinople, or his siesta-time view over the roofline of Istanbul, can fail to be delighted by the company of this charming, handsome, mischievous and talented artist.

These four volumes help us construct an imagined life but fortunately never attempt to imprison the free spirit of Melchior Lorck behind the bars of scholarship. ◆

BEST OF ENEMIES

BARNABY ROGERSON ON THE UNDYING RIVALRY OF OGIER GHISELIN DE BUSBECQ AND MELCHIOR LORCK


AVGERIO A BVSBECA SACRÆ
ROM. REG. M.TIS CONSILIARIO ET
APVD TVRC. IMP. ORATORI.
MELCHIOR LORCK HOLSATVS F.
CONSTANTINOP. SEPT. CALEND. OCTOB.
ANNO 1557
Deo conservatore & duce.

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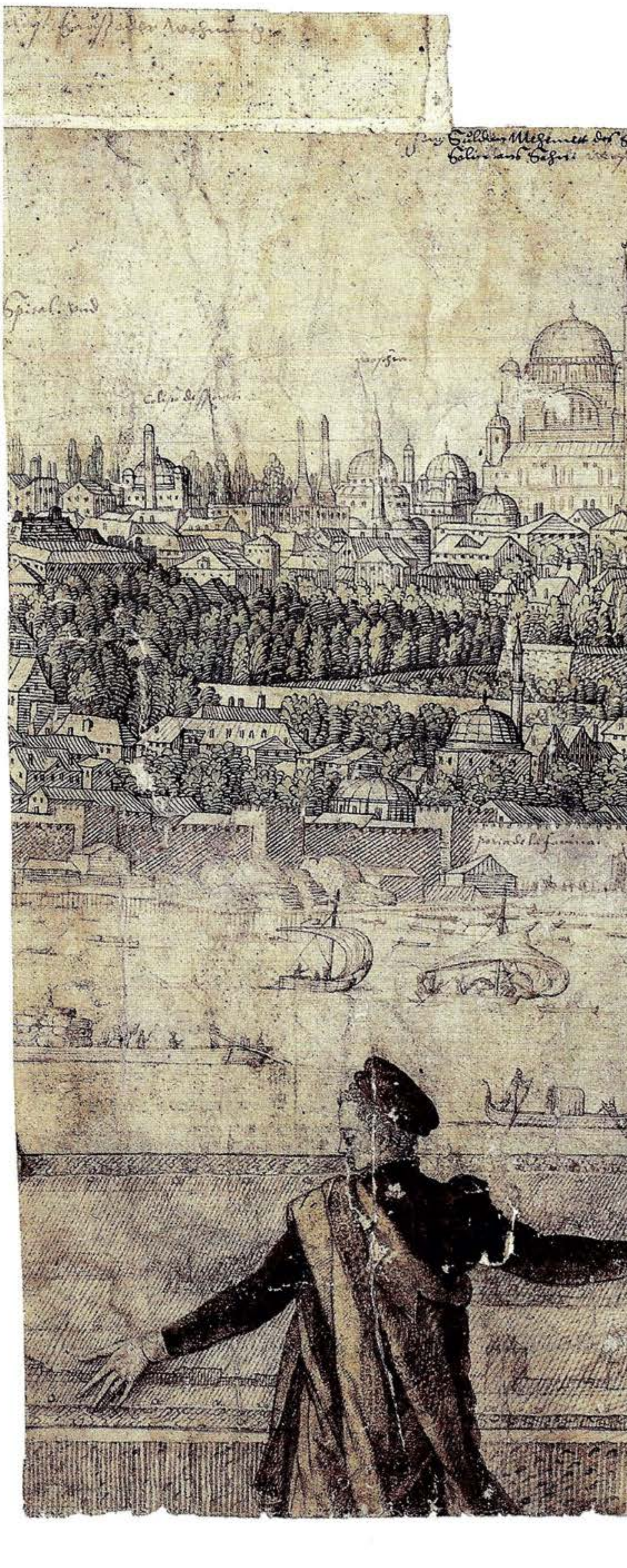
No man can think of Restoration London without viewing it through the engravings of Wenceslaus Holler and the diaries of Samuel Pepys. This double lens, of artist and writer, forever frames our view. While Holler depicts London Bridge decorated with the decapitated heads of traitors, it comes alive as the place where the naval secretary Pepys took his brief pleasure with prostitutes. If Pepys is firmly set in the English literary constellation, Holler, despite his equivalent brilliance, has left barely a glimmer. This Prague-born artist, loyal servant to both Charles I and Charles II as "King's Scenographer", would die in poverty and neglect. The bailiffs seized his sole remaining possession, his bed, as he lay dying in 1677.

Our perception of another great city, Istanbul, has similarly been formed by the combined vision of a writer and an artist. In the 16th century the capital of the Ottoman Empire was caught in all its magnificent, turbulent, restless creativity in the writings of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq and the drawings of Melchior Lorck. These names are not familiar outside the tiny world of art scholars and well-read historians. Indeed, with their near-fantastical given names, these men now sound like a pair of scholarly footnotes celebrating obscurity. But their influence is just as powerful as that of Pepys and Holler was over London. No history of the Ottoman Empire, no critique of Istanbul, no biography of Süleyman the Magnificent can escape drawing on Busbecq and Lorck. They are vital sources, prisms through which the past is perceived.

Like Pepys and Holler, Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq and Melchior Lorck were both courtiers, men of talent attracted to the dangerous bright flame of royal patronage, but there is an intriguing mystery: why did they maintain a deathly silence about each other, despite the four years they spent packed together in the same embassy compound in Constantinople and despite their great fame in Europe as "Turkish travellers"? The official papers no more than hint at the strong passions involved. For all their shared immersion in High Renaissance culture and their

ABOVE LEFT: LORCK'S STERN 1557 PROFILE OF BUSBECQ



RIGHT: IN LEAF 11 OF HIS 'CONSTANTINOPLE PROSPECT' LORCK SHOWS HIMSELF GESTURING EXPANSIVELY AS HE PAINTS HIS FAMOUS PANORAMA. A BEARDED TURK HOLDS OUT A GOBLET INTO WHICH THE ARTIST DIPS HIS QUILL. AN INSCRIPTION ON THE PARAPET SAYS: 'THE SITE AT GALATA, OR PERA, WHERE I, MELCHIOR LORCK, MAINLY DREW THE CITY, OR, RATHER, THE LARGER PART OF IT, AD 1559.' ON THE SKYLINE ARE SINAN'S RECENTLY BUILT ŞEHZADE MOSQUE AND NEWLY RESTORED VALENS AQUEDUCT. AT THE TOP LORCK NOTES THAT SPECIAL UNDERGROUND CHANNELS BROUGHT WATER TO ALL THE NEW MOSQUES

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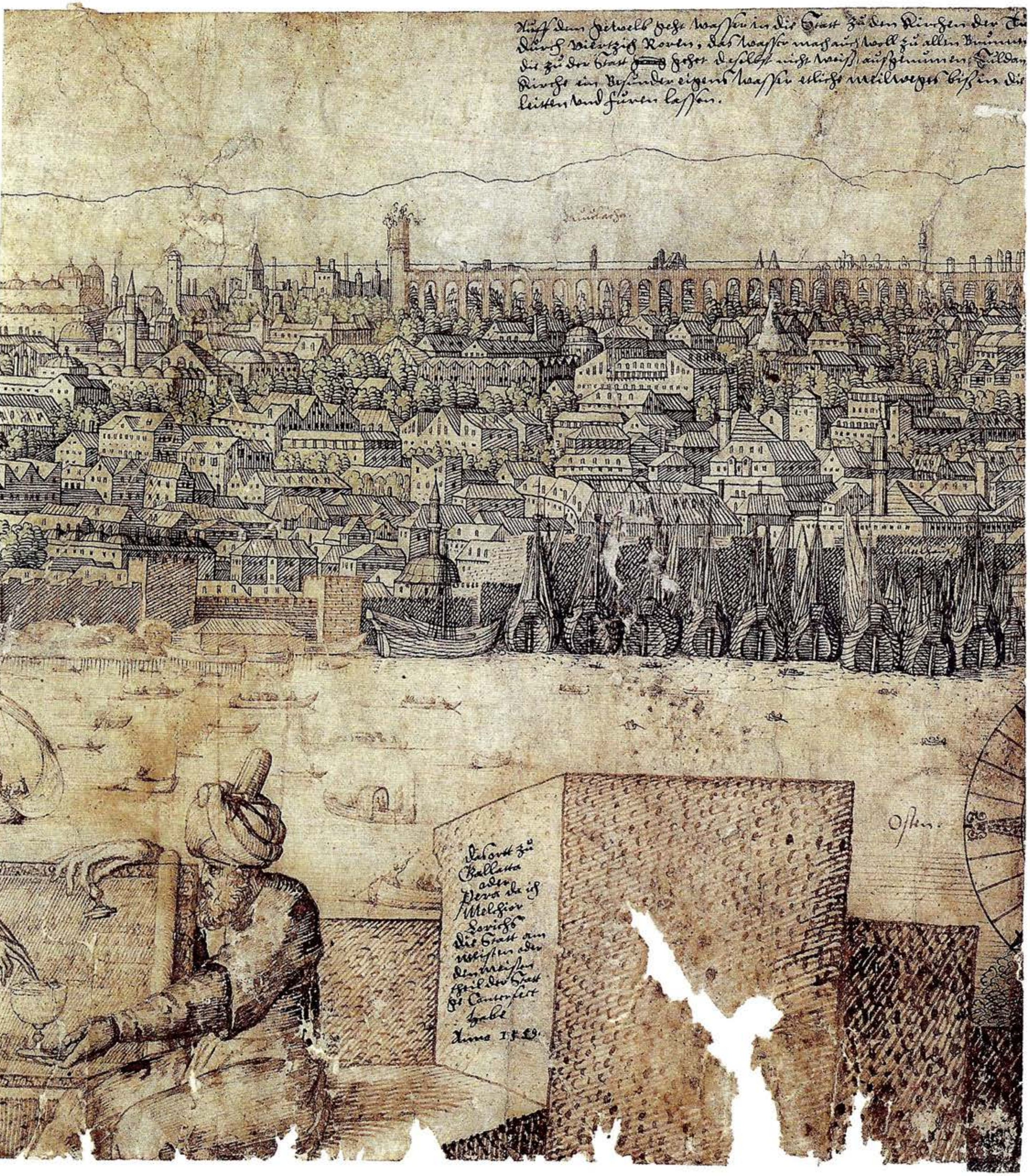
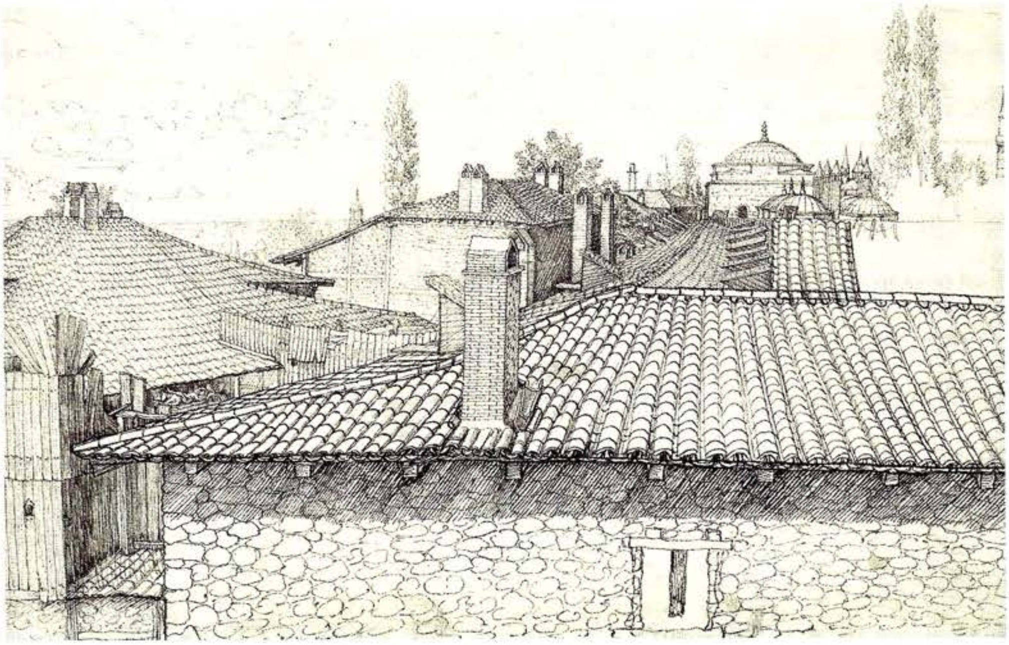

Auff dem gewelb geht wasser in die Statt zu den Kirchen der Tü
durch viertzig Roren, das wasser mag auch woll zu allen brunnen
die zu der Statt gehör desselbst nicht weiss auszunemmen, Sultan
Kirch ein besonder eigens wasser etliche meilweges biss in die
leitten und füren lassen.
Osten
Dz ortt zu
Gallata
oder
Pera da ich
Melchior
Lorichs
die Statt am
nechsten oder
den meisten
theil der Statt
ab Conterfeit
habe
Anno 1559.



COPENHAGEN STATENS MUSEUM FOR KUNST, DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS

ABOVE: A VIEW OF THE ELÇI HAN (AMBASSADORS' CARAVANSERAI) IN ÇEMBERLITAŞ, WHERE BUSBECQ'S ENTOURAGE, INCLUDING LORCK, LIVED. ON THE SKYLINE ARE THE SEA OF MARMARA AND THE ATIK ALI MOSQUE. AN AMOROUS COUPLE DISPORT THEMSELVES ON A VERANDAH ON THE LEFT.

shared loyalty to the Habsburg dynasty, they were clearly very different characters, like Hermann Hesse's Narziss and Goldmund, the passionate artist and the reflective scholar.

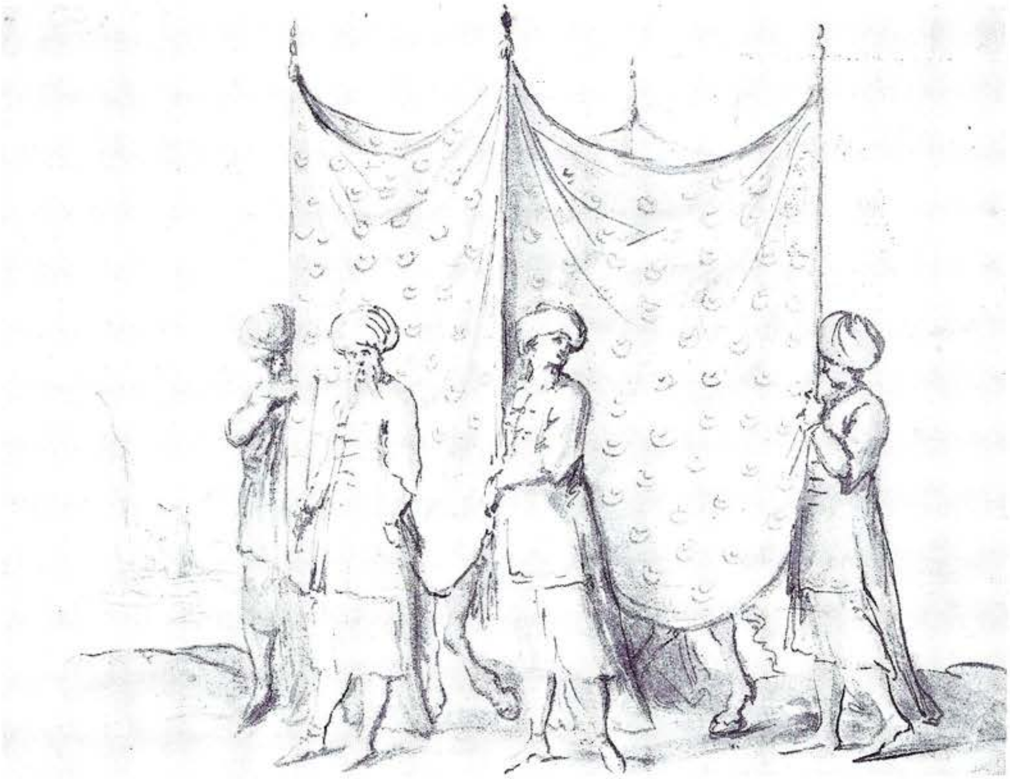
Melchior Lorck could have screen-tested for the role of the restless artist. He was beautiful, well travelled and highly regarded in both the princely courts and the ancient free cities of Europe. He was extraordinarily versatile, working by turns as explorer, architect, poet, surveyor, artist, etcher, jeweller and engineer. His *Constantinople Prospect* was hung in one of the most revered sites of intellectual Europe, the Great Hall of the University Library of Leiden. It was the smash hit of the day.

Lorck was not shy of celebrity. He depicts himself dead centre, his head turned to one side to show a handsome profile, his cap rakishly slanted on the back of his head, his torso swathed in a fetching cloak to reveal puffed shoulders and perfect cuffs. His arms are extended with casual grace while his attenuated fingers dip a sliver of a pen into a crystal goblet of ink held out for him by the sort of bearded, beturbaned Turk who frightened the hell out of Christendom. He portrays himself with a careless ease that is in complete contrast to the meticulous research, draughtsmanship and technical brilliance of his view of the "enemy" citadel.

For his audience it was all the more thrilling in that the power of the Ottomans was dreaded throughout Europe. To pile conceit on conceit, Lorck based his picture on that of the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V standing before Ingolstadt. For in some eyes, especially those of Protestant-leaning Northern Europe, there was little to choose between the two autocracies.

Melchior Lorck was born into a large noble family in 1526. They lived in Flensburg, within the Danish-ruled Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and his father was well enough respected to receive the Danish monarch when he passed through the city. Lorck was proud of his noble birth but equally of his urban identity, signing all his pictures FML, Flensburgensis Melchior Lorck. (Lorcks are still prominent in Flensburg.)

He was apprenticed to a



BELOW: A WEDDING PROCESSION. THE BRIDE IS ON HORSEBACK BEHIND THE SCREEN.

OPPOSITE: A NOTABLY ACCURATE WOODCUT OF THE ATIK ALI MOSQUE, DATED 1576. BOTH THE CARAVANSERAI, WHICH WAS THE VANTAGE POINT, AND THE DOMED COMPLEX IN THE FOREGROUND HAVE SINCE BEEN DEMOLISHED master goldsmith in the great neighbouring Hanseatic city of Lübeck, from where in the course of his training he travelled through the other trading cities of the Baltic. Clearly this apprenticeship, like that of Dürer, was about design, drawing and composition as well as the casting, carving and mixing of precious metals.

By the time he was 20 he was set on his own course. At the Diet of Augsburg in 1547 he met such useful patrons as the Count Palatinate and the Prince-Bishop of Augsburg. His earliest surviving work, an etched portrait of Martin Luther, was made the following year. It is his first masterwork, a brilliantly personal but silent depiction of character that is all the more impressive because he could not have worked from life. In 1549 Christian III of Denmark decided to foster this home-grown talent and provided funds for Lorck to finish his artistic education with an extended Grand Tour. The idea was for him to return to the Danish court after four years. From the cities of the Netherlands the young Lorck travelled to Nuremburg, then south to Vienna, Bologna, Florence and Rome. But the life, the light, the art were altogether far too good. The young artist forgot to return to Copenhagen, and King Christian was irritated enough to interfere personally by putting a restraint on a legacy that Lorck was due to inherit.

Thereafter Lorck's trail goes faint, though no doubt he was moving from court to court and from commission to commission, before being despatched to Istanbul on an artistic commission by the Habsburg Archduke Ferdinand. The official embassy was travelling down across the Balkans from Vienna.

How Lorck got to Istanbul we do not know, though a small body of surviving sketches suggests that he took the sea route from Venice, perhaps skirting the Greek coast and perhaps landing on Albanian soil en route.

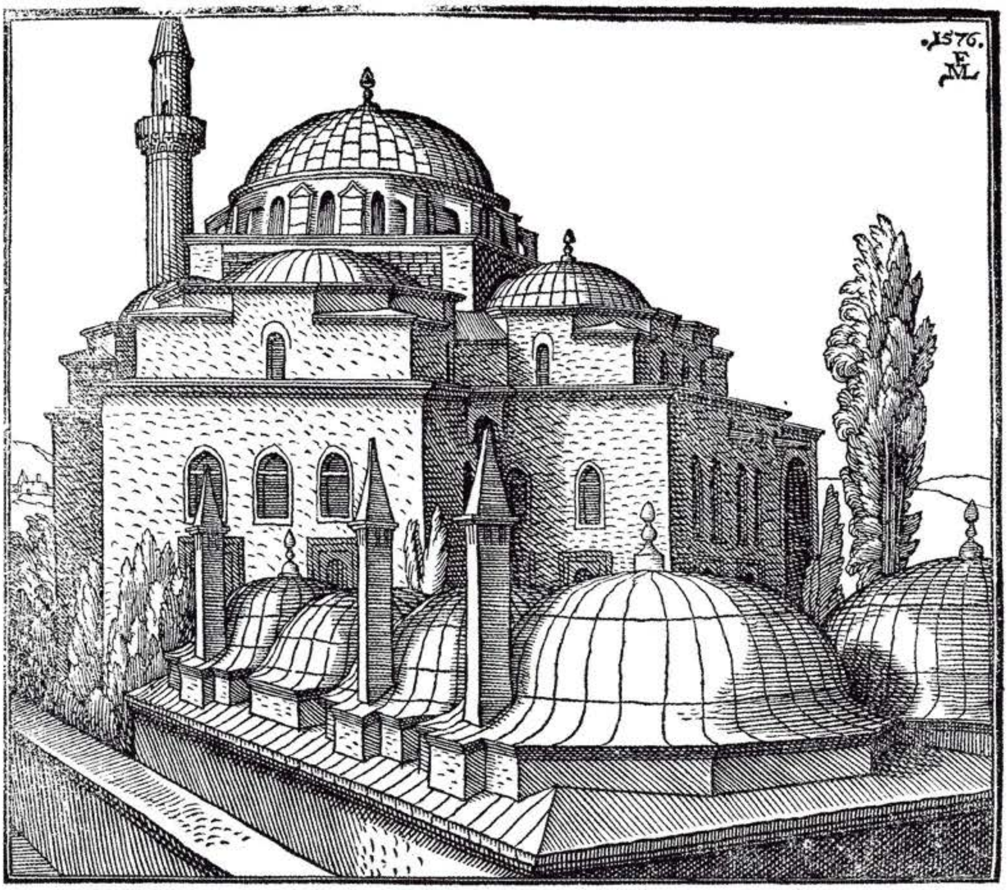
He probably arrived in Istanbul at the end of 1555 and by his own account stayed for four and a half years. There may have been some dispute over his exact role and status at the embassy. This would certainly explain a curious document issued by the Habsburg court in February 1564 which, as well as codifying and renewing Lorck's coat of arms and noble status, retrospectively and explicitly states that he had been "ordered to Turkey".

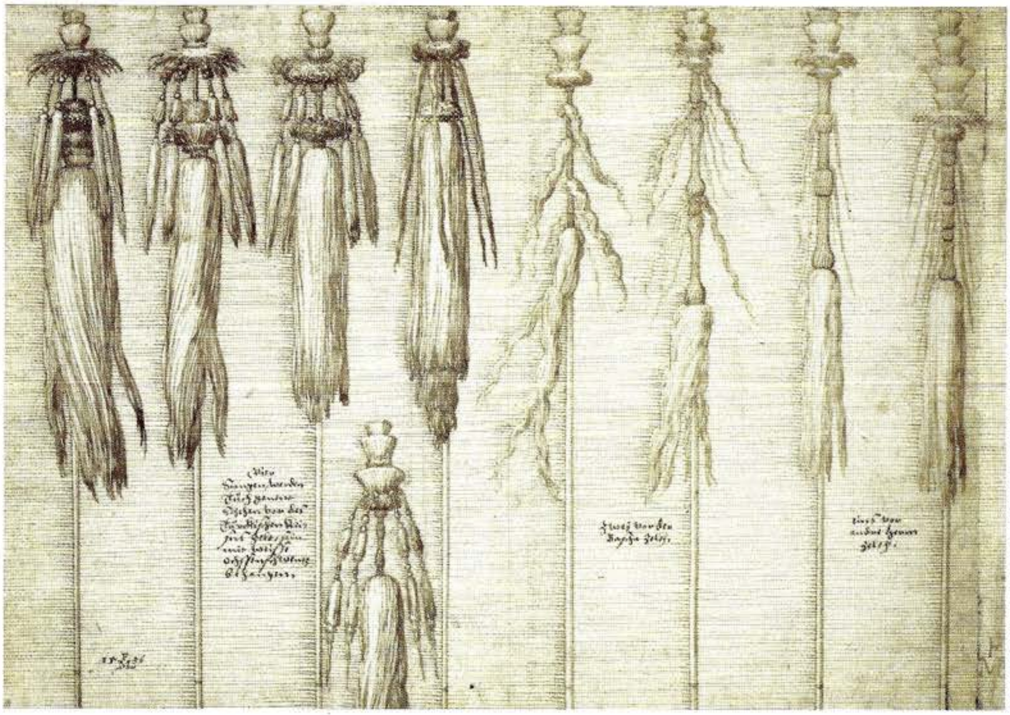
It is easy to imagine that the talented, free-spirited Lorck might have found the enclosed life of the embassy compound in Istanbul a little stifling. The Habsburg, or Imperial, embassy was under the command of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, who was two years older than Lorck. The Ottoman capital could be a dangerous posting: the health of Malvezi, the previous Habsburg ambassador, had been broken by imprisonment in Istanbul. It was also an important posting. Only the best men were up to the job. Busbecq was one of them.

Born in Flanders, educated at the universities of Louvain, Padua and Venice, he spoke seven languages fluently. He was an intelligent, hard-working, scholarly civil servant who was happy to confess that he found books "my companions and the joy of my life". He was also a private man, always travelling with his own bed and retiring to the seclusion of a tent or a carriage when faced with the curiosity of other travellers in a caravanserai. He plainly adored animals, was generous to his servants and cheerfully distributed wine to those who liked it – such as his Turkish guards. Even in Istanbul he made a habit of receiving guests in the embassy grounds, entertaining and interviewing the many travellers who passed his door rather than venturing out into the city. He enjoyed tennis, archery, fishing and the company of a few hand-picked, like-minded friends.

This may well have been the natural working of a studious nature, but it was also a social defence mechanism. For Busbecq had a problem: he was a bastard. Despite all his talents, he stood outside the charmed circle of nobility, that indispensable network of cousins, patrons and legally enforced privilege.

True, his father, George Ghislain II, lord of the manor of Busbecq outside Lille in Flanders, was a gentleman, but Ogier was only officially recognised when he was 27 years old. He was born with a chip on his shoulder, but that is what made him such a good observer. He appreciated the classlessness of Muslim society, its innate good manners, the equality among believers, the respect for education and the fact that the Ottoman Empire was run along meritocratic





COPENHAGEN STATENS MUSEUM FOR KUNST, DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS

Above: horsetail battle standards ('tuğ') were a favourite subject. Lorck writes that they were on display both inside and outside the Sultan's campaign tent. A detail of this large preparatory drawing was used to make a woodcut in 'The Turkish Publication'

lines. He had only entered the service of the Holy Roman Emperor's brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, in 1552.

Two years later, having just returned from England, where he had officially witnessed the marriage of Mary Tudor and Philip II of Spain in Winchester Cathedral, Busbecq was summoned to return post-haste to Vienna. The existing ambassador was having a nervous breakdown at the idea of returning to Istanbul, so Busbecq was given the job. He had the unenviable task of trying to patch up a truce with the Ottoman Empire and explaining why his master had annexed Transylvania and now called himself King of Hungary. Busbecq was given 12 days in which to pack and brief himself for the new mission before leaving for the border. He was informed that he would be travelling with Anton Wranczy, Bishop of Erlau, and Franz Zay, commander of the Danubian navy.

What the Archduke failed to inform him was which of his entourage might be involved in espionage or working on "parallel negotiations". With the benefit of hindsight we know that one of the chief Habsburg secret agents in Istanbul was Michael Cernovic, the son of a local rope-maker who ostensibly worked as dragoman, or guide, to the Venetians.

It must have been a surprise for Busbecq to find that Melchior Lorck, the young Danish artist, had also been sent on a mission to Istanbul by the Archduke. Lorck may have been in Istanbul for Busbecq's first visit in 1555: we know that he was certainly in the city for Busbecq's second mission, from 1556 to 1562, for we have a series of drawings clearly dated 1556, 1557 and 1558.

The two men spent nearly four years together in a caravanserai courtyard converted into an embassy compound. We have Busbecq's eloquent description of this compound, and his delight at the sea view, his Arab horses, his five she-camels and his fabulous menagerie of exotic pets. We also have Lorck's enchanting drawing of the Atik Ali Pasha, the neighbourhood mosque, as well as the famous half-finished view from the roof. The latter is a beautiful composition, a masterful exercise in perspective, with a long sagging flight of roof tiles, and in the distance a domed mosque, a minaret, the stump of the Arcadius Column and the sea. There is also a very Lorck-like detail: a couple making love on a rooftop verandah in the stillness of the afternoon siesta.

It is intriguing, therefore, that in his *Turkish Letters* Busbecq describes the embassy cellarman, how much he liked his apothecary, the company of his erudite doctor, how he enjoyed his professional rivalry with the French, how well he got on with one of the viziers, what the Spanish prisoners-of-war were like – but of Lorck he says nothing.

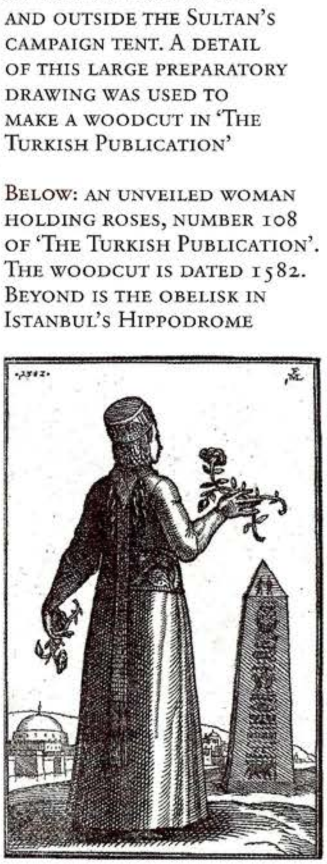
The dashing, well-connected Danish nobleman-artist and the Flemish scholar-diplomat obviously did not get on. There is just one possible oblique reference – Busbecq mentions that he owns a "drawing of the column of Arcadius", a monument that we know Lorck drew many times.

Melchior Lorck was no slouch in Istanbul. Not only was he working on his famous panorama of the city, but he was filling sketchbook after sketchbook with intimate details of Ottoman life: weddings, funerals, uniforms, buildings, ships, nudes, kitchen utensils and antiquities. He had a fine eye for detail and returned again and again to the Ottoman horsetail battle standards. He was also granted sufficient access to a harem to draw convincing scenes of everyday life, as well as making portraits of Roxelana, the wife of Süleyman the Magnificent, Prince Ismail, the Persian ambassador, and Turkish dignitaries. Lorck also drew the three imperial ambassadors: Franz Zay, Anton Wranczy and Ogier himself, all dressed alike in fur collars with silken surcoats.

The half-profile of Busbecq is undeniably cold, especially compared with the affectionate depiction of Franz Zay.

Whereas Busbecq's audiences with Sultan Süleyman were brief, formal affairs, on February 15, 1559, Lorck had a sufficiently long audience to create his famous half-length portrait. He must also have exercised his charm to have been allowed to make such a detailed sketch of the city's harbour and defences for the *Constantinople Prospect*, his chosen vantage point being

Below: an unveiled woman holding roses, number 108 of 'The Turkish Publication'. The woodcut is dated 1582. Beyond is the obelisk in Istanbul's Hippodrome



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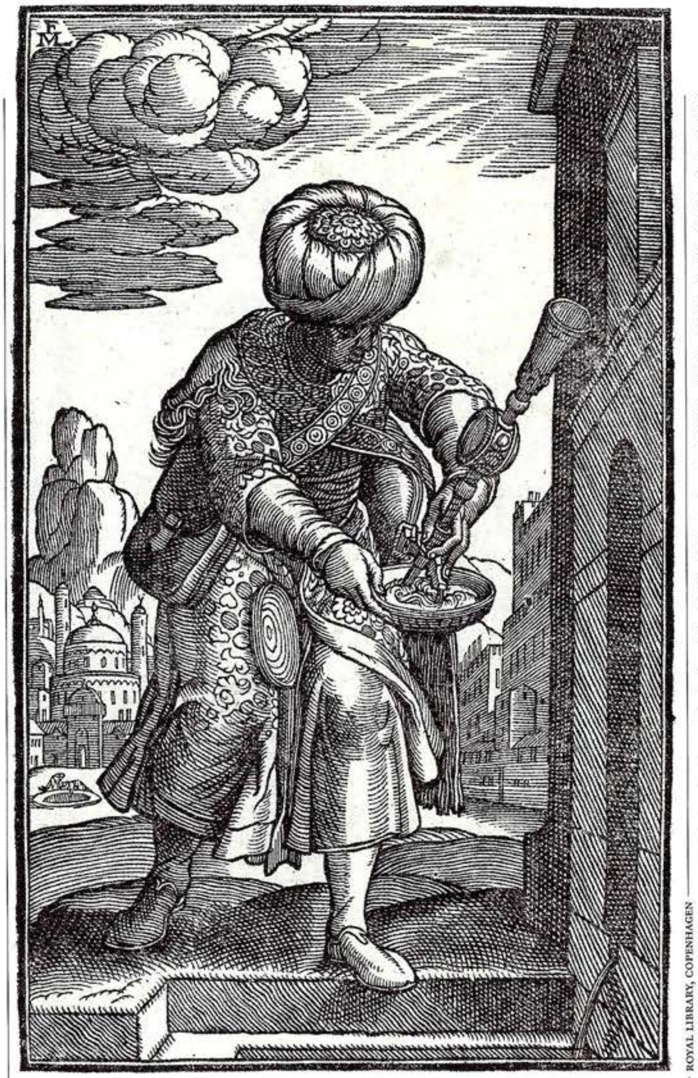

ABOVE: WOODCUT 20 OF 'THE TURKISH PUBLICATION' OF A WATER-CARRIER GAINS IN ENERGY WHAT IT LOSES IN DETAIL. LORCK CALLED THIS FIGURE A 'SAQUATZ', OR THE TURKISH 'SAKKA' – WATERMAN

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the walls and towers of Galata.

By 1560 Lorck was back in Vienna, writing up his travels and working up his sketches into finished engravings, woodcuts, portraits and of course his celebrated panorama. Honours and flattering dedications were poured upon him.

Meanwhile, Busbecq, who was still locked in intractable and dangerous negotiations in Istanbul, may have been envious that some of his thunder as Turkey expert and traveller was being stolen. Maximilian, King of the Romans, Frederick III of Denmark and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein were all delighted to add Lorck's exotic Oriental portraits to their collections and responded with grants of arms, patents of nobility, pensions and new commissions.

In these years Lorck confidently turned his hand to anything: surveying the Elbe, designing triumphal gates for a new emperor or a new gate for the city of Hamburg. But his Turkey sketchbooks remained an inspirational gold mine.

Over decades he used them to create 128 Turkish images, which he contributed to anthologies, dictionaries and frontispieces, and included in his own dedicated book on Turkey, finally printed in Antwerp in 1574. Most of his best work – to my modern eye – comes direct from the sketchbooks and not from the "finished images", though in their day these were widely sold and collected as useful source material by painters such as Rembrandt. Were it not for the acquisitive and discerning eye of the English diarist and antiquarian John Evelyn, who collected the remnants of Lorck's drawings in 1641, very few of the originals would have survived.

Lorck eventually retired in some honour and estate to the Danish court at Copenhagen, where he received a pension. This was cut off in 1583, the same year that he produced an engraving of a woman of the Gambia. It is popularly supposed that once again he had angered the Danish king by deserting the court in favour of more travels. It is playfully suggested (though entirely unproved) that at the Copenhagen docks he had jumped on an English or Portuguese ship and was off to test the charms of Araby or the Barbary coast.

Busbecq, loaded down with wagons full of manuscripts, books, scholarly notes and ancient coins, finally trundled back to Vienna in 1562. The truce he had laboriously patched together did not outlast his presence for more than two years. He remained a valued and trusted servant of the Habsburgs and by 1574 was well set up outside Paris with the remunerative but easy task of managing the estates of Eleanor, the Habsburg Dowager Queen of France. Here he had time for his books and his scholarly friends and time to polish up his Ottoman notes.

Turkish Letters was published in Paris, in a Latin-language edition, in 1588 (at a time when Lorck was well and truly out of the picture). It remaines as fresh, as charming, funny and informative as the day it was first printed. It takes the literary form of four letters from Turkey to a friend. This was no more than a literary convention, but it clearly had its uses. By inference there appears to be a letter missing between Letters 1 and 3. Busbecq writes in the first line of Letter 3: "my colleagues have left me a long time ago… with whom you are acquainted from my former letters". No we were most certainly not! But what a supremely elegant way of airbrushing away any unwanted memories. The book was ultimately translated into every major European language, and has been cited as a role model by generation after generation of ambassadors and mined by historians and travel writers.

I was first introduced to *Turkish Letters* by a living Busbecq, an English diplomat of high esteem though modest public rank, a connoisseur of Sung porcelain and alabasters from pre-Islamic Arabia.

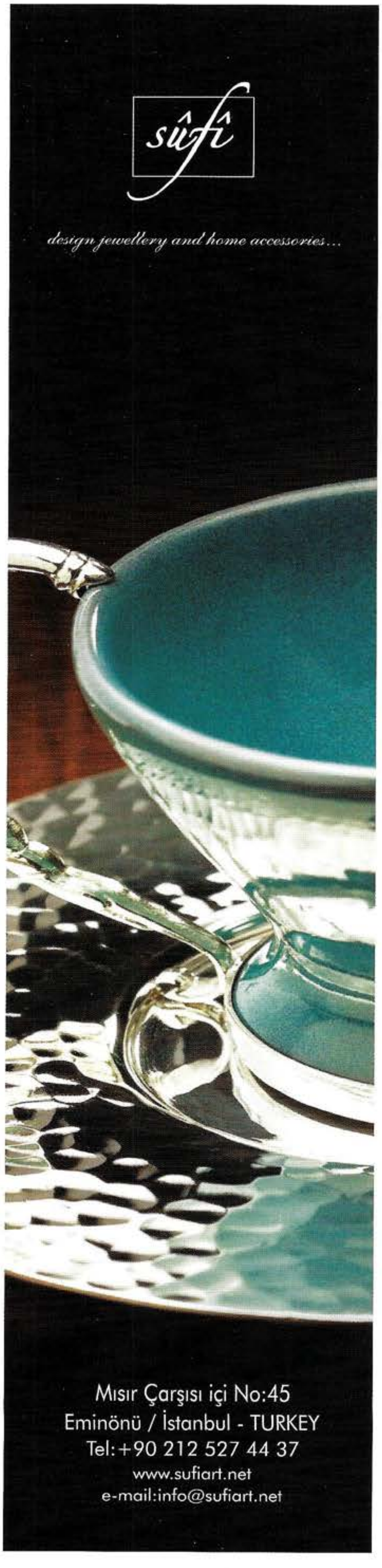
The last known copy of Lorck's book on Turkey was destroyed during the British bombing of Hamburg in the Second World War. An English edition of Busbecq's *Turkish Letters* was published in the summer of 2001 and reprinted in 2005 with an introduction by the historian Philip Mansel.

And now, in 2010, we have this five-volume study on Lorck from the Danish Royal Library. I have these two characters together again on my shelves," once again in close proximity, like the time they shared the confines of the janissary-guarded courtyard of the Elçi Han, the ambassadors' caravanserai that stood immediately opposite the Çemberlitaş, the "burnt column" on Divan Yolu. ◆

For further information on Erik Fischer's *Melchior Lorck*, www.melchiorlorck.com. Vols 1–4 are available post-paid to subscribers, price £330, from cornucopia.net

Barnaby Rogerson is the author of *The Last Crusaders* (Little, Brown, £20) and co-publisher of a paperback edition of *Turkish Letters* by Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, with a historical introduction by Philip Mansel (Eland, £11.99)

A lavishly illustrated edition of *Turkish Letters* is due to be published by the Royal Library Copenhagen in 2010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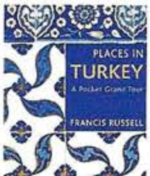
A GRAND TOURIST

Rupert Scott

PLACES IN TURKEY: A Pocket Grand Tour

By Francis Russell
Francis Lincoln, £14.99



Francis Russell's *Places in Turkey: A Pocket Grand Tour* straddles several distinct literary genres. In part it is a practical guidebook; in part it is travel literature somewhat reminiscent of Freya Stark's series of books on Turkey from the 1950s, and in other parts again it is a work of impressive scholarship that ranks with Bean or Akurgal. These are difficult genres to combine, but in this case it definitely works. Francis Russell has produced a book that will undoubtedly enhance any off-the-beaten-track tour in Turkey and can also be read with great pleasure at home.

From his amusing introduction we learn a good deal about the author – that he was well into his 30s when he first visited Turkey in the spring of 1987, arriving from London in a "much-loved white BMW" on a sabbatical from his work at Christie's. This was a surprisingly late first visit, but it soon becomes obvious that in the past 23 years he has more than made up for a slow start. We also learn that he has refreshingly strong prejudices about what he likes in an ancient site: "I am more interested in extant buildings than foundations," he writes. "I prefer unexcavated sites to those where the hand of the archaeologist is obviously evident. And I love most those whose settings are unimpaired."

Russell starts with a superbly compressed historical introduction to Istanbul, followed by a hectic but brilliant scamper around the great sites, taking in Ayasofya, the Byzantine churches, the imperial mosques, Topkapı and the Theodosian walls, all in 15 brilliant pages. But he admits that a "sensible itinerary demands time – at least a week – and calls for a good deal of walking... Istanbul is not a city that can be taken by storm. It yields its secrets slowly, and those who have the patience to unravel the impacted strata will find the process deeply rewarding".

From Istanbul he moves on to some 80 other places in Turkey, organised into an approximately clockwise tour that proceeds from Bursa to Ankara, moves on to the Georgian and Iranian borders, heads south via Van to Urfa and Harran, then westwards along the Mediterranean coast, with excursions northwards into Anatolia, on into Lycia, Caria, and then up the Aegean shore. There appears to be no expectation that the reader will attempt the whole circuit in one go.

The places described vary from the very well known to the seriously obscure – such as Çengilli on the Armenian border (featured in CORNUCOPIA 42), Takmar Kalesi in Cilicia, and Istlada and Hoyran in Lycia. It is an idiosyncratic, wide-ranging selection that includes ancient cities, Armenian churches, Seljuk *hans*, Cappadocian churches, Rhodian fortresses and much more. Russell is remarkably – indeed astonishingly – knowledgeable about the architecture, history and literature of all these diverse places. The enormous breadth of his scholarship and familiarity with places he has visited – in some cases several times – become more and more apparent as you progress through the book.

Most entries include delightful nuggets of personal colour. The reader is with the author as he slams on the brakes to avoid a "fearless tortoise" on the road to Nemrut Dağ, and in the theatre at Termessus where he has once read a canto of *Don Juan* ("only a masterpiece of that order can hold the attention there") or fighting his way through the wild cistus as he walks the periphery wall at Heracleia. Frequently he visits sites at dawn or dusk, or in the snow and ice. He seems always to have visited those places within ancient sites that less energetic people do not quite manage to reach – the upper acropolis at Pinara or Cnidus, for instance. Frequently there is a fine turn of phrase – the subterranean churches of Cappadocia are "eloquent of the fear in which the early Christian communities of Cappadocia lived". There is also humour: somewhere in Lycia "guard dogs, happily chained, make it clear that they do not share their owners' unfailing sense of hospitality". And he is not afraid to express opinion – describing the stage building at Sagalossus, where among the "prodigious tumble of blocks... the original positions of many can be worked out with absolute precision. One can only hope that they will not be coaxed back into place." At Termessus "untidiness is now one of its attractions".

Only occasionally does Russell criticise the omnipresent ugly modern buildings of contemporary Turkey, as in Kars, where "development threatens, sooner rather than later, to overwhelm the measured rhythm of the Russian garrison town". But, as he says in his introduction, "Without the prosperity such development represents, travelling in Turkey would be far less easy than it is. Places until quite recently almost impossible to reach are now readily accessible by road."

The book is illustrated with fine photographs taken by the author. However, there is a total absence of maps. Endpapers, or a fold-out map marking the places described, would have been a useful addition. The assumption has clearly been made that any tourist carrying the *Pocket Grand Tour* will be also be carrying a conventional guidebook, such as the excellent *Rough Guide to Turkey*, which has very good maps.

To order books online, visit cornucopia.net/bookspage.html

MUSEUM PIECES

David Barchard

The British Consular Service in the Aegean and the Collection of Antiquities for the British Museum

By Lucia Patrizio Gunning
Ashgate, £60

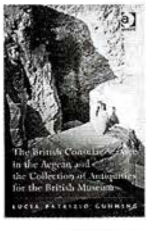
From the Harpy Tomb to the Wonders of Ephesus British Archaeologists in the Ottoman Empire 1840–1880

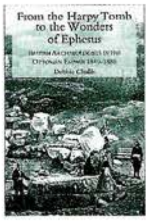
By Debbie Challis
Duckworth, £18

By 1800 aristocratic northern Europeans had been exporting Classical remains from Italy for several hundred years, but until then the Ottoman lands had been closed to would-be collectors of antiquities. With the 19th century everything changed. Improvements in sea transport, the enfeeblement of the Empire and the rise of a new type of collector – the national museum – jointly produced a huge outflow of statues and architectural fragments to the West in the next three-quarters of a century.

The exodus began with Lord Elgin's removal, between 1801 and 1812, of fragments of the Parthenon, largely chunks of sculpture that lay on the ground. Though until the 1960s and 1970s Classical fragments continued to lie strewn in the open in towns across Turkey and the Near East, by the 1820s it was clear the richest prizes would be found under the earth.

By then also, earlier alternatives to Classical civilisation – Pharaonic Egypt and Mesopotamia – had come onto the menu for the museum-going publics of London, Paris and Berlin. The key figure was Henry Layard, a failed solicitor's clerk from London who, lacking the money to go to university, had gone tramping around the Ottoman world and Iran. He had been talent-spotted in 1842 by Sir Stratford Canning, British ambassador in Istanbul, and made into embassy secretary. Canning had been trying, mostly unsuccessfully, to get the Turks to disgorge the remnants of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus. But there were alternatives. In 1845 Layard was sent to the supposed site of Nineveh, and his discoveries there made him nationally famous and gave the British Museum its Assyrian hall.


The British Consular Service in the Aegean and the Collection of Antiquities for the British Museum
LUCIA PATRIZIO GUNNING


From the Harpy Tomb to the Wonders of Ephesus
British Archaeologists in the Ottoman Empire 1840-1880
Debbie Challis

The Crimean War made it more or less impossible for Turkey to refuse the requests of its British and French allies to excavate Classical sites. The Whig aristocrats then ruling Britain were prepared to pay cash and make the Royal Navy available to excavators. For museums it was a golden age. But within two decades Turkey would introduce its own archaeological regulations and move towards setting up its own national archaeological museum, while in the West archaeology was becoming a science rather than a quick hoisting of plunder out of the earth.

Challis writes about the heyday of museum excavation, from 1840 to 1880, covering North Africa as well as Ionia and Anatolia. Gunning's elegant study (though without Challis's illustrations) examines the role of the consular service, in particular that of Charles Newton, a British Museum official sent to Mytilene in 1852 under a thin consular disguise. Both are somewhat Hellenocentric: for Gunning Fethiye is "Macri"; for Challis Bodrum is "Halicarnassus". This makes their embarrassed references to "Orientalism" (which to them apparently implies the Victorians' jaundiced view of the Greeks they met) look just a little droll.

VIBRANT VOYAGES

Caterina Scaramelli

Life Is a Caravanserai: Has Two Doors / I Came in One / I Went Out the Other

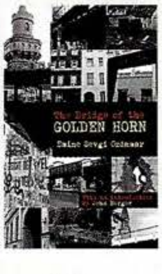
By Emine Sevgi Özdamar
Translated by Luise von Flotow
Middlesex University Press, £15.99

The Bridge of the Golden Horn

By Emine Sevgi Özdamar
Translated by Martin Chalmers
Serpent's Tale, £10.99

The award-winning actress, director and author Emine Sevgi Özdamar's semi-autobiographical masterpieces follow the life of an anonymous Turkish girl from birth to early adulthood. Her writing resonates with the many voices of Turkey's people – from Anatolian villages and the dusty periphery of Ankara to student circles, Istanbul's surrealist theatre and the factories of Germany. *Life Is a Caravanserai* follows a lively but unfortunate family from Istanbul to Bursa, on to Ankara and back to Istanbul. This is a woman's world: Fatma, the mother, nurtures her three children with Ayşe, the grandmother, and the "aunties" of the neighbourhood, as Mustafa, the father, often jobless, recites Orhan Veli, drinks *rakı* and dreams of building a larger family home.

LIFE IS A CARAVANSERAI HAS TWO DOORS I CAME IN ONE I WENT OUT THE OTHER
Emine Sevgi Özdamar



Here is the Turkey of the 1950s and early 1960s, with its political struggles, growing urbanisation, the Korean War, American comic books and the departure of the first wave of workers to Germany. The Anatolian grandparents carry with them their sagas of the war and the nascent Turkish Republic, enriched by wisdom, humour and village folklore. The author's wonderful use of local storytelling, proverbs and prayers, and a prose that moves from lyricism to gritty humour, re-creates this microcosm of neighbourhoods from a young girl's intimate perspective. We follow her as she sits in school, visits relatives, dreams, listens to stories and experiments with early passions. Reality merges into mythological visions as, naïve, witty and explorative, she absorbs the colourful world around her.

The first book leaves the girl, now a teenager, on an all-women train to West Berlin and work in a factory. *The Bridge of the Golden Horn* takes us into the marginal worlds of Turkish intellectuals and Germany's urban working class. Never dull or predictable, and full of popular wisdom, this is far more than an autobiography. With its panoply of characters, it is an affectionate account of Turkey and Germany in the late 1960s, and a tribute to both the movement of people and the flow of ideas.

cscaramelli@cornucopia.net

WHERE THE HEART IS

John Freely

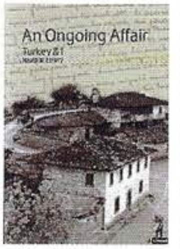
An Ongoing Affair

By Heath W Lowry
Çitlembik, £10.95

I have known Heath Lowry for half his lifetime, but, after reading this coming-of-age memoir, I came to realise there were things about him that I hadn't known at all, and much I hadn't known about Turkey either. His memoir explains certain quintessentially Heathian characteristics, such as his perfect colloquial Turkish, his rasping smoker's voice, his almost peasant insight into matters Anatolian, his aversion to *kabak tatlısı* (pumpkin pudding), his addiction to Chinese food, and his enduring love for Turkey that goes far deeper than the shifting sands of politics, truly an ongoing affair.

Heath's memoir is an account of his two-year stint, from 1964 to 1966, as a Peace Corps volunteer, which he spent in the village of Bereketli, near Balıkesir in northwestern Anatolia. The village had a population of 800, all waiting to meet him on his arrival, each of the men shaking his hand and asking his name, which, as he explains, was soon Turkified.

"Before reaching the village, in answer to the query *'Isminiz nedir?'* (what is your name?), I had replied 'Heath', several times, only to have my questioners repeat what I said back to me as 'Hit' (the th sound being non-existent in Turkish). It was as Hit or Hit Bey (Mr Hit), or Hit Ağabey (elder brother Hit), that I would be known for the next two years. In time this version of my name was to be the cause of frequent misunderstanding, due to its proximity to the Turkish word *it*, meaning dog." He soon learned that one of the more common forms of insulting someone in Bereketli was to refer to them as an *itoğlu it* (dog, son of a dog).



On arriving at Bereketli, Heath was taken to a local coffeehouse, where he was given countless glasses of tea, after each of which someone would hand him a cigarette (it was a tobacco-growing village), thus starting a smoking habit he has yet to break. He was then taken to the village *meydan*, where he and the *muhtar* and five other notables ate a whole sheep while the rest of Bereketli looked on. Over the next four months every family in Bereketli took turns in hosting Hita Bey for the evening meal, and dessert would invariably be *kabak tatlısı*, which he did not particularly like. He ate it anyway: "I quickly learned that etiquette demanded you consume at least two slabs of pumpkin, and while night after night I managed to do so, I have never eaten *kabak tatlısı* since leaving Bereketli."

Heath occasionally managed to escape to Istanbul for a day or two, mainly in order to eat all his meals at the Çin Lokantası, near Taksim, which at the time was the city's only Chinese restaurant. As he writes of his first visit, "It was a crazy thing to do, and it had cost me slightly less than a third of one month's salary, but my craving for Chinese food had been sated by my three meals in less than 24 hours, and, once again, I had managed to remind myself that there was indeed a world beyond the borders of Bereketli."

Early on in Heath's stay in Bereketli he eluded the advances of the village beauty, "the fair Ayşe", a story he tells in the chapter entitled "Who's that Playing with My Butt?". His escape from Ayşe led his friends to think Hit didn't like girls, and he convinced them of the contrary only when he married his American fiancée, as he relates in the chapter "I Joined the Ranks of Married Men".

Other than the Çin Lokantası, Bereketli was Heath's entire world for two years, during which time he planted a grove of trees and acted as the village schoolteacher, doctor, handyman, adviser on things modern and explainer of the Western world, sharing Bereketli's celebrations, feuds, comedies and tragedies, drawn ever deeper into the microcosm, learning the secrets of village life that no other outsider knew. As the *muhtar*, Kamil Bey, told him several times: "Hit, don't forget, you are now one of us. There are things you have seen and heard here in Bereketli that no one else need know about." Heath recalls this request in the 38th and last chapter, "Leaving Bereketli", which he concludes with the comment that if in writing his memoir he is "breaking that trust implicit in the Muhtar Kamil's injunction, I do so in the hope that he and today's Bereketlians will comprehend my motives. To say that my time in the village was filled with blessedness (*bereketli*) would be an understatement. I truly came of age in Bereketli."

This is by far the best book I have ever read about village life in Anatolia – beautifully written, with humour and from the heart.

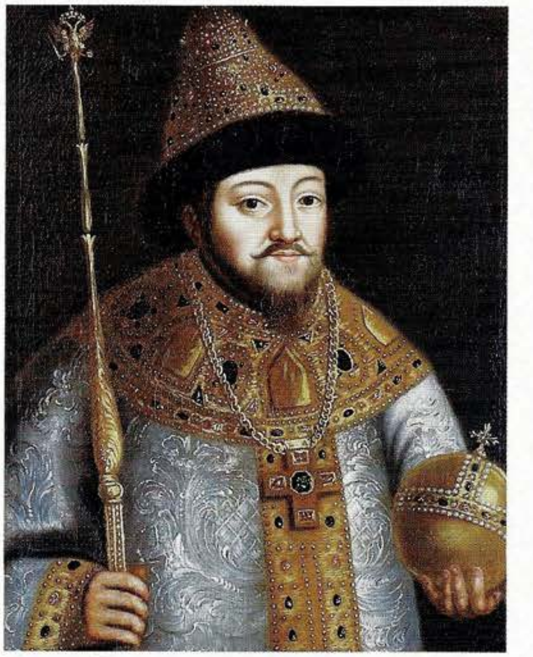
ARTS DIARY 2010 Thomas Roueché

In the world of **music**, July sees the **First Istanbul International Opera Festival**, featuring performances of Orientalist classics like *Aida*, and *The Abduction from the Seraglio*. In June the composer Arvo Pärt is staging the premiere of **Adem's Lament**, in partnership with the Estonian city of Tallinn, due to be Capital of Culture in 2011. Meanwhile, on the Princes Islands, the **Heybeliada International Sound Project** will curate workshops on Byzantine, Ottoman and Rebetika (Aegean blues) music. **Ali Ufki Year**, commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of Ali Ufki – the adopted name of the Polish statesman and musician Wojciech Bobowski – includes concerts by Bezmâra (see Good Vibrations, page 96), book publications and conferences. Also planned are projects on music and memory, on the composer Münir Nurettin Selçuk, on Turkish musical instruments and on youth orchestras.

On the **stage**, highlights include the **European University Theatres Festival** in May, including performances, seminars and workshops. Then, in June, **Spring at Haydarpaşa** brings poetry to the famous train station. The same month sees the Turkish premiere of the Cervantes play **La Gran Sultana**, in which love and religion clash amid the intrigue of the Ottoman court. July brings the **International Ballet Competition**, and continuing until September is the dance project **Barbarossa**, bringing the 16th-century admiral to life through the medium of dance.

Istanbul's **film** industry continues to blossom. **Secrets of Istanbul**, which explores many of the legends of the city, premieres at St Irene in June. **Istanbul from Day to Night: a City Symphony** tells the story of one day in the city, and **Istanbul Do Redo Undo**, a video that re-edits the earliest film footage of Istanbul, is at Santralİstanbul from February. Throughout the year, the **Animators Talent Camp** will host workshops and other events focusing on the intricate art of animation.

Traditional arts come under the spotlight in **Istanbul's Craftsmen** – a project to produce a map and website detailing the locations of the city's artisans, and to create a series of documentaries. May will see workshops



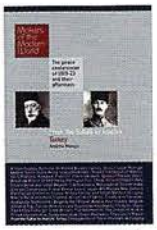
MIKHAIL FYODOROVICH ROMANOV, TSAR OF RUSSIA 1613 TO 1645. TREASURES OF THE MOSCOW KREMLIN AT THE TOPKAPI PALACE, MARCH 12 – JUNE 7

REALITY CHECK

David Barchard

FROM THE SULTAN TO ATATÜRK

By Andrew Mango
Haus Publishing, £12.99



In the autumn of 1921 King Constantine of Greece visited Izmir and Eskişehir, both cities then under Greek occupation. "It is extraordinary how little civilized the Turks are… It is high time they disappeared once more and went back into the interior of Asia whence they came," he wrote. The King was, of course, simply echoing the views of preceding generations of eminent European liberal intellectuals and politicians, but history had already made a fool of him. By the time of Constantine's visit, Turkish nationalist forces had won the Battle of Sakarya and halted the Greek offensive against Ankara. Within a year the Greek armies would be swept out of Anatolia. Instead of the partition Greece and its British and French allies had planned for Turkey at the 1920 Treaty of Sèvres, the Turks would set the terms of the eventual peace treaty at Lausanne in July 1923.

This story has been told many times but it is still relevant today, partly because the successors of the Turks' opponents in the early 20th century are still campaigning against them – with notable success, as Turkey's stillborn EU accession talks demonstrate. There have been many books on the Turkish War of Independence and its aftermath. This one stands out for its combination of freshness, conciseness and scholarship.

"Lloyd George's ill-advised policy", as Mango calls it, arose directly from the fact that Western policy-makers and the public alike were out of touch with reality where Turkey was concerned because they listened to the supporters of irredentist nationalisms. With the War of Independence and defeats at Gallipoli and Kut-al-Amara, reality reasserted itself – though, as Mango notes, at "an immense price in human suffering".

His book ends with Sir Horace Rumbold, the British High Commissioner in occupied Istanbul, leaving for the Lausanne conference, muttering about the Kemalists as "Asia versus Europe". Comments on blogs in British newspapers today are still doing the same. Some people never learn, but those wishing to inform themselves on the origins and nature of modern Turkey could do no better than to begin with this excellent short book, possibly the author's last, or so he says, but certainly one of his finest. ◆

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around the exhibition **Ottoman Fountains, Their Ornamentation and Miniature Paintings.** From October, the **Turkish Traditional Book Arts – Today's Masters** will shed light on modern book handicrafts in Istanbul.
And throughout the year, the *hans* (caravanserais) of the city will be the backdrop for the **Civilisation Passages – Inns and Alleys carnival.**

Istanbul 2010 will also see **important publications** relating to the city: John Freely's **Istanbul: City of Two Continents,** as well as **Auerbach in Istanbul** – a set of scholarly articles on the cultural critic Erich Auerbach's visit to the city in the 1940s. The history of Ottoman headgear, in art and on gravestones, is charted in the sumptuous book **Osmanlı Serpuşlar,** by H Necdet İşli. **Kadi Registers of Istanbul Courts** will make the fascinating legal history of the city available to Ottoman scholars as never before. And **Istanbul's Greenery** will highlight the city's parks, orchards and gardens.

The year also sees the opening of **museums and exhibitions** across the city. From July, the **Princes Islands Museum** explores Istanbul's often-forgotten islands, while life and fiction meet in Orhan Pamuk's much-heralded **Museum of Innocence,** detailing the everyday life of the city since the 1950s. Until June 7, the treasures of the Kremlin go on display at Topkapı – including pieces that illuminate 16th- and 17th-century Russo-Ottoman relations. From April, SantralIstanbul hosts **Istanbul 1910–2010: City, Built Environment and Architectural Culture,** an exhibition probing the complex history of the city's buildings. From May, **Adam's Ale: Waters of Istanbul and Water Culture** looks at aquatic aspects of the city's history. Fresh from the Grand Palais in Paris, the blockbuster exhibition **Byzantium to Istanbul** comes to the city from May to September, and at the same time **The Assyrians in Istanbul** reveals the city's Anatolian heritage.

Various **heritage schemes** will also be under way to safeguard important Istanbul monuments, such as the **Theodosian Harbour** at Yenikapı, the **City Walls,** the **Atatürk Cultural Centre** in Taksim, and the city's Greek and Armenian buildings. Completed restorations can now be seen in Ayasofya, and will be visible in the Süleymaniye complex (where the mosque is to be recarpeted with reproduction Uşak carpets), the Topkapı kitchens, the Kariye Camii and the Galata Mevlevihanesi.

Finally, at the end of May, there is a must for boating enthusiasts: the annual **Historical Seas Tall Ships Regatta** will be held on the waters of Istanbul for the first time. ◆

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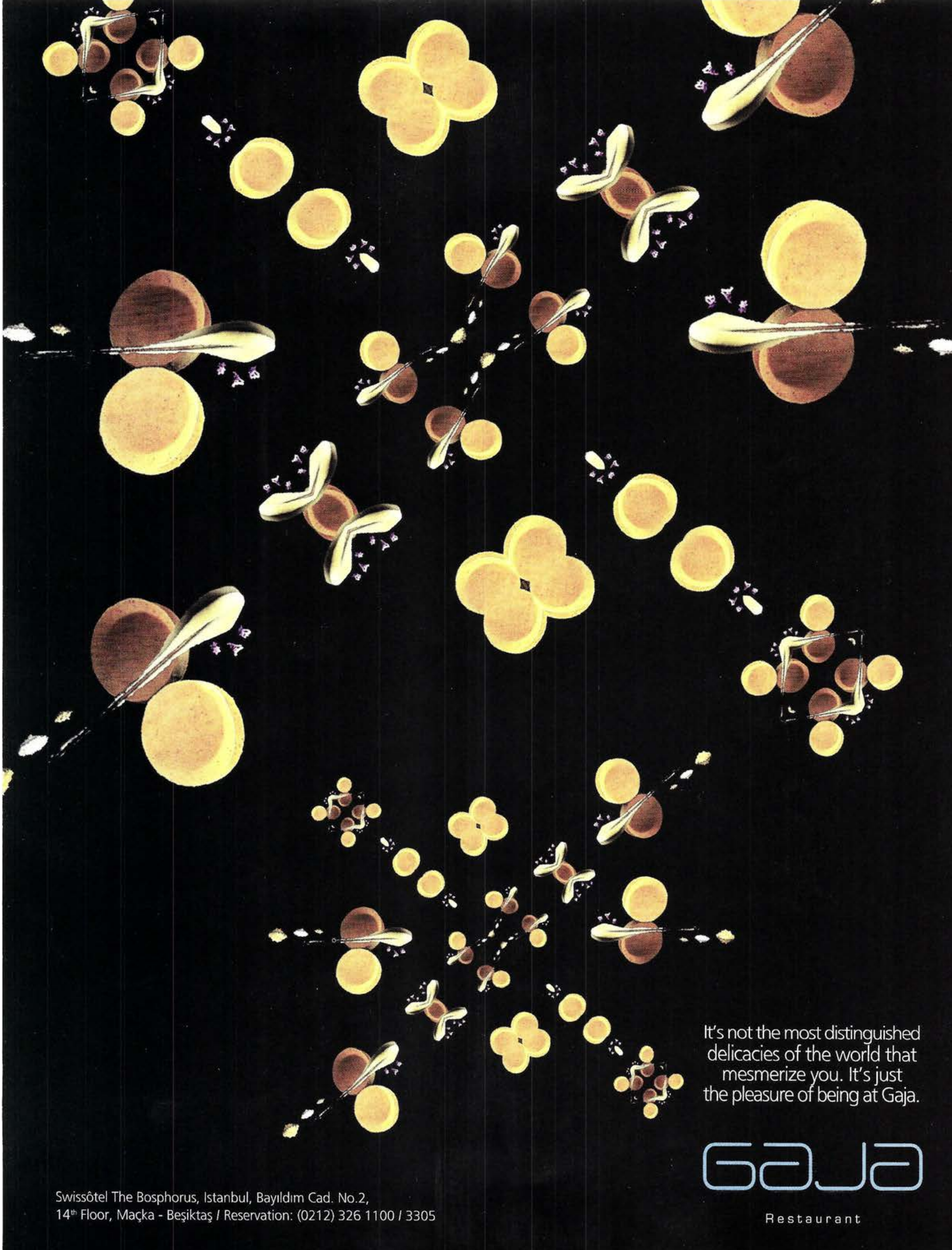
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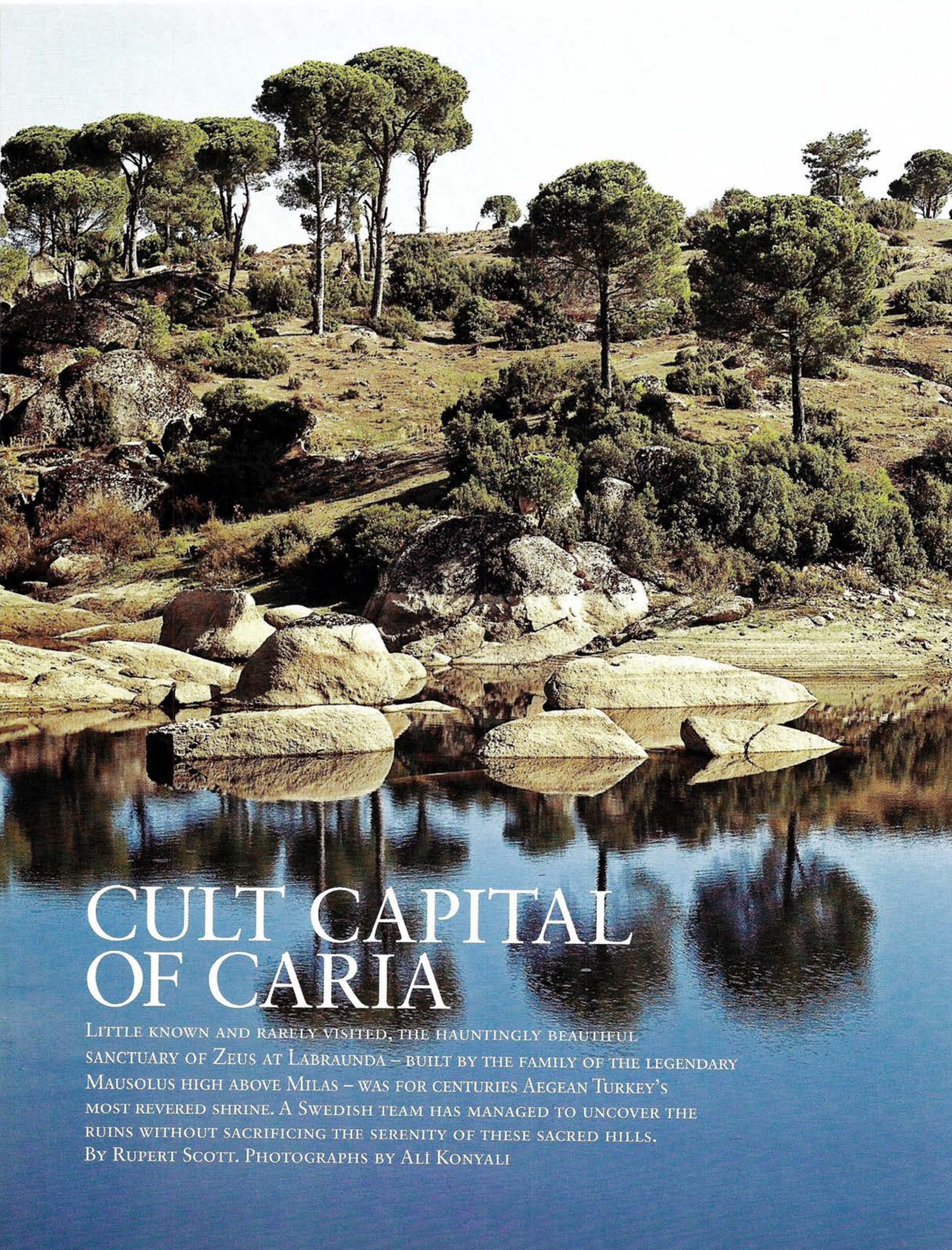


CULT CAPITAL OF CARIA

Little known and rarely visited, the hauntingly beautiful sanctuary of Zeus at Labraunda – built by the family of the legendary Mausolus high above Milas – was for centuries Aegean Turkey's most revered shrine. A Swedish team has managed to uncover the ruins without sacrificing the serenity of these sacred hills.

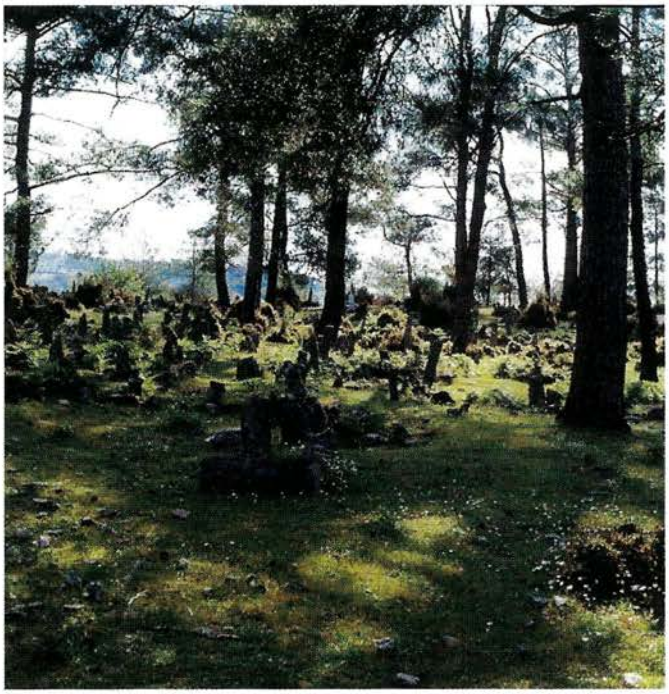
By Rupert Scott. Photographs by Ali Konyali

> *'The excavators, mainly Swedish, have done their job with such discretion that it is easy to believe no restoration has been done at all'*

Labraunda is perhaps the most romantic of the ancient Carian sites. Set on a series of man-made terraces high in the pine-clad Latmos Mountains, some 15 kilometres north of Milas, it has an incomparably beautiful situation and a superb view to the south and west. It is far enough from the beaten track that even today it is not unusual to find yourself its only visitor, an experience that is becoming quite rare in the ancient sites of southwest Turkey. You feel as if nothing has changed since the end of antiquity.

A handsome new book, *Mylasa Labraunda: Milas Çomakdağ* – the latest in the series *Urban and Rural Architecture in Turkey* – looks not just at Labraunda, but also at neighbouring monuments (such as Alinda and Iasos), at the vernacular architecture of the villages scattered across the mountain of Çomakdağ, at local flora, even at local geology. This may seem over-ambitious in a single volume, but the result is a very readable, attractive book that should please both the scholar and the merely intellectually curious. The illustrations are superb. There is dual text in English and Turkish (by a mixture of Swedish and Turkish academics), most of which reads well, though some of the Turkish-English translation could definitely be improved.

Labraunda was not a city, but the sanctuary of a god and place of pilgrimage. Just as Miletus had the Temple of Apollo in Didyma, Ephesus had the Artemision, and Syracuse had its Olympieion, Caria had Labraunda – the Sanctuary of Zeus Labraundos. A paved sacred way led to the sanctuary

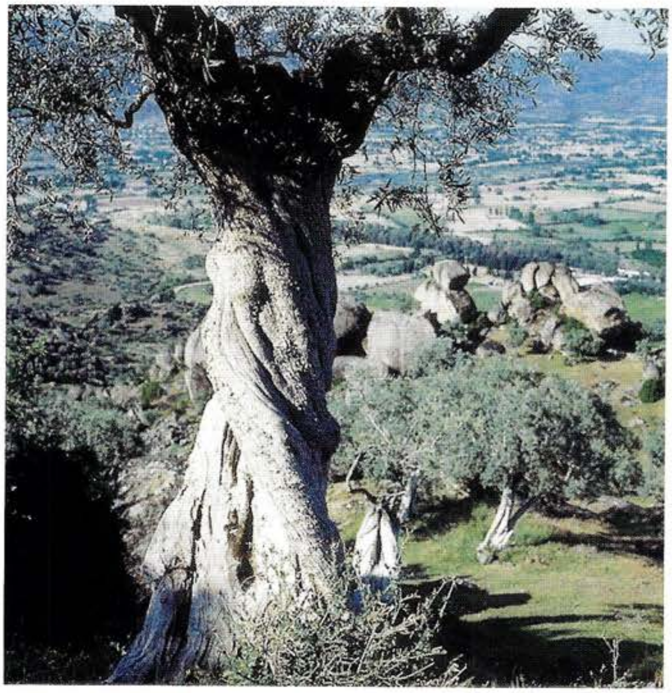


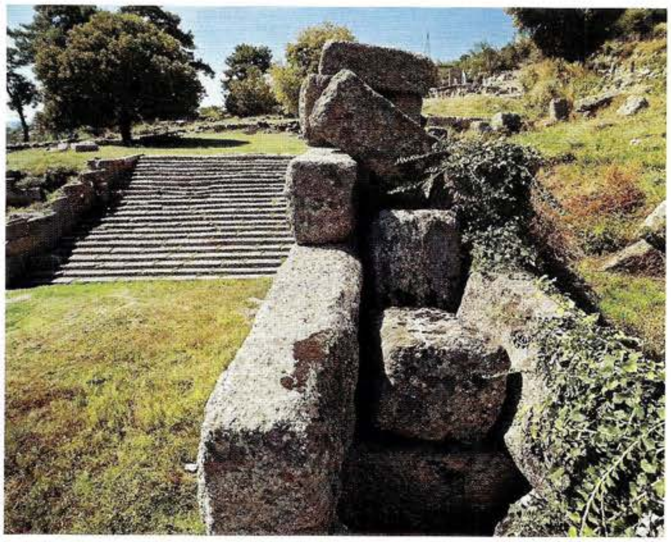
Previous pages: Geyikli Lake. Water played a crucial role in the cult of Labraunda. 'Spring' houses were built along the Sacred Way, and fish with necklaces and earrings inhabited a pool in the sanctuary.
Left: Labraunda's idyllic setting, with its venerable olive groves. These hills have been holy to the succession of peoples who have lived here. Since the 13th century they have been home to a handful of fiercely independent Türkmen villages, for whom ancestor worship is still important.
Top: An atmospheric graveyard.
Above: A mausoleum (türbe) of a holy man, which dates from Byzantine times

'At Labraunda there is an ancient shrine and statue of Zeus Stratios. It is honoured by the people all about and by the Mylasians; and there is a paved road of almost sixty stadia from the shrine to Mylasa, called the Sacred Way' – STRABO

THE BREATHTAKING VIEW FROM THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS, ON THE HIGHEST AND MOST SACRED OF LABRAUNDA'S THREE MAN-MADE TERRACES. THESE COLUMNS SUPPORTED THE PORTICO OF THE BUILDING THAT SERVED AS AN OVERFLOW TREASURY FOR VOTIVE OFFERINGS WHEN THE TEMPLE WAS FULL. THE SANCTUARY'S MOST IMPORTANT BUILDINGS WERE OF WHITE MARBLE, WHICH HAD TO BE BROUGHT FROM A SITE 650 METRES BELOW AND 20 KILOMETRES AWAY

'Labraunda was not a city, but the sanctuary of a god and place of pilgrimage. Just as Miletus had the Temple of Apollo in Didyma, Ephesus had the Artemision, and Syracuse had its Olympieion, Caria had Labraunda – the Sanctuary of Zeus'





Above: the wall outside the entrance to the sanctuary held a fountain for ritual ablutions. Only when pilgrims climbed the steps was the grandeur of the site revealed.
Top: olives are still the main source of income.

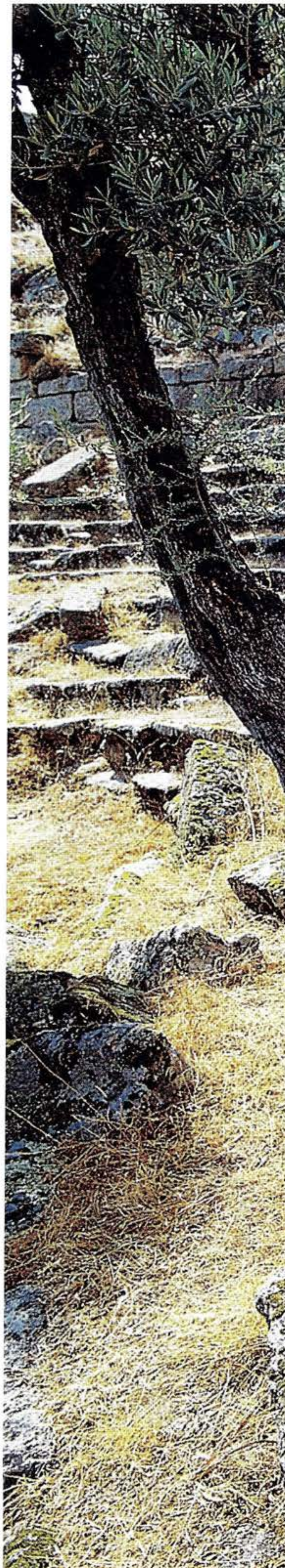
Right: the theatre in the city of Alinda. The Sacred Way from Mylasa continued on from Labraunda to Alinda, which prospered after Alexander the Great conquered Caria and Labraunda fell into temporary decline.

from Milas, and it is thought that Carians made an annual pilgrimage. Not very much is known about the god, but from relief carvings we can see he is a standing Zeus with a lotus-tipped sceptre and a double-headed axe, the Labrys. One of the attractions of his sanctuary were tame fish adorned with necklaces and earrings of gold in a pool of limpid water. It is not known whether these fish, like those at Sura in Lycia, were oracular, but it seems very likely they were. Interestingly, some rites connected with the cult of Zeus Labraundos – such as the sacrificing of young bulls on a mountaintop in times of drought – seem to have survived until the 1950s.

Though mentioned in Herodotus and Pliny, in Strabo's *Geography*, as well as in Aelian, Labraunda was rediscovered only in the 1830s by Prokesch von Osten, the Austrian consul in Athens. It was first seriously excavated only in the mid-20th century.

The Royal Swedish Institute in Athens has been closely associated with the site since the 1940s, and most of the sanctuary buildings were uncovered between 1948 and 1953 by a Swedish team led by the legendary Professor Axel Persson of the University of Uppsala. Swedish teams continue their excavations to this day.

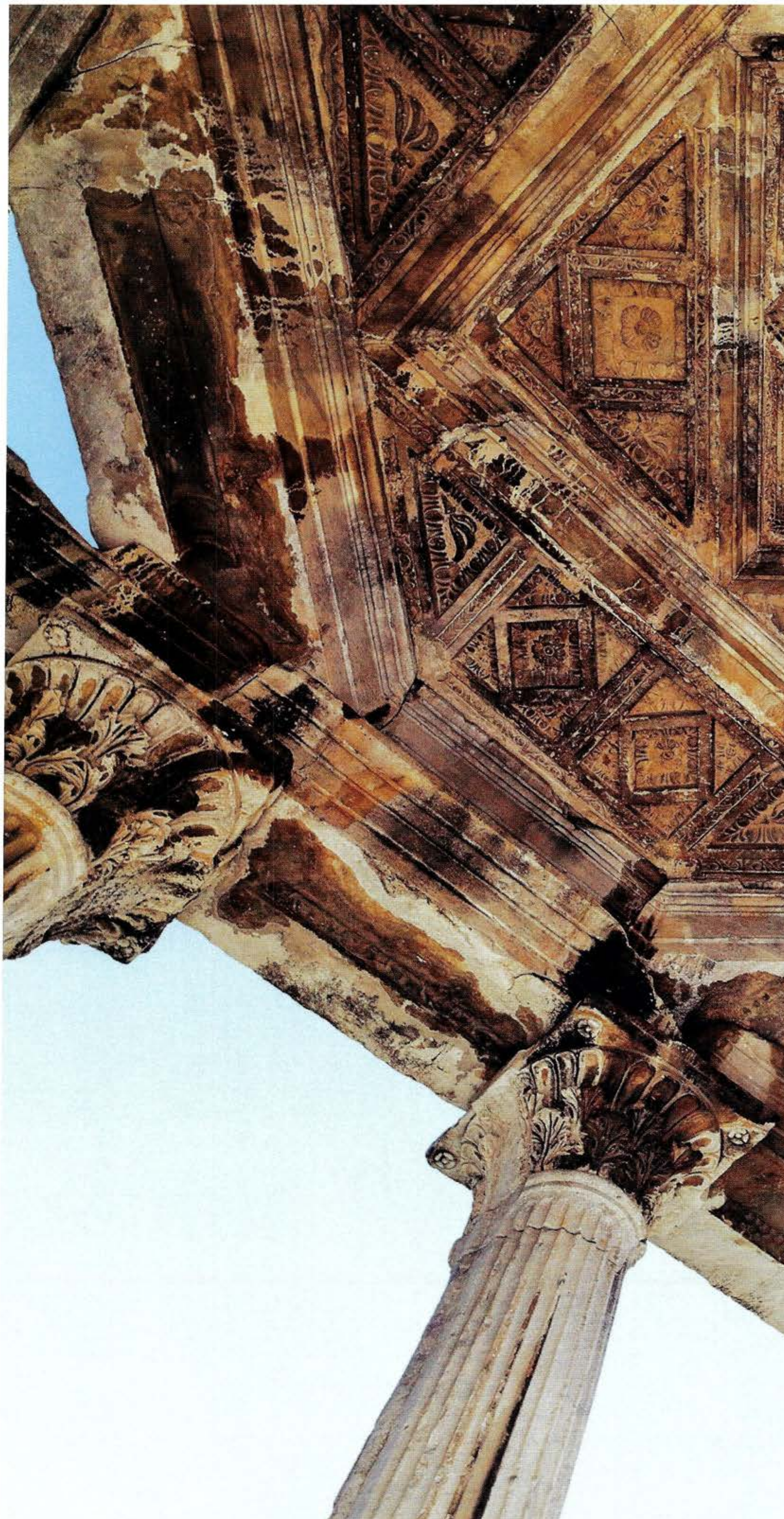
Persson's excavations immediately caused great international interest. It was clear that the Sanctuary of Zeus had been a showpiece of the highest quality. This was perhaps to be expected, since Mausolus and his siblings in the Hecatomnid dynasty, who commissioned the sanctuary in the 4th century BC, certainly



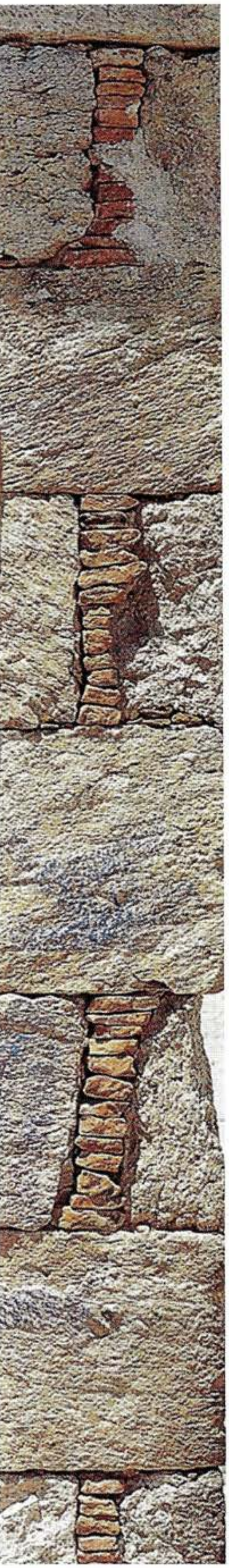
'Every house, wall or fence is formed of stones of the old town, which must have contained very highly ornamented buildings'
– Sir Charles Fellows on entering Milas, 1838

Previous pages: unlike Labraunda, a solitary sanctuary, the Carian city of Mylasa has been lost to the urban sprawl of modern Milas. This monumental tomb modelled on the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus – and probably built in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian in the 2nd century – is hidden in in a poor part of the town. The Swedish ambassador CF Löwenhielm made a watercolour of it in the 1820s, but it was rarely mentioned by early travellers, who may have regarded it as a later Roman oddity. Today it is known as the Gümüşkesen

Right: the tomb seen from below. The structure of the ceiling is extraordinary in mirroring the pyramid on top of the roof of the tomb



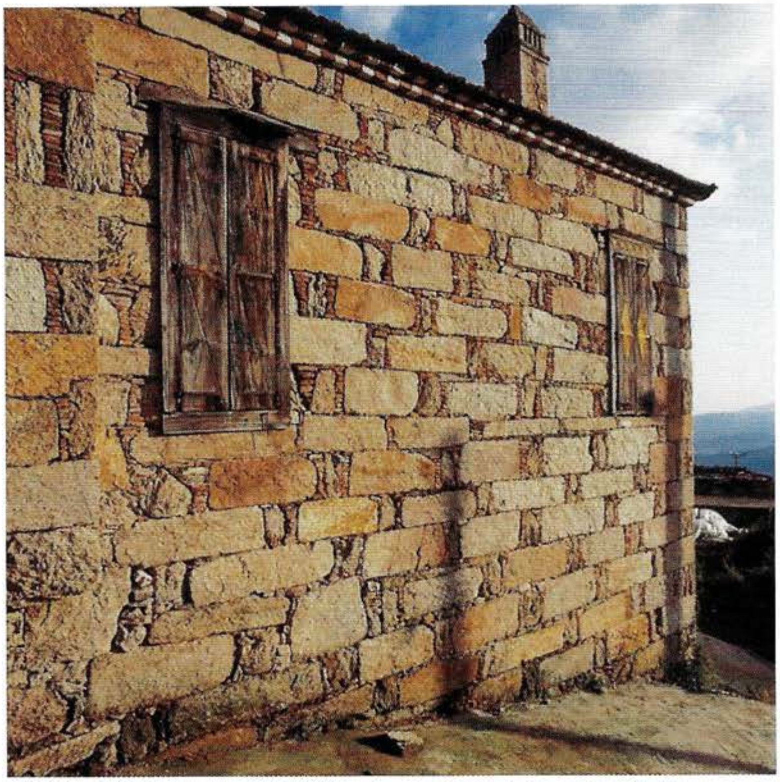
'Some rites connected with the cult of Zeus Labraundos – such as the sacrificing of young bulls on a mountaintop in times of drought – seem to have survived until the 1950s'

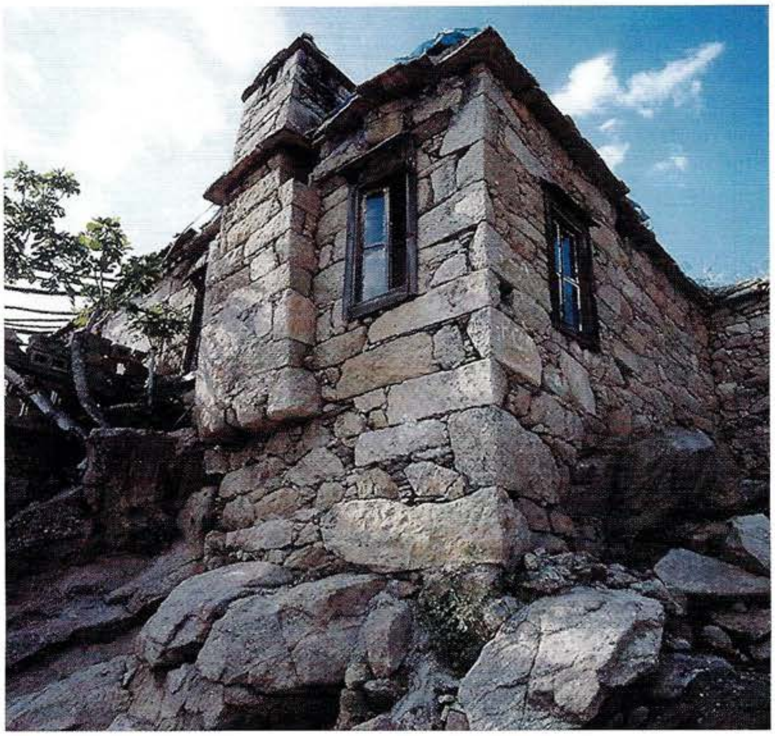


did not believe in doing things on the cheap. The sanctuary at Labraunda contained all the features of pan-Hellenic sanctuaries in Greece, such as a *stadion*, a treasury, at least two *propylaia*, and of course the fish fountain. The sanctuary was built from marble brought from quarries almost 20 kilometres away.

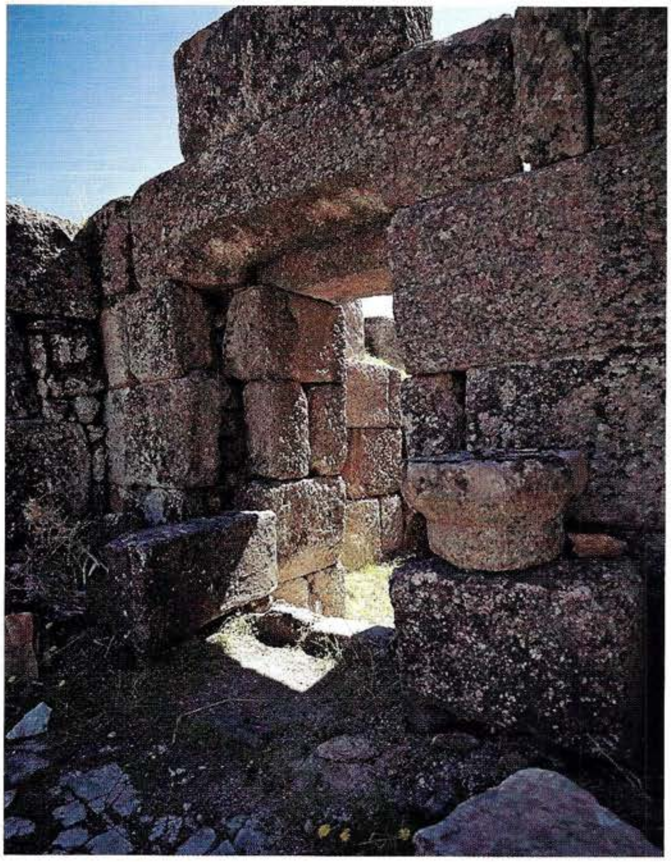
There is a usefully detailed survey of some 80 surviving tombs in the necropolis, and an interesting reconstruction of the largest tomb, which may have been the mini-mausoleum for Idrieus, Mausolus's brother, or may have been the tomb of a Labraundan high priest. But perhaps the most interesting of the later chapters deals with the Sacred Way from Milas to Labraunda. This is described in some detail by Strabo, and was visible in long stretches until the 1960s. Unfortunately, in that decade it largely disappeared beneath a modern road built to facilitate the extensive mining activities then beginning in the area. It is paved with long blocks placed transversally, which seems to have been a pre-Roman method of road-building. Photographs of the few surviving fragments give a tantalising glimpse of how fine it must have been. ◆

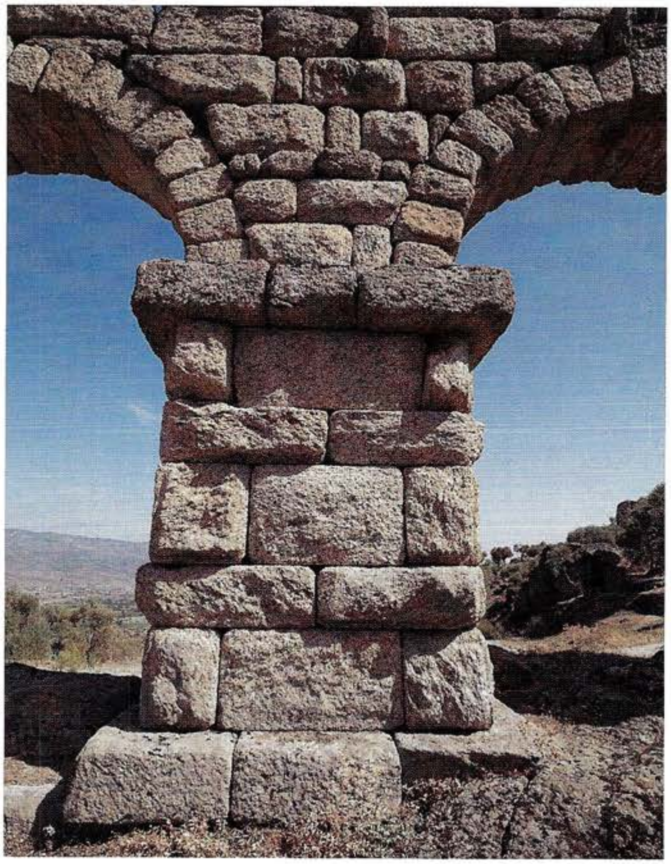
Rupert Scott's new anthology of travel writing, *Turkish Coast Through Travellers' Eyes*, is published by Eland, price £12.99, and available from cornucopia.net



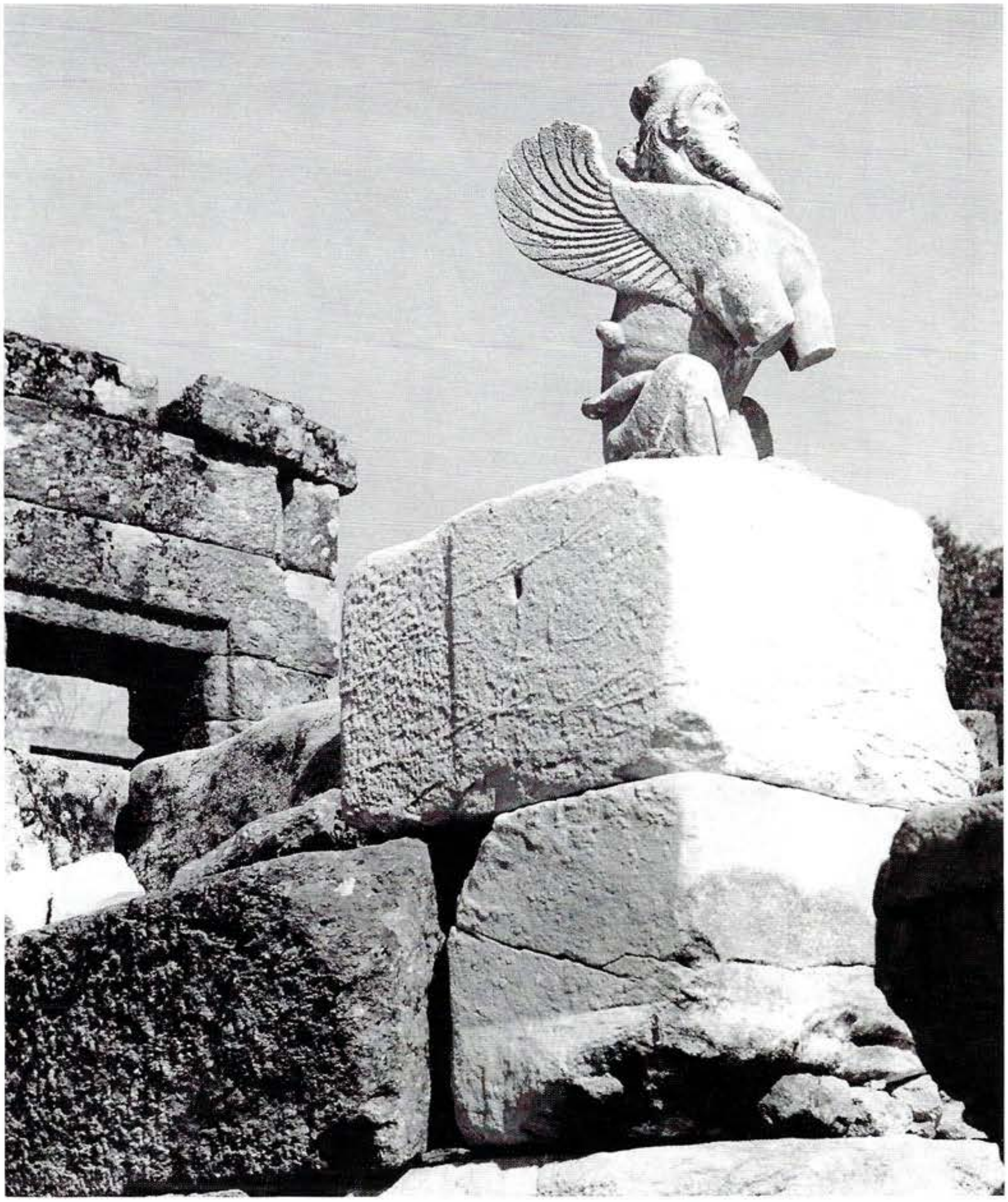


LABRAUNDA'S TÜRKMEN VILLAGES, WHERE THE MONUMENTAL TRADITION CONTINUES (RIGHT). LEFT: HERE THE WELL-CUT STONES ARE INFILLED WITH SHERDS OF TERRACOTTA. TOP: A PYRAMID-TOPPED CHIMNEY IS A REFERENCE TO ANCIENT TOMBS





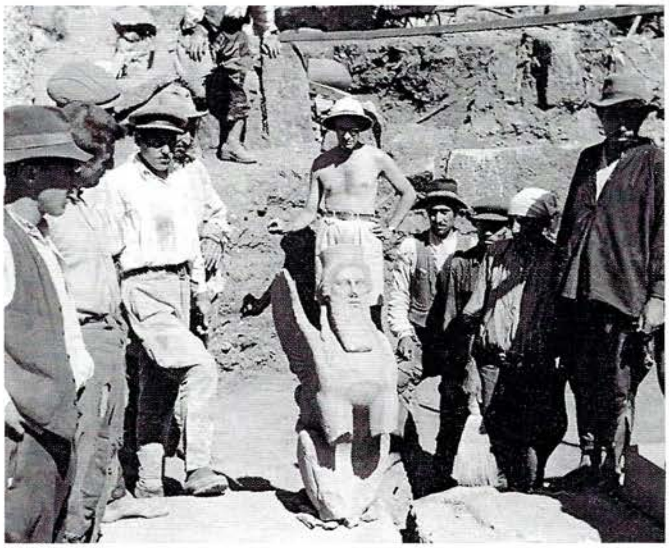
'Of the Persians there fell as many as two thousand men, and of the Carians ten thousand. Those of them that escaped thence were driven into the precinct of Zeus of Armies at Labraunda, a great and a holy grove of plane trees' – HERODOTUS



OPPOSITE, TOP ROW: THE EAST BATH WAS ADDED BY THE ROMANS, WHO REVIVED LABRAUNDA AS A CULT CENTRE IN THE 1ST CENTURY. THE EARLIER AQUEDUCT CARRIED SPRING WATER TO UNDERGROUND CISTERNS AT ALINDA, QUEEN ADA'S CAPITAL

MIDDLE AND BOTTOM ROWS: ZEUS LABRAUNDOS HELD A DOUBLE-SIDED AXE; THE SYMBOL RECURS EVERYWHERE. 'LABR' IS INTERPRETED AS 'PLACE OF THE AXE' (LINKING LABRAUNDA WITH THE LABYRINTH OF KNOSSOS). THE CULT OF ZEUS OF THE DOUBLE AXE MAY SHARE A COMMON ANCESTRY WITH TARHUNT, HITTITE GOD OF WEATHER, THOR, NORDIC GOD OF THUNDER, AND TARANIS, CELTIC GOD OF HEAVEN AND THUNDER. LABRAUNDA IS NOTED FOR ITS VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS

ABOVE: TOMBS ARE CUT INTO THE ROCK ALONG THE SACRED WAY AND ABOVE THE SANCTUARY



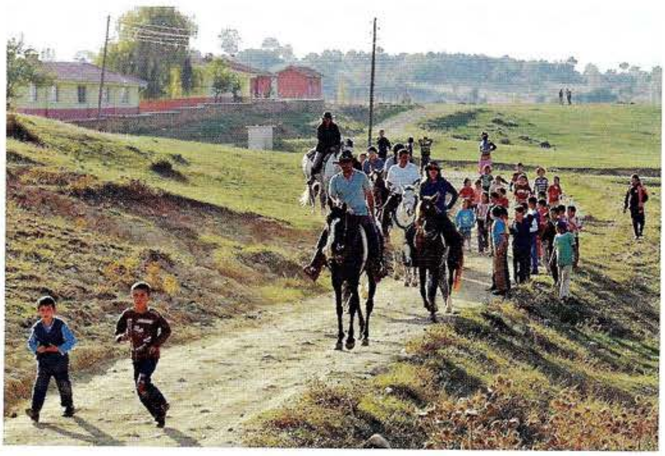
ABOVE AND LEFT: SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS UNEARTH A SPHINX IN 1953. LIKE THOSE OF PERSEPOLIS, THIS SPHINX IS MALE, A REMINDER THAT CARIA WAS A PERSIAN SATRAPY IN THE 4TH CENTURY BC. NOW IN BODRUM MUSEUM, IT PROBABLY ONCE STOOD ON THE ROOF OF A BANQUETING HALL

Mylasa Labraunda – Milas Çomakdağ: Archaeology in the Southern Aegean Region, by Lars Karlsson and the Swedish and Turkish excavation team, with photographs by Ali Konyalı, is published by Milli Reasürans, price TL100, and available from cornucopia.net. For more on Labraunda, www.labraunda.org

Opposite: at the end of another day on the Great Evliya Çelebi Ride, the horses graze peacefully as a rainbow lights the sky. They were 'so uncomplaining and sensible, even when asked to do unlikely things'.
Left: Anatolian oaks have turned an autumnal gold
Bottom: children run out to greet the riders at the village of Ovacık, between Afyon and Uşak

RIDING INTO HISTORY

In September 2009, six travellers set out on horseback to retrace the early part of the route taken in 1671 by the Ottoman traveller Evliya Çelebi on his way to Mecca. They rode for 42 days, from the Sea of Marmara to the city of Kütahya. As the diaries of three of the party show, the horses were willing, and children were thrilled to meet them – but it wasn't all plain riding



A horse with a view

Wednesday, September 23

Soğuksu to Kızderbent

By Caroline Finkel

After 40 years with my feet planted firmly on the ground, it is a revelation how miraculously different the world looks from the back of a horse. Our first days would take us through the region from where the Ottomans burst into history, and today we left behind the rain that had dampened our spirits at the beginning of the journey. The sun shone as we wound along the bed of the Yalakdere river to circumnavigate Çobankale, a fort that from ancient times controlled the route south towards İznik. It was pure pleasure, both for us and our horses, which cooled their legs in the shimmering water. Thick deciduous woodland lay on either hand, and startled birds flew up before us. We were yet to ride through forests and up and down vertiginous slopes, but riding in a river bed proves that horses can go anywhere, and humans cannot.

Later we would look back nostalgically on the substantial lunch of trout we ate today, on a slope above the river, at the bucolic Bağdat (Baghdad) Restaurant – on other days we had to be content with tinned beans and tuna. The name of the restaurant reminded us that the Ottoman road east once passed this way – the road to war, but also the road of commerce and of pilgrimage. After lunch, we rode for three hours along the river to come to the great, three-arched Ottoman bridge known as Valideköprü, the Queen Mother's bridge – although it is uncertain which Queen Mother built it. The height of its central span showed us that the river had once been more fearsome than it is today. Evliya complained that he had to cross it 40 times.

Emerging from the river valley, we rode along the edges of fields where villagers were harvesting their crops. A tree-lined stretch of old paved drovers' road took us towards the village of Kızderbent, or Pass of the Girls, known to Evliya simply as Derbent, or Pass, where the townspeople poured out into the main square to greet us. The appearance of real, live horses was clearly unusual, and we hoisted aboard some of the children who were milling around excitedly. This became a regular part of our arrival in any village.

Mehmet Bey, the headman of Yukarı Mahalle, the "upper neighbourhood" of Kızderbent, showed us to our campsite at the village grazing ground, with water for the horses nearby. The usual band of dogs mysteriously appeared from nowhere and barked all night, but barely disturbed our sleep. As dawn broke, three of the horses ran away up the hill on seeing cowherds and their charges emerging through the early-

morning mist. Eventually, condescending to be caught, they came back quietly. This was just the start of another glorious day on Evliya Çelebi's trail.

Strangers in the night

Friday, October 23

Ovacık to Mesudiye

By Patricia Daunt

Yesterday, village politics intruded at Ovacık, formerly a summer settlement but now a largish settled village. During a recce by car in 2007, two of our party had discussed a future visit with the then headman, and two days ago a friend of the current headman had been informed of our imminent arrival. A distinguished chap from the village, Gürkan Bey, was duly on the summit of Sırıklı Tepe to escort us down the steep twists and turns of a forest track to a sumptuous lunch. What we didn't know was that he was not the current headman but the previous incumbent! When his successor appeared, to find our horses grazing in the garden of his office, he demanded their removal, while making it clear that there was no guesthouse on offer either. Our affronted host promptly proposed a campsite on the edge of the village. The village teacher was introduced, and it is even possible the school was closed a trifle early so the children could see us settled and learn about Evliya Çelebi. Loaded with Evliya mugs (donated by Kütahya Porselen), the children demanded coins for the apples they had stripped from the orchards – for our horses, not for us.

Early bed was a mistake. The gendarmerie arrived at 10 o'clock, summoned by the new headman, to arrest or remove us on suspicion of being sheep rustlers. Our protestations of innocence were greeted with smiles and handshakes, not altogether to the taste of the village authorities.

By 8am the sun is up, dissipating the sharp frost. Warming our hands and toasting bread round a fire stoked with apple wood, we watch the villagers water their animals: first the sheep, then the cows, and finally the pairs of ponies and mules harnessed to their long-based carts. After that, we de-tick our horses and ourselves. Three easy hours in the saddle gets us to Mesudiye – the former Giouroren. We pitch our tents either side of a dry stream a kilometre from the village – depopulated and showing every sign of having been flattened by the fighting in 1922. Then we're away to watch a practice *cirit* session with the organisers of tomorrow's big match. This traditional Turkish equestrian team game would have been played when Evliya was here.

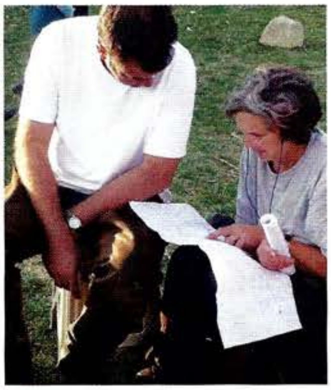
Match of the day

Saturday, October 24

Mesudiye, Uşak and Susuzören

By Patricia Daunt

We're tucked away just 5 miles north of modern Uşak. Today is a rest day for the horses, and for three of us it is our last night under canvas. For us, the Great Evliya Çelebi Ride is over. But before the long drive back to Izmir, Uşak's hospitable *cirit* club members – to a man employees of the local sugar refinery – take our friend Andy, the botanist, who has been promised a chukka, to buy the beaded harness and puffed-up saddle with sharp stirrups essential to this exciting, dangerous game.



Above: the historian Caroline Finkel and botanist Andrew Byfield discuss the route Evliya Çelebi wrote about in *Seyyahatname*, his monumental 10-volume 'Book of Travels'. Opposite: all the joys of the Evliya trail – grand views, village feasts, armed 'cirit' players, shrines with cats, and Yenişehir's famous peppers

The first important *cirit* match of the season, a four-a-side game, is to take place on a wide stubble field by the road leading out of Susuzören. Beautiful Arabs, failed racehorses sold off at the end of the racing season, will be dressed in regalia expected by 17th-century *sipahi*, squires bound for Ottoman military service. This evening's players and spectators will be the descendants of those young bloods involved in that favourite sport of sultans, the javelin chase: fast, exciting and usually gory. Sadly, Andy has to be whisked off to the airport before he can take part.

The home straight

Wednesday, October 28

Eski Gediz to Üçbaş

By Donna Landry

Chasing the sun, we have ridden into autumn. This morning we bade goodbye to three of the horses, who are being shipped to Kütahya's hippodrome. Our four remaining horses never take their eyes off their departing compatriots, who go into the tiny van without protest. These horses are so uncomplaining and sensible, even when asked to do unlikely things.

We are now pared down to four horses and riders – Ercihan Dilari of the Akhal-Teke Horse Centre, Cappadocia (who so generously provided our horses), Caroline and I, and Mac MacLean, who is awaiting the day he can get his boot on over an injured toe and ride his mount again. Until then she will be our *yedek*, our spare horse, and he will continue in the support lorry with Metin, our cook, and Sedat, who tends the horses. We have noted on this trip how often clichés spring to life while travelling. "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make her drink" has all too often been literally true. "It never rains but it pours" was today's example, as the lorry's awning filled up with water. Ercihan, Caroline and I set off in full wet-weather gear at 2 o'clock, aiming to camp near one of the mountain villages Evliya mentions as lying between here and Şaphane. We wound through slag heaps, signifiying the demise of Eski Gediz by earthquake. At Tepepınar we came upon a village common so startlingly green, we might have been in Devon. There was no one about, only smoke curling up from the houses and cats peering out of doorways. Crossing a bridge into Pınarbaşı, we looked down on a clear, tumbling river overhung by flaming oaks and poplars. At bustling Gürlek we stopped for tea, learning that the *tekke* (dervish convent) and the tomb of the *dede* (holy man) mentioned by Evliya were in fact at Pınarbaşı, not Gürlek at all. We came to our campsite in the fields outside Üçbaş, guided by a firework sent up by Metin and Sedat. "Hold your horses" was no longer an idle expression. It was all we could do to avoid a flat-out gallop.

Joining us by the campfire that evening was Ercan Şimşek, the suavely tailored *belediye başkanı* (mayor), who gave us his card and gift boxes of Germiyan *sarımsak* (garlic) – named after the dynasty that held sway in the region before the Ottomans – for which they have a patent. He claimed that Evliya had praised it as the best of all possible garlics. We have been unable to find such a mention in his writings so far. It may be that Evliya is credited where no credit is due, but this makes him beloved of many.

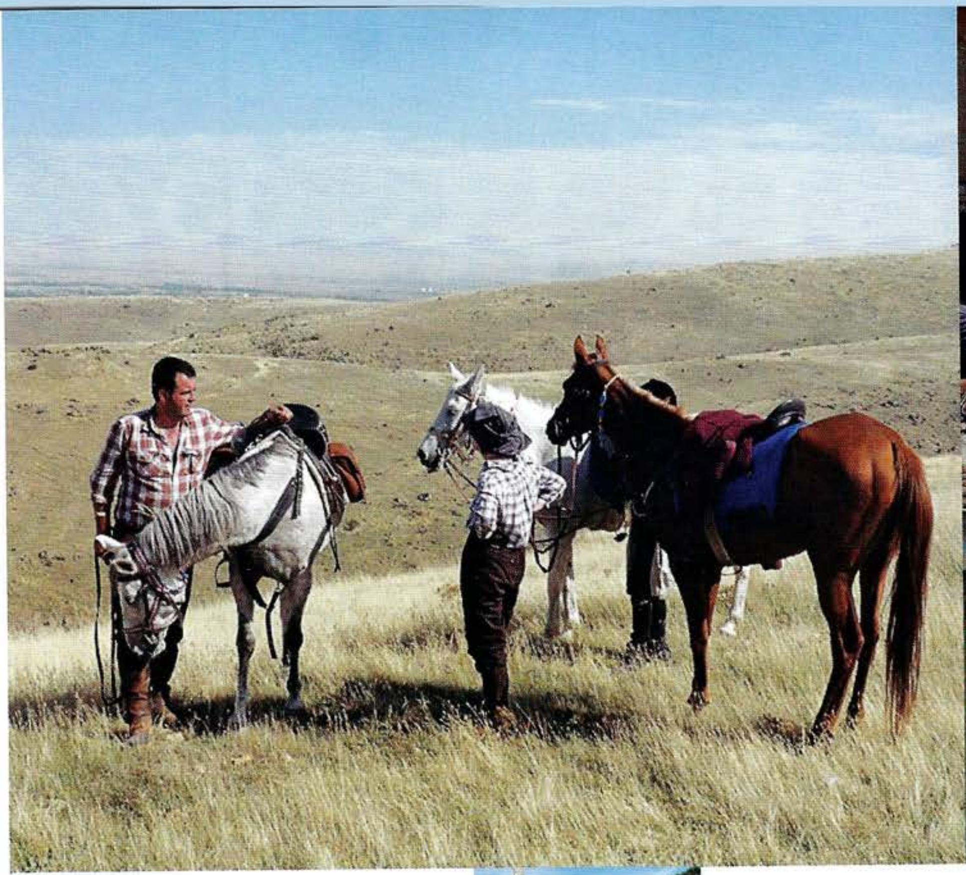
Coda

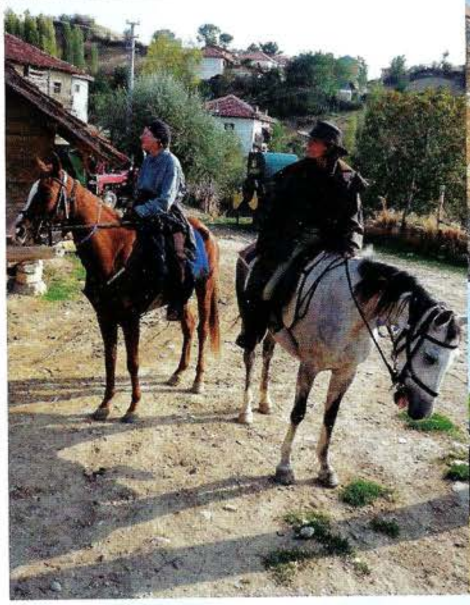
Snow fell on the mountains surrounding Kütahya on November 1. This sharp change in the weather coincided with the unexpected impounding of the expedition's support vehicle by the police in Çavdarhisar. The problem stemmed from an outstanding debt against the title of the vehicle in previous ownership. Nobody on the expedition was responsible for this illegality, but it fell to the group to sort it out. All riders and horses, in motorised transport, had to accompany the support vehicle to Kütahya under police escort on the 42nd day. On arrival in Kütahya, the expedition announced its completion to the mayor, Mustafa İça, who held a press conference. Nobody was interested in seeing the horses ridden into the city for a second time, given the inclement conditions. ◆

Unesco has declared 2011 the Year of Evliya Çelebi, and the group are seeking sponsorship for a second Evliya Çelebi Ride to celebrate the 400th anniversary of his birth. It will feature cross-border travel in the Ottoman style, from Gaziantep to Aleppo and back to Şanlıurfa.

Blog: hoofprinting.blogspot.com

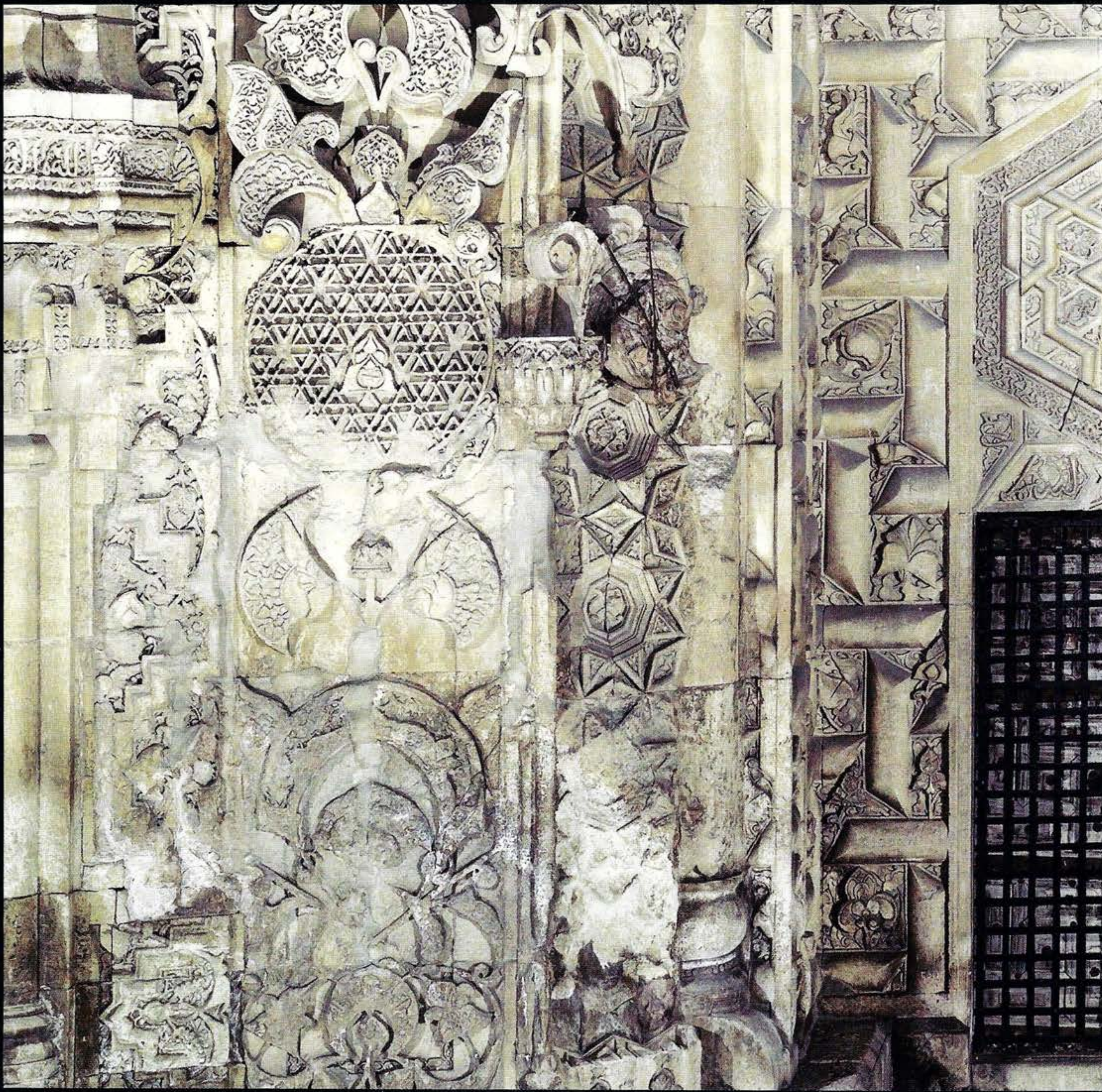
Evliya Çelebi will appear for the first time in English when Eland publish extracts from the 'Seyyahatname' translated by the Robert Dankoff (available from cornucopia.net in the autumn)





SUBLIME PO

The Great Mosque and Hospital of Divriği, an imperilled masterpiece of Islamic art in the remote Upper Euphrates, is the only single building in Turkey given World Heritage status by UNESCO. CORNUCOPIA celebrates this medieval



RTALS

marvel with a 26-page guide to its mad, exuberant architecture and its world-class carpets. Text by YOLANDE CROWE, PATRICIA DAUNT, OYA PANCAROĞLU and DANIEL SHAFFER. Photographs by CEMAL EMDEN

METHOD IN THE MADNESS

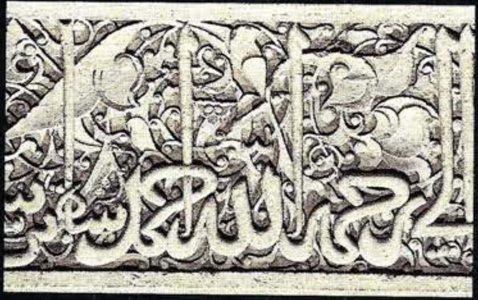
YOLANDE CROWE finds logic in the profusion of styles and symbols

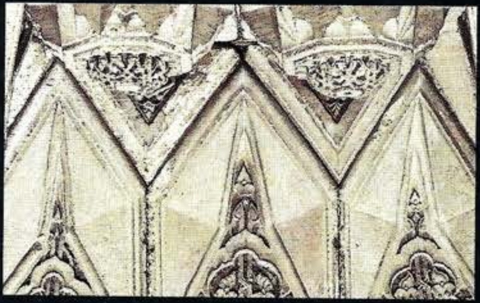
THE GREAT MOSQUE

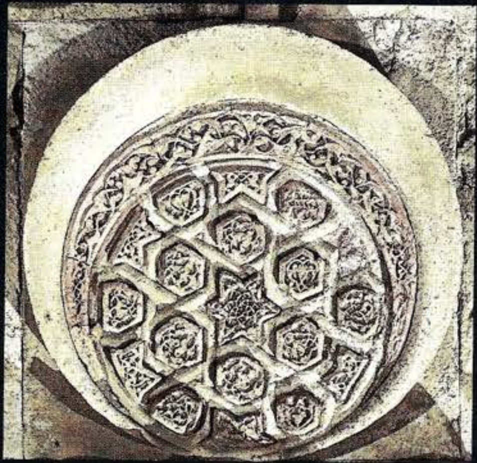
THE NORTH PORTAL

Almost 800 years ago, in 1228–9, the Great Mosque and Hospital at Divriği was constructed as a single building on the hillside overlooking what was then a vibrant city. With its splendid portals and mihrab, the complex – the Great Mosque, or Ulu Cami, and the Hospital, or Şifahane – must have required a large number of masons and carvers, since in the world of Islam (unlike medieval Europe, whose cathedrals took centuries to build) no delays ever occurred over the completion of such buildings.

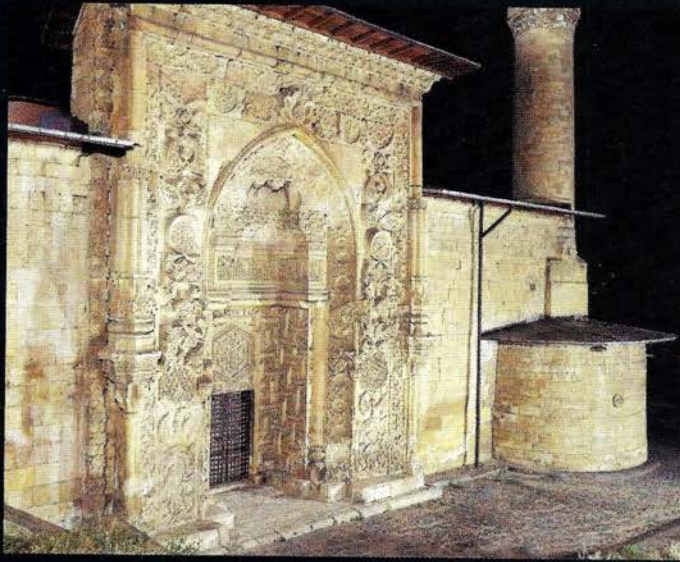
The deeply recessed North Portal boasts a profusion of leaves and palmettes designed to look as though waving in the breeze, surmounted by a giant lotus flower. Such complex decoration exists nowhere else in the Seljuk world. At Divriği the master builder, it seems, has conjured for each team of stone carvers a different repertoire of designs derived from weaving, tile-making, woodcarving and even illumination.



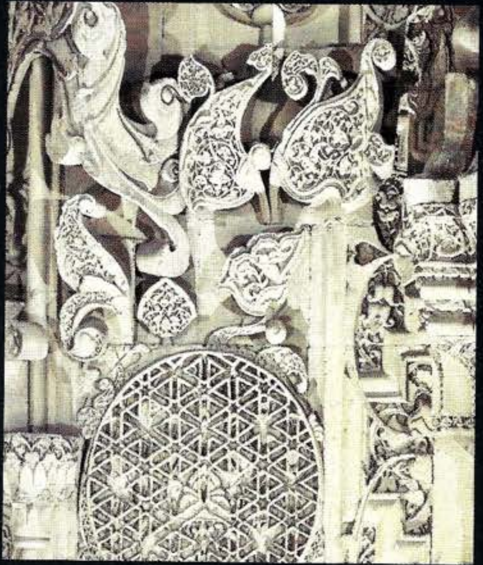


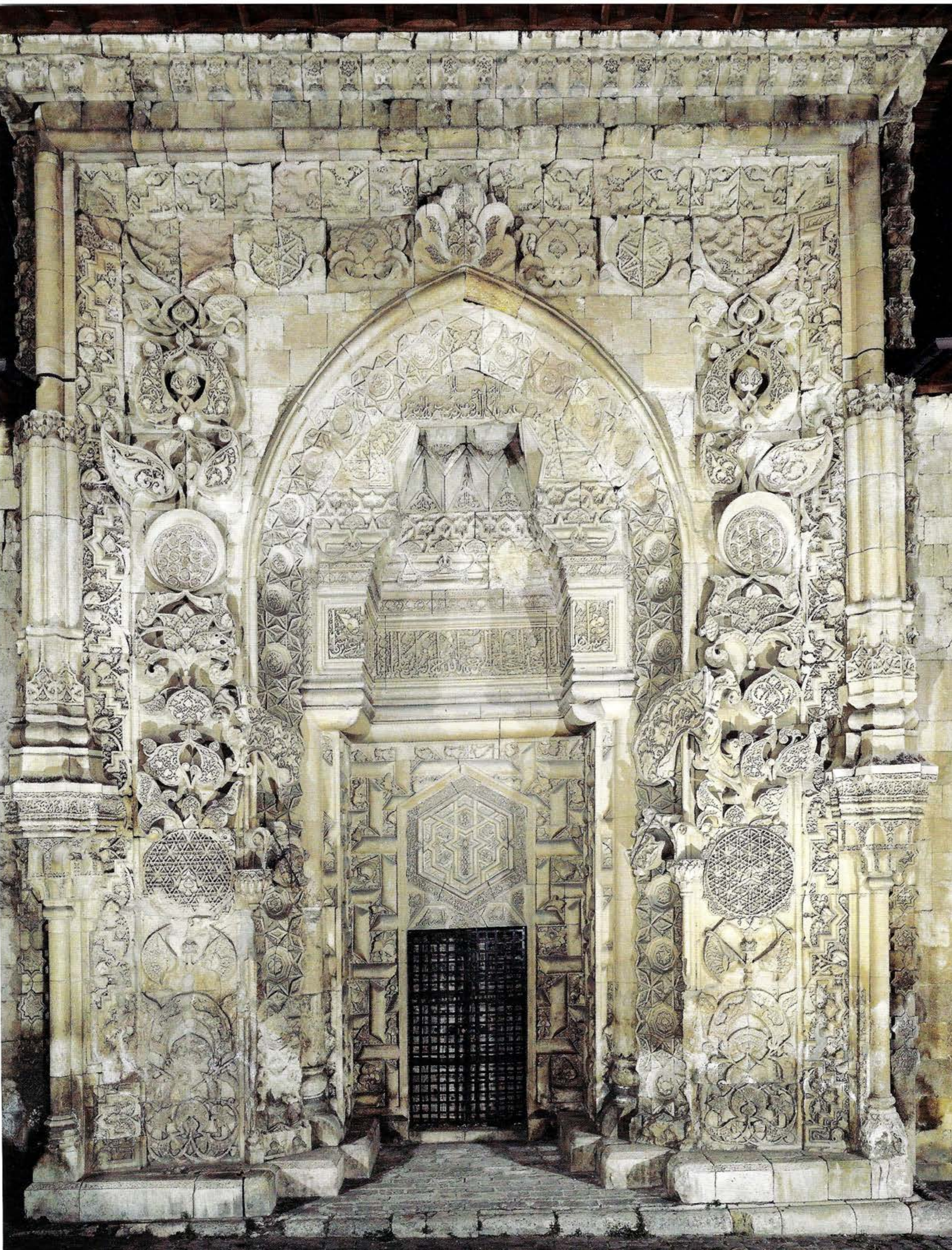


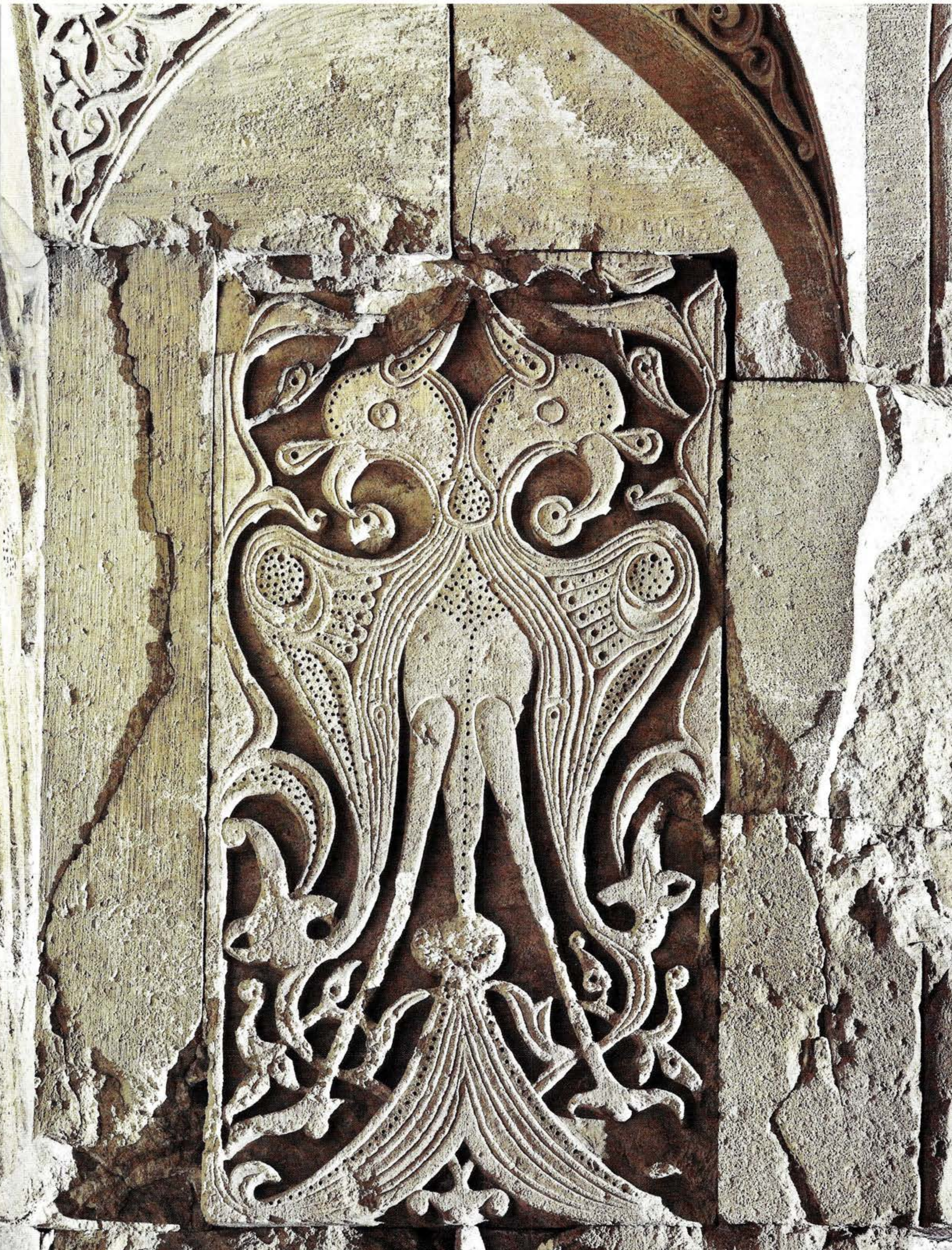
OPPOSITE: THE NORTH PORTAL IN ALL ITS GLORY. FLORAL AND GEOMETRIC CARVINGS PROJECT IN AN ARRESTING JUMBLE. IT LOOKS MAD YET HAS A STRICT UNDERLYING GEOMETRY – THE HEXAGON ABOVE THE DOOR HOLDS THE KEY TO THE PORTAL'S PROPORTIONS. AN INSCRIPTION IN THE TRIANGULAR APEX OF THE ARCH IS CLEARLY AN AFTERTHOUGHT BORN OF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY: THE MOSQUE'S PATRON, AHMED SHAH, HAD THE STONE REVERSED AND REINSCRIBED TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE SELJUK SULTAN KEYKUBAD. ABOVE LEFT: THE MAIN INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR BEARS THE NAME OF AHMED SHAH AND THE YEAR 626 (1228–9). ABOVE: TWO CROWN-LIKE ROSETTES OVERHANG THE DOOR



LEFT: THE PORTAL RISES 13.6 METRES, STANDING PROUD OF THE ROOF. THE MINARET WAS REBUILT IN THE 16TH CENTURY BY CAUTIOUS OTTOMANS, WHO ADDED A MASSIVE BUTTRESS. ABOVE: A ROUNDEL IN A CRESCENT FRAME. RIGHT: A RIOT OF THREE-DIMENSIONAL VEGETATION TAPERS DOWN TO FLAT GEOMETRIC ROUNDELS REMINISCENT OF FABRIC DESIGNS. BELOW: A SIMPLE AND STRIKING LOTUS MOTIF. BELOW RIGHT: BOLD STRAPWORK CARVING INSPIRED BY WOODWORK







THE WEST PORTAL

There is a world of difference between this, the side entrance of the mosque overlooking the town, and the unique North Portal seen on previous pages. With seven bands neatly framing the entrance and rigorously controlled carvings, the West Portal is austere by comparison.

This rectangular portal follows the general style of Islamic religious buildings of the time, except that it does not rise above the level of the roof.

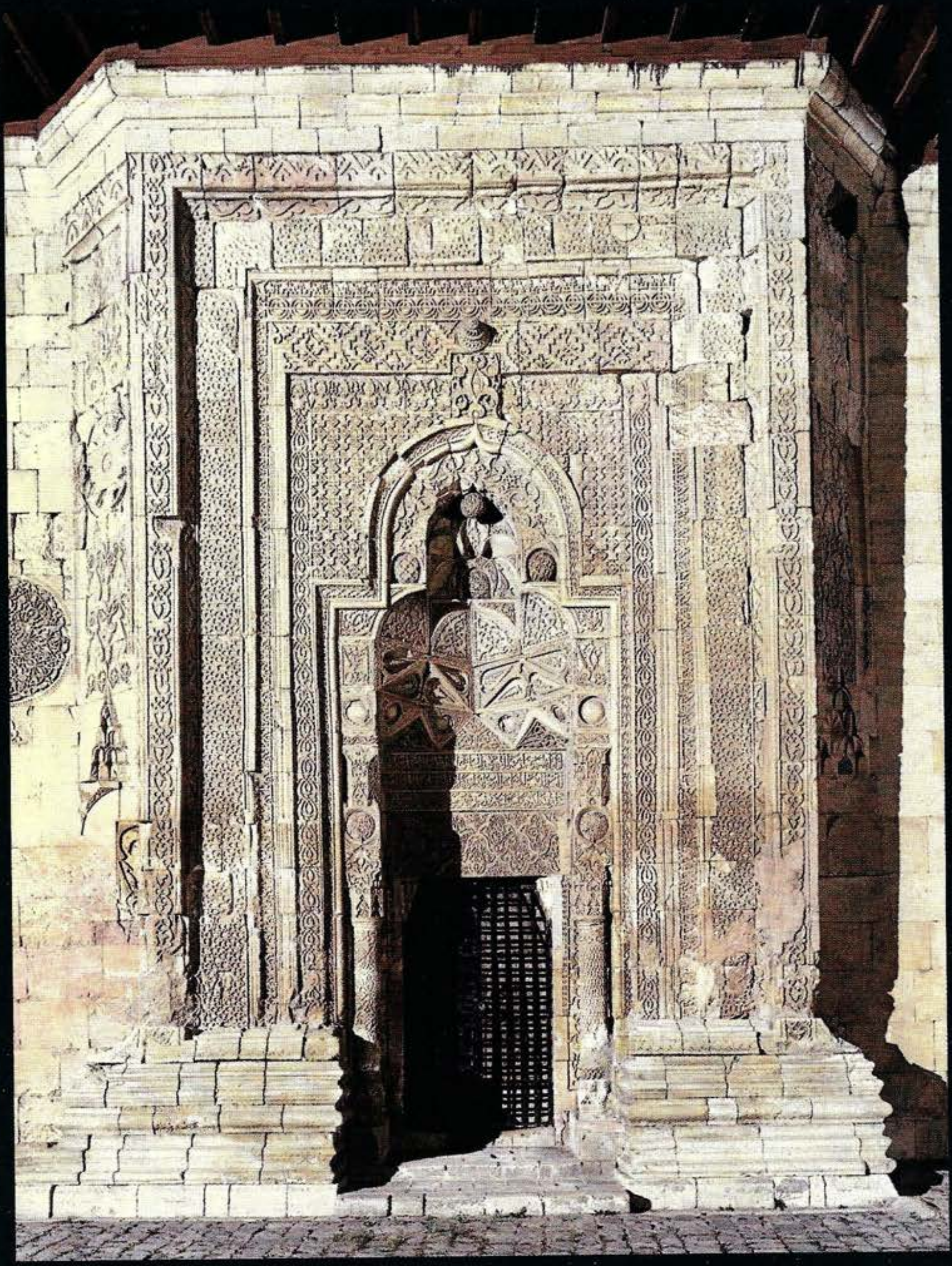
The surface decoration includes a host of motifs, both geometric and vegetal: roundels, spheres and octagons, chevrons, split leaves, plaited cables, a herringbone design and much more besides. Yet all this is restrained within clearly defined vertical bands, which gives an overall effect of calmness and elegance.

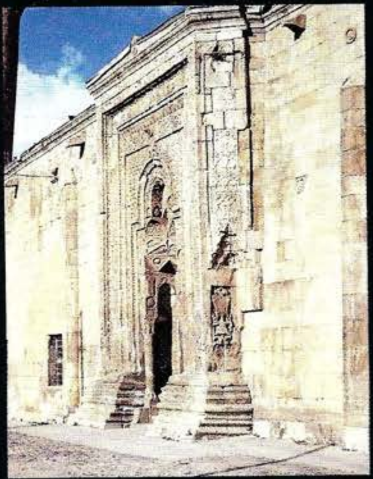
It is the profusion of small detail and the relative shallowness of the carving that make this entrance, as opposed to the North and Hospital Portals, easily recognisable as Islamic. Cross-and-star and lozenge-and-dot motifs have been borrowed from earlier mosques in brick and stucco.

One eccentric feature of the portal is the circular columns either side of the door that mutate into extraordinary elongated capitals below the inner arch.

The collapse of the original minaret and adjacent vaults must have affected this portal, the lower part of which has been heavily restored. The five massive courses of stone at the base were added for structural reinforcement and unbalance the delicacy of the overall design.

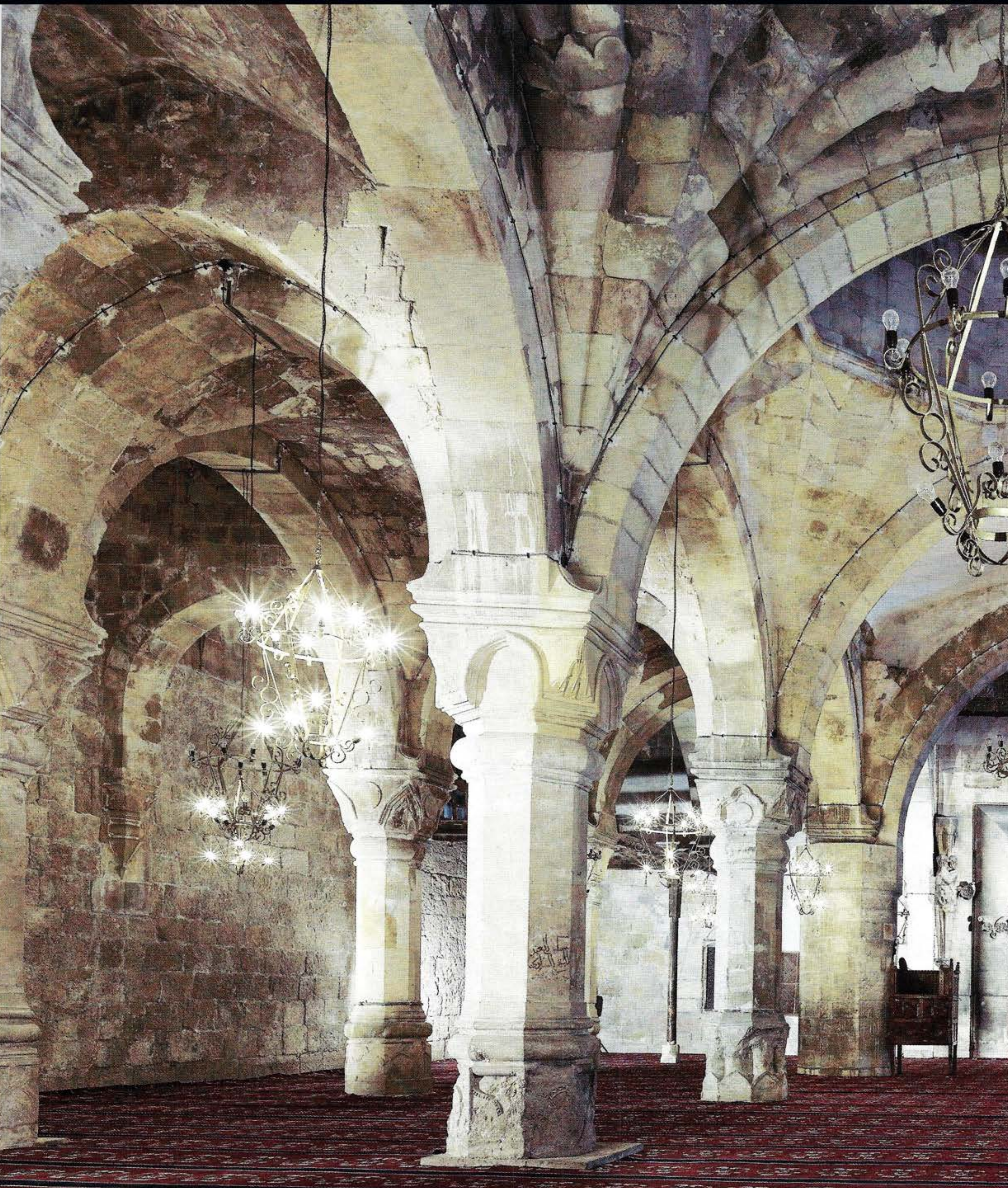
'Clearly defined vertical bands give an overall effect of calmness and elegance'



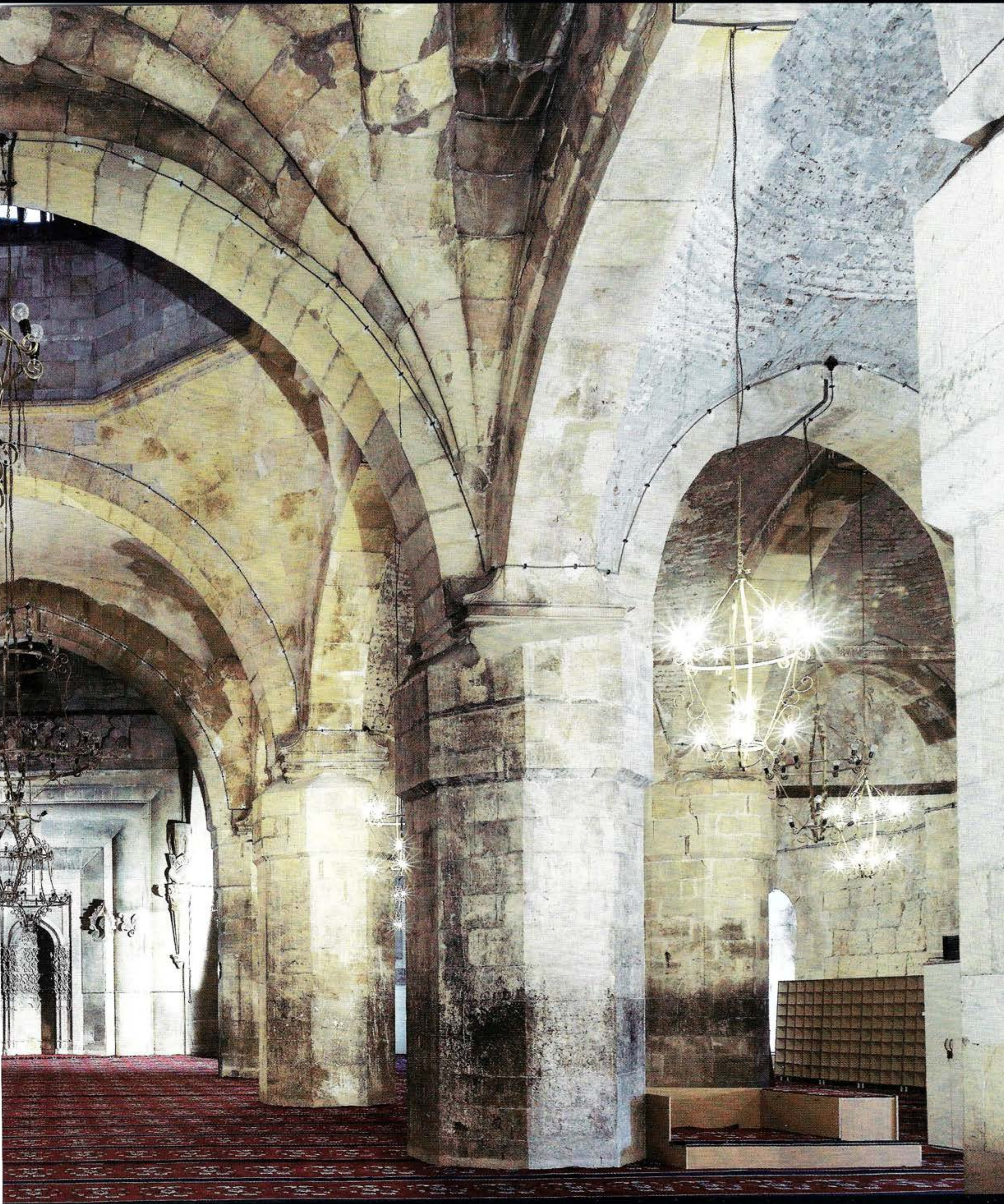


ABOVE AND LEFT: THE CONVENTIONAL SHALLOW CARVINGS INCLUDE SCROLLS AND PALMETTES, TRADITIONAL EIGHT-POINTED STARS, LESS USUAL FIVE-POINTED ONES, AND SEVERAL TYPES OF STRAPWORK. THE ANGLED CORNERS AND STALACTITE NICHES KNOWN AS 'MUQARNAS' ADD VISUAL DEPTH

OPPOSITE: DETAIL OF A DOUBLE-HEADED FALCON BENEATH ONE OF THE PORTAL'S 'MUQARNAS' CORNER NICHES. THE FALCON, THE ESSENTIAL WEAPON OF THE MEDIEVAL HUNT, IS A SYMBOL OF THE SOVEREIGN'S AUTHORITY IN SELJUK HERALDRY. THIS FINE EXAMPLE HAS BELLS ATTACHED TO ITS BEAKS



INSIDE THE MOSQUE The 16 columns supporting a vaulted ceiling give the mosque the air of a monastic cloister. Structural reinforcement in the 16th century accounts for the asymmetry of the columns. The massive piers on the right encase the original delicate 13th-century columns like those on the left. The mihrab (prayer niche) is framed by monumental mouldings, the decoration of which looks as though it was barely



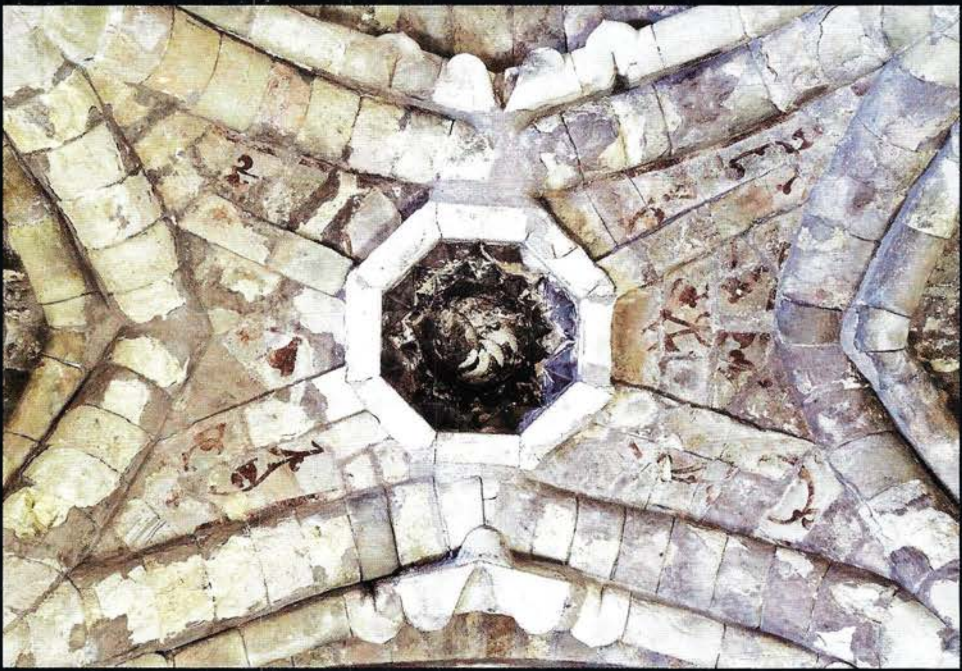
started. There are two cupolas above the central nave, one of which brings light into the otherwise dim building. The Seljuk and classical Ottoman carpets that once covered the floor are legendary. Some date back to the 13th century. One of the most important groups of early Turkish carpets in the world, they are now in the Vakıflar Carpet Museum in Istanbul (see Daniel Shaffer, page 98)

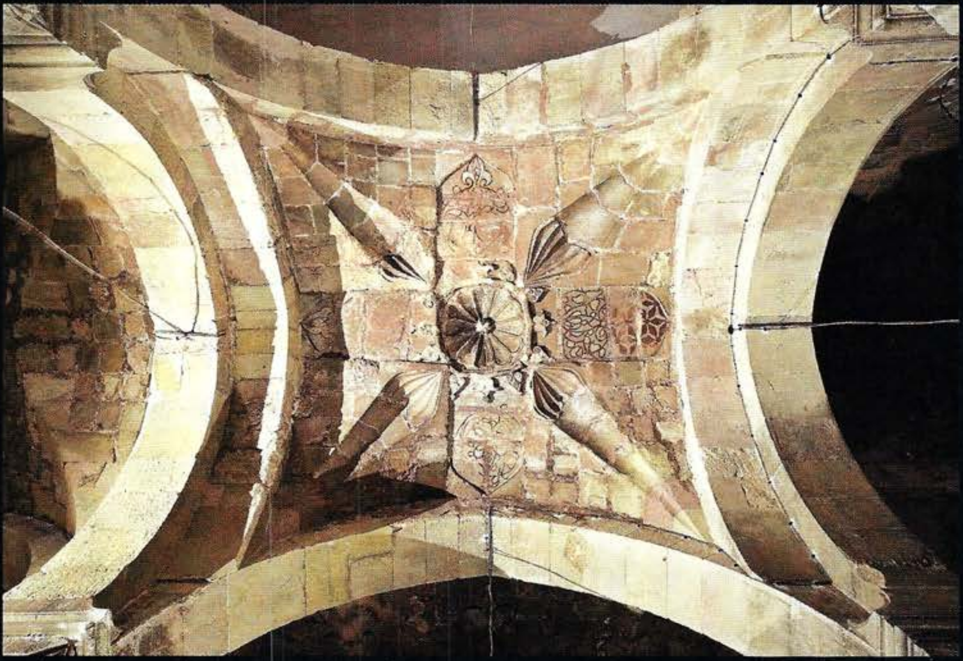
INSIDE THE MOSQUE

The robust columns at Divriği, seen on the previous pages, allowed for a new system of vaulting and opened up the possibility of sophisticated cupolas.

There are 25 vaults in the mosque constructed of interlocking stones – often tufa, which is lighter than sandstone – carved so skilfully that gravity pulls them together. Every vault is different, and so is every column. Yet no other mosque creates such a sense of unity from such a variety of detail.

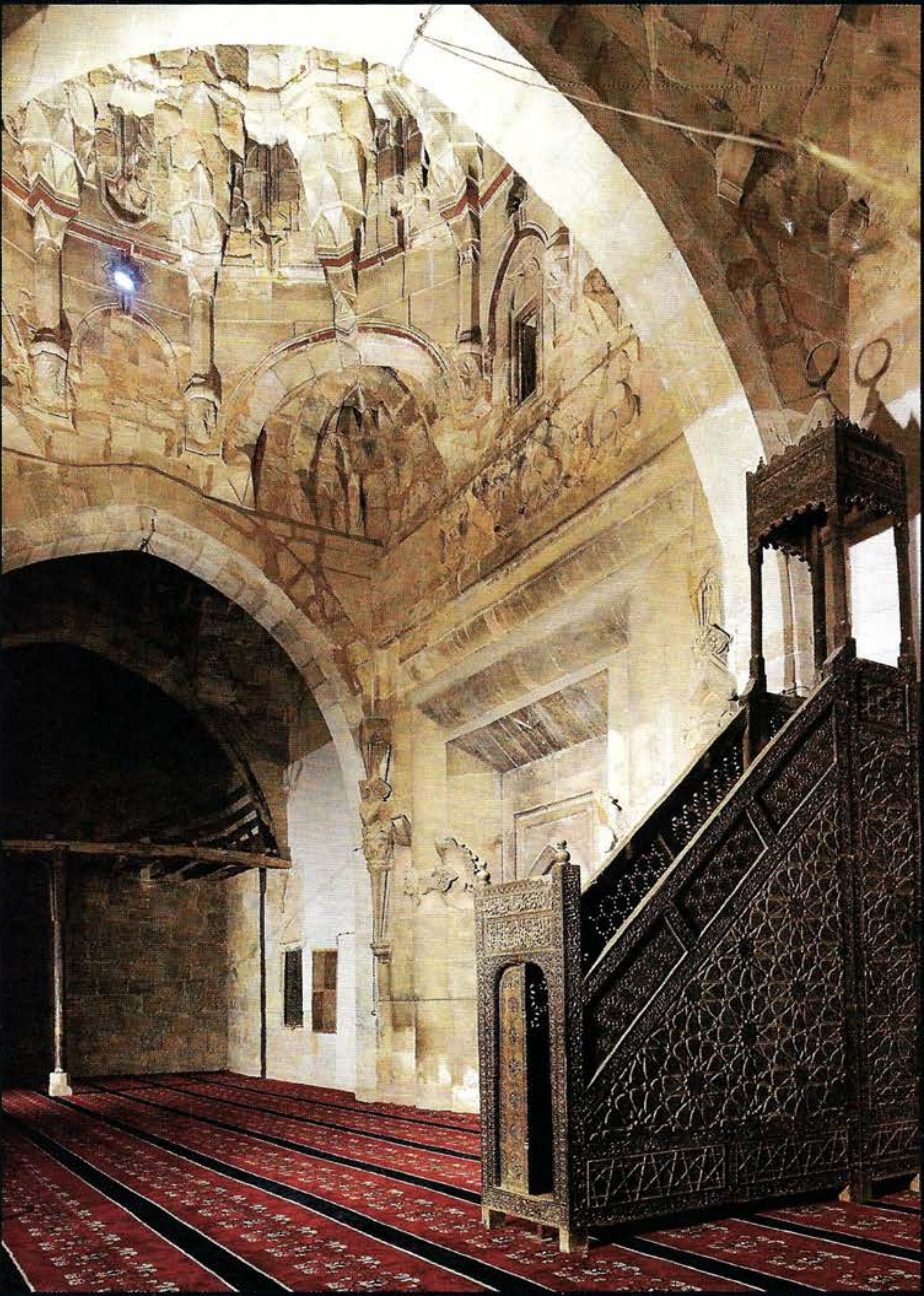
The decoration of the vaulting simply serves to emphasise the impact of the ceiling's complex structure. The eye is led from the columns up to a succession of vaults that climax in the 12-ribbed dome over the mihrab.



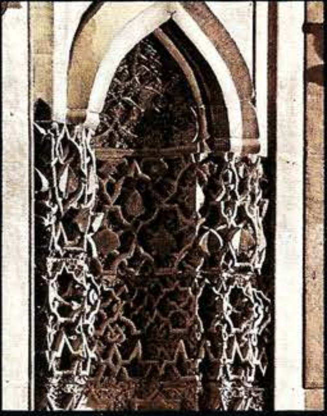


'The eye is led from the columns up to a succession of vaults that climax in the ribbed dome over the mihrab'

TOP AND ABOVE: TWO OF THE 20 VAULTS IN THE CEILING. EACH ONE IS UNIQUE, WITH RIDGES AND MOULDINGS RADIATING FROM THE CENTRAL MOTIF, HERE AN OCTAGON (TOP) AND (ABOVE AND FAR LEFT) A ROSETTE. LEFT: THE MIHRAB HAS PALMETTES LIKE THOSE ON THE NORTH PORTAL, AND IS FLANKED BY TALL STONE TORCHES (RIGHT)

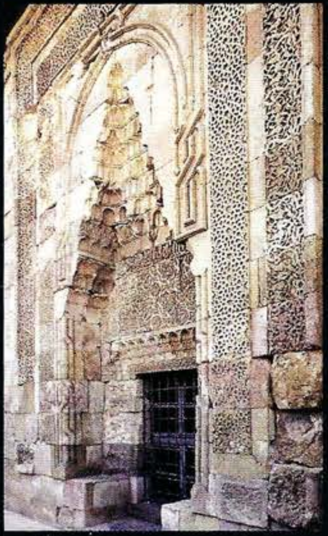


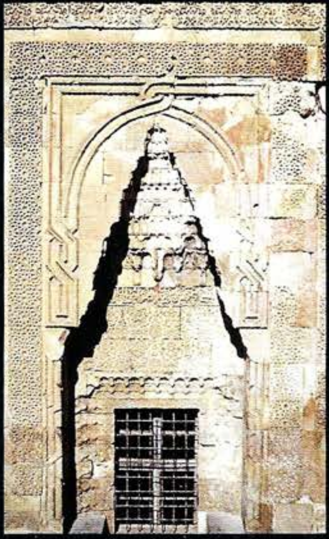
Above: The artist al-Tiflisi signed the magnificently carved 13th-century mimber (pulpit). The gallery at the end of the room, possibly the remains of a loggia, was reached from the East Portal.
Left: The dome above the giant mihrab.
Right: The mihrab niche, extravagantly embellished



The East Portal

The lower courses of the eastern wall are hidden from sight because the mosque is cut into the hillside. Since the floor is many metres lower than the ground outside, the East Portal is used merely as a source of light, though it may originally have been the entrance to a raised royal loggia. The carvings resemble those of the West Portal in scale and style. The cable pattern outlining the spandrels, with a double twist at its base and one twist at its apex, also appears in Khurasan, in Aleppo and on the Alaadin Mosque in Konya, completed in 1221, eight years earlier than Divriği.





THE HOSPITAL

THE INTERIOR

Although the mosque and the hospital – the al-Dar al Shifa, or House of Healing – form one building, having been constructed at the same time and signed by the same master-builder, they functioned quite separately. There is only a rough passage between the two, which was not part of the original design.

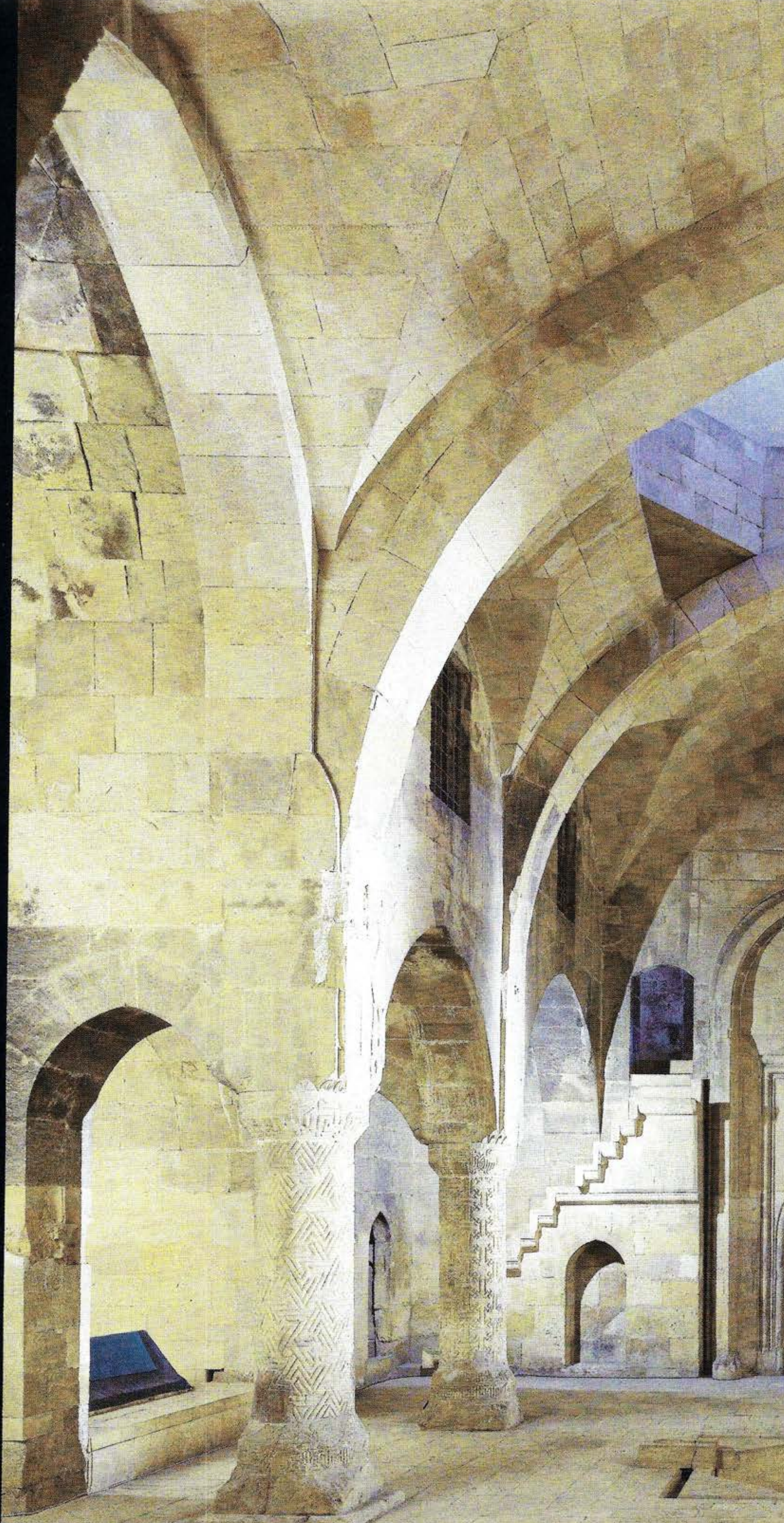
By the 13th century, hospitals in the Islamic world followed an almost standard pattern: a courtyard surrounded by arched recesses, or *eyvans*.

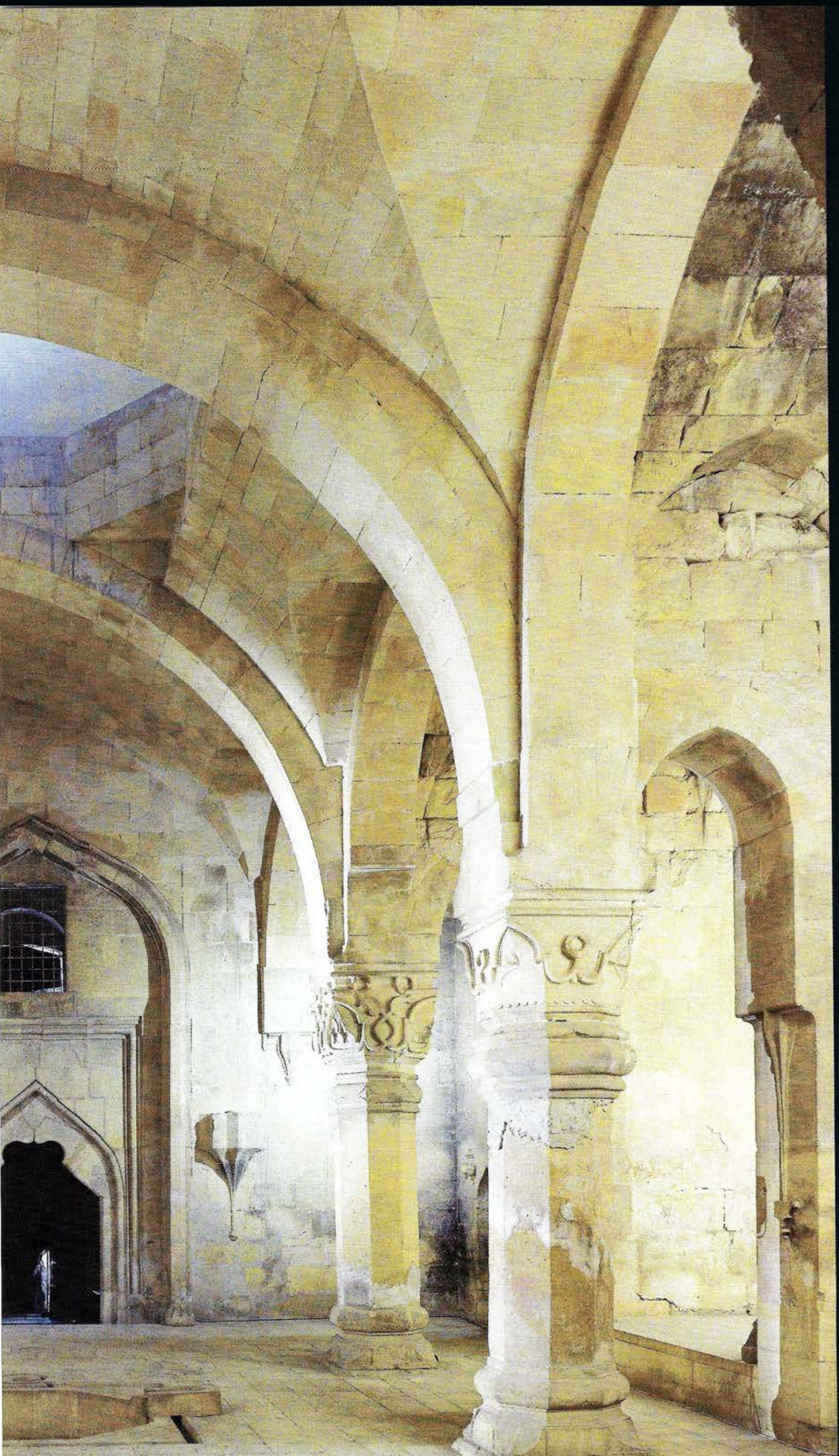
Medreses, or colleges, were very similar in design, so it is not surprising that Divriği's hospital was being used as a medrese by the 14th century. Only one surviving hospital in Anatolia – the one in nearby Sivas, a rival Turkic principality – is older than Divriği.

Three broad *eyvans* give on to Divriği's courtyard. The tall barrel vaults help to support a central skylight, known as an oculus, which lets in light and keeps out the Anatolian winters – in Syria it would have been open to the elements. An ablution pool beneath reflects the octagonal shape of the skylight.

A steep flight of 16 steps leads to the first floor, which is built into the south side of the hospital and supported on robust, shorter columns carved with distinctive swastika patterns.

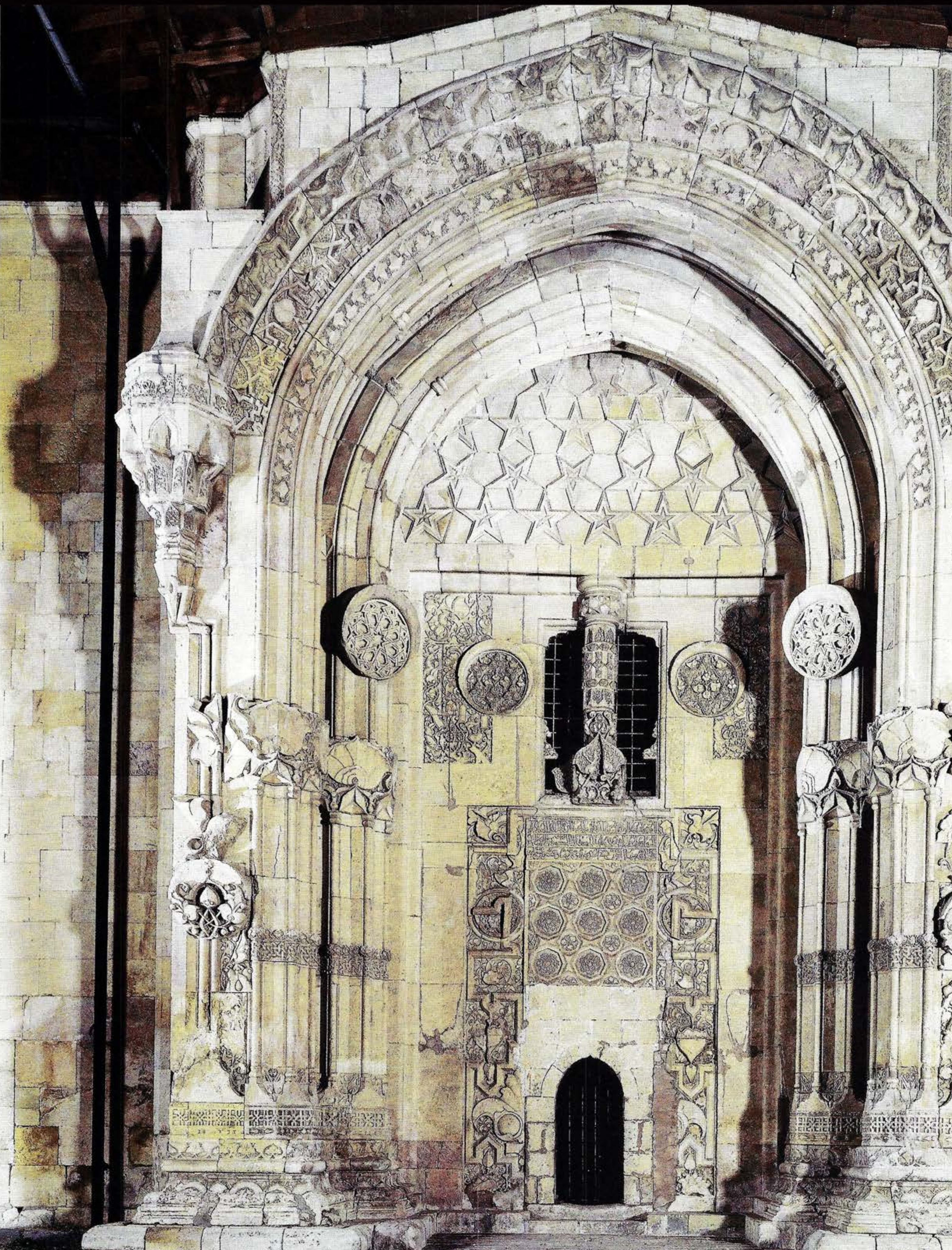
The purpose of the huge stone support jutting out of the wall on the other side of the door is a mystery; it is not structural but may have been used as a lampstand.

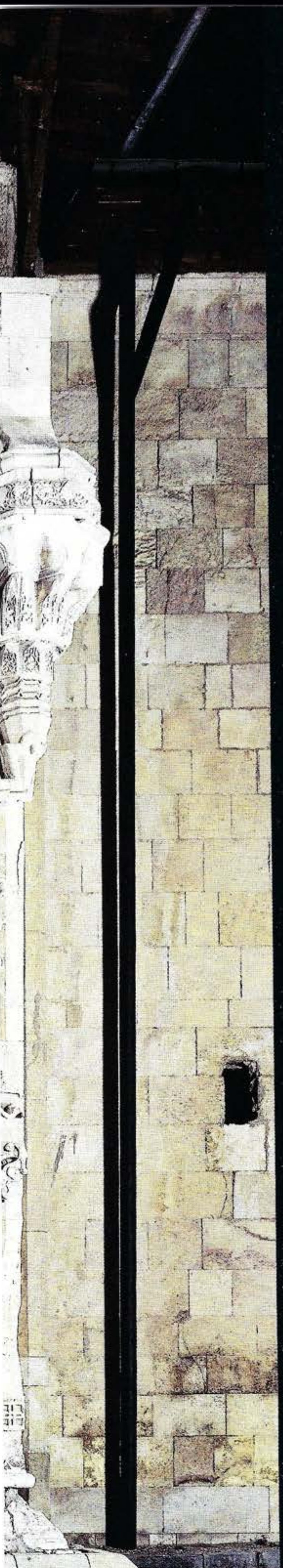




'Only one surviving hospital in Anatolia, in nearby Sivas, is older than Divriği'

The entrance to the hospital, with a staircase leading up to the first floor, and an octagonal pool mirroring the octagonal skylight

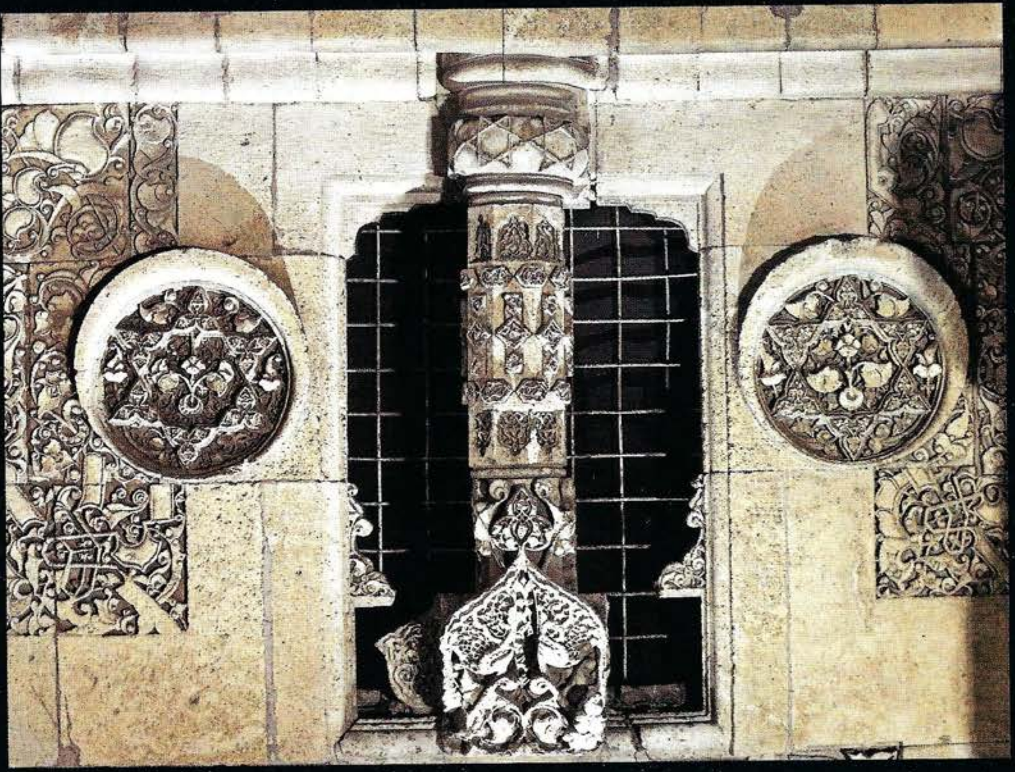




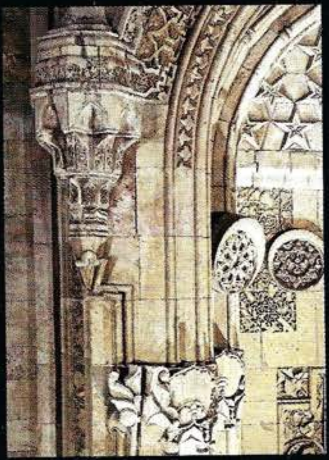
'Despite the extravagant sculpture, the underlying geometry is precise'

The Hospital Portal

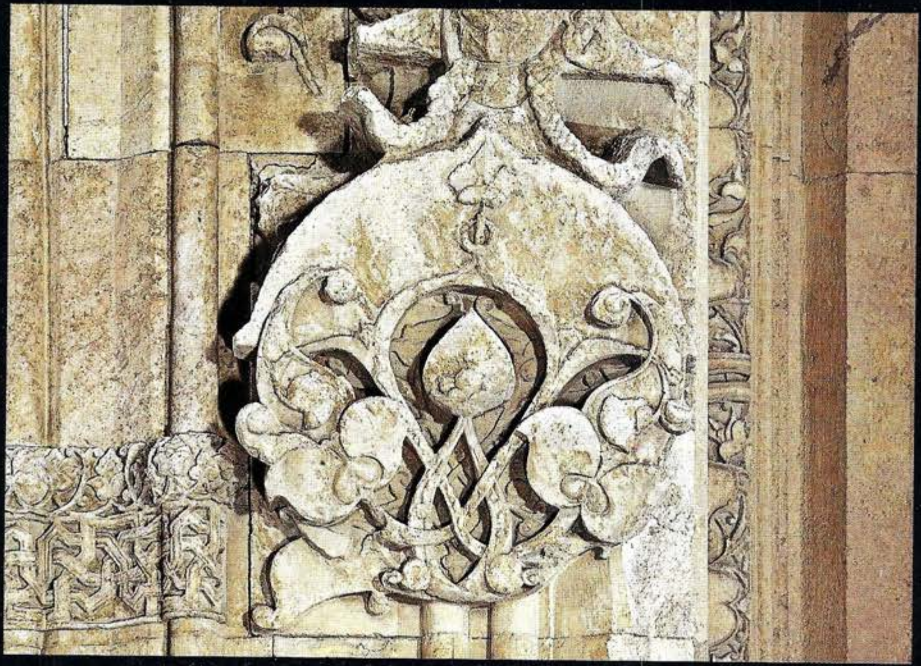
The hospital roof is higher than the mosque's to allow for a first floor. But this does not account for the sheer drama and originality of the portal, with its exquisitely carved roundels, its tympanum of pentagons and five-pointed stars, and above all its soaring, free-standing arch unfettered by a rectangular frame – an achievement new to Islamic and Gothic architecture.

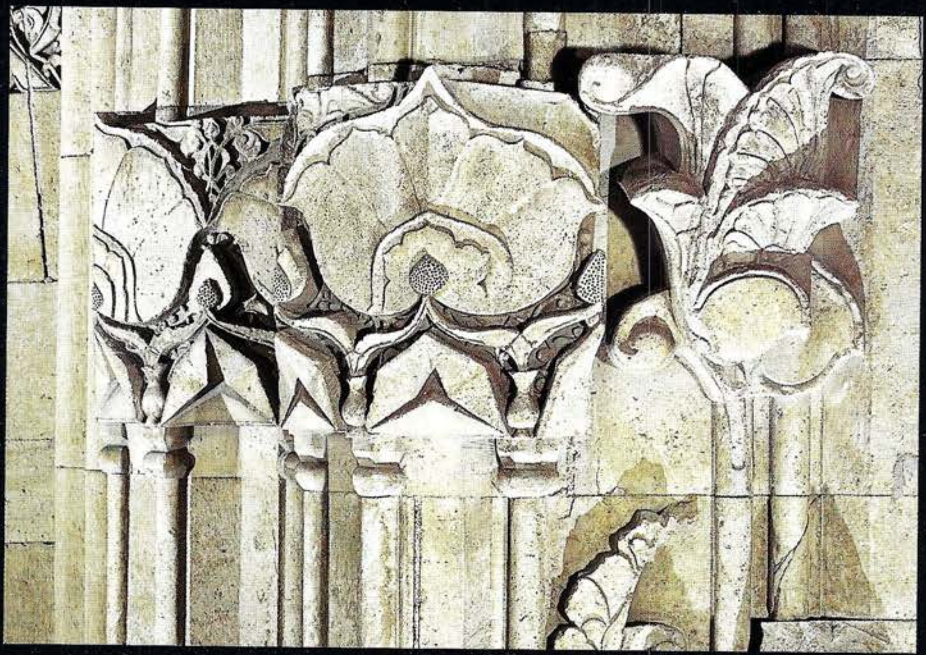


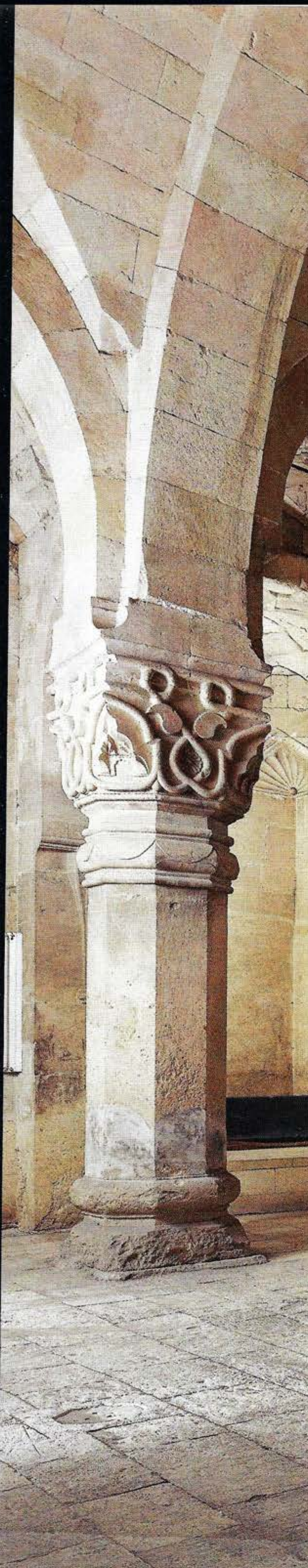
Despite the wildly extravagant sculpture, the underlying geometry is precise. The huge outer capitals mark the top of a square. The column acting as a mullion in the window proves to be exactly a fifth of the portal's height and a quarter of its width and it provides the key unit of measurement.



OPPOSITE: TURAN MELIK, 'THE JUST QUEEN', COUSIN OF AHMED SHAH AND DAUGHTER OF FAHREDDIN BEHRAMSHAH, GREATEST OF THE MENGUJEKS, ANNOUNCES HER ENDOWMENT OF THE HOSPITAL OVER THE DOORWAY.
ABOVE: THE MULLIONED WINDOW, WITH ITS REVOLVING, OCTAGONAL COLUMN, IS FLANKED BY CRESCENT-FRAMED ROUNDELS.
LEFT: THE PULPIT-LIKE SCULPTURE ON THE LEFT IS IN FACT A CAPITAL FROM WHICH THE OUTER ARCH SPRINGS







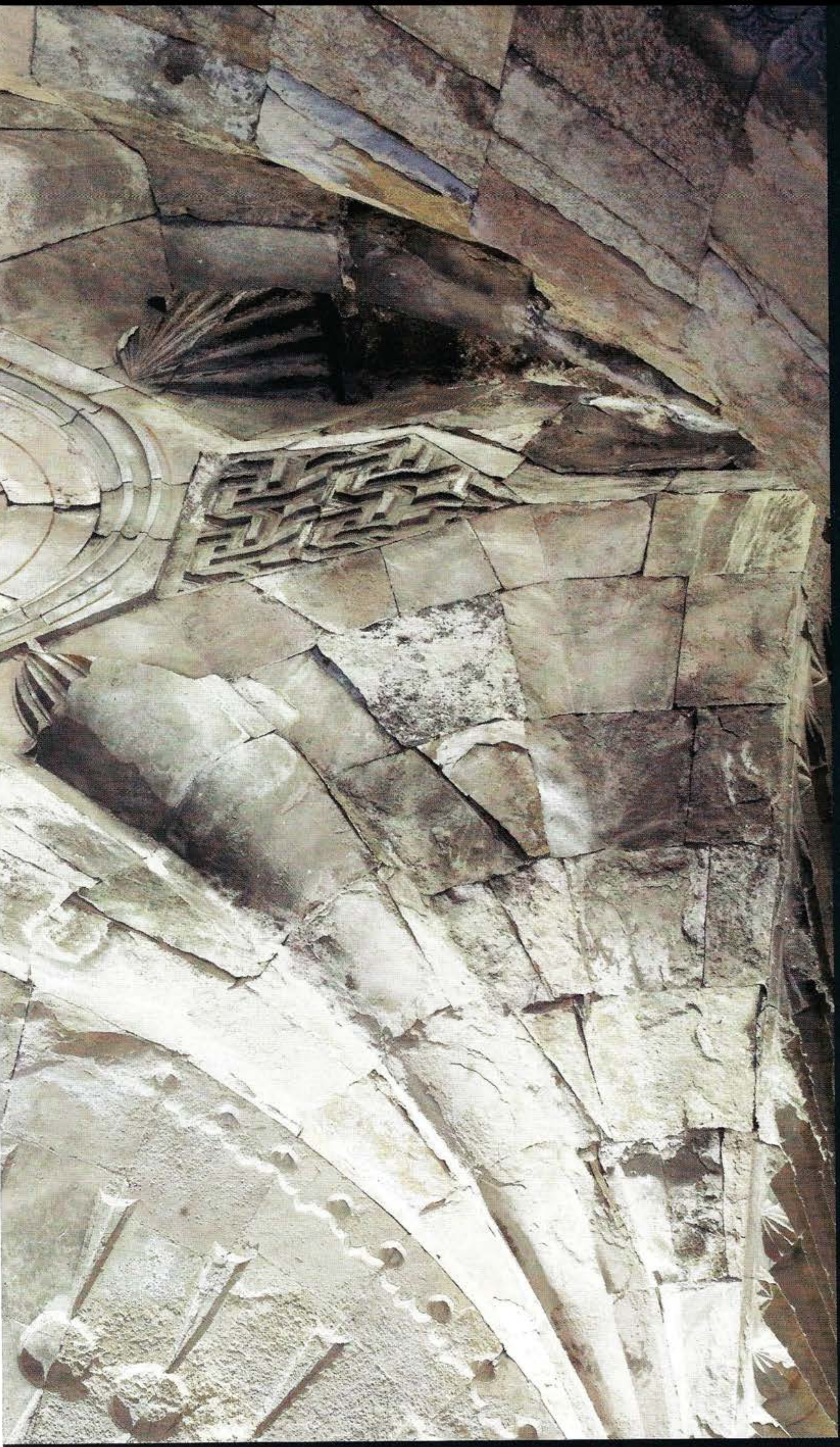
DECORATING THE HOSPITAL

After the wild decoration of the portal, with its surreal variations in scale, serenity reigns in the lofty interior of the hospital. Divriği's beautiful golden sandstone is here mostly plain. What carving there is veers from the vegetal to the geometric.

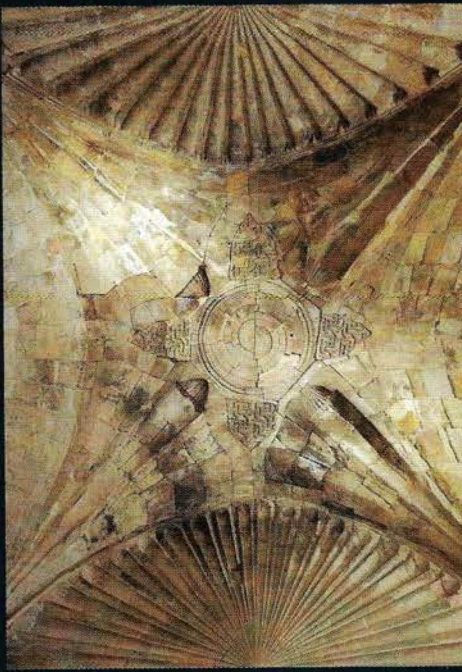
The most striking capital in the whole building, with a bold intertwining motif, crowns the column to the left of the octagonal pool, which continues the decorative style used in the mosque. The columns on the other side of the pool are totally different, being carved with complex swastika designs.

The burial chamber that holds the graves of the founders' family is through a door in the corner, announced by an exquisite double medallion.

TOP: ON THE PORTAL, A CURIOUS CREST-SHAPED CARVING WITH AN ALMOST ART NOUVEAU BUD-AND-LEAF DESIGN. OVER IT IS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HUMAN MASK WITH LONG PLAITS. ABOVE: CAPITALS WITH SMALL VASES AND GIANT LOTUSES. RIGHT: WATER FROM THE POOL DRAINED AWAY VIA A SYSTEM OF OVERFLOWS, A SQUARE CHANNEL AND A SPIRAL OUTLET



THE HOSPITAL CEILING



LEFT AND ABOVE: THE CEILING OF THE MAIN 'EYVAN' FACING THE ENTRANCE IS ANOTHER ASTONISHING PIECE OF STONEMASON'S VIRTUOSITY. HUGE FAN-LIKE PATTERNS MIRROR EACH OTHER ON THE TWO SIDE WALLS. THE THIRD FAN CONSISTS OF AN HOURGLASS DESIGN. THE CAP IN THE VAULT IS LAID IN A SNAIL-LIKE SPIRAL

The photographs in this article, by Cemal Emden (www.cemalemden.com), are from the exhibition 'Cennetin Kapıları' ('Gates of Paradise'), held at Istanbul Technical University in May 2009, curated by H Basri Hamulu with advice from Professor Doğan Kuban, author of 'The Miracle of Divriği' (YKB Yayınları, 2001)

NOT A PLACE FOR THOSE IN A HURRY

Reassuringly inaccessible, Divriği has always taken time to reach – and its riches time to savour. Patricia Daunt on the historical figures who made the journey

A bird's-eye view: midsummer sunlight washes over the North Portal of Divriği's Great Mosque. The entrance to the hospital and the mosque's West Portal are in shadow on the right of the picture. The roof, now lead, would originally have been of packed earth and without eaves. The distinctive conical structure resembling a Seljuk tomb conceals the dome above the mihrab wall of the mosque. To its left is the lower tower of a mortuary chamber. Among harebrained ideas mooted to save the endangered building is a scheme to encase it entirely in glass

Articles, I read once, work best if facts are kept on short rations. Rationed they seem to have been on the early-13th-century Great Mosque and Hospital at Divriği, one of the great masterpieces of Islamic architecture. Few of the traveller-scholars crossing Asia Minor to record architectural wonders visited the remote Ulu Cami and Şifahane, set on a hill above the town. Recognised in 1987 as a World Heritage site – the only designated individual building among Turkey's nine sites – its flamboyant and sophisticated originality more than justifies this belated accolade.

Within the triangle of Sivas, Malatya and Erzincan, modern maps show Divriği easily accessible by road and rail. Do not be misled. It takes time to reach this small mining town, centre of Turkey's main source of iron ore. Though set in the midst of a congregation of prosperous central Anatolian towns, even during the heyday of the great Seljuk Empire, when trade was flowing in all directions, Divriği was remote, and withdrawn from the sultan's court at Konya.

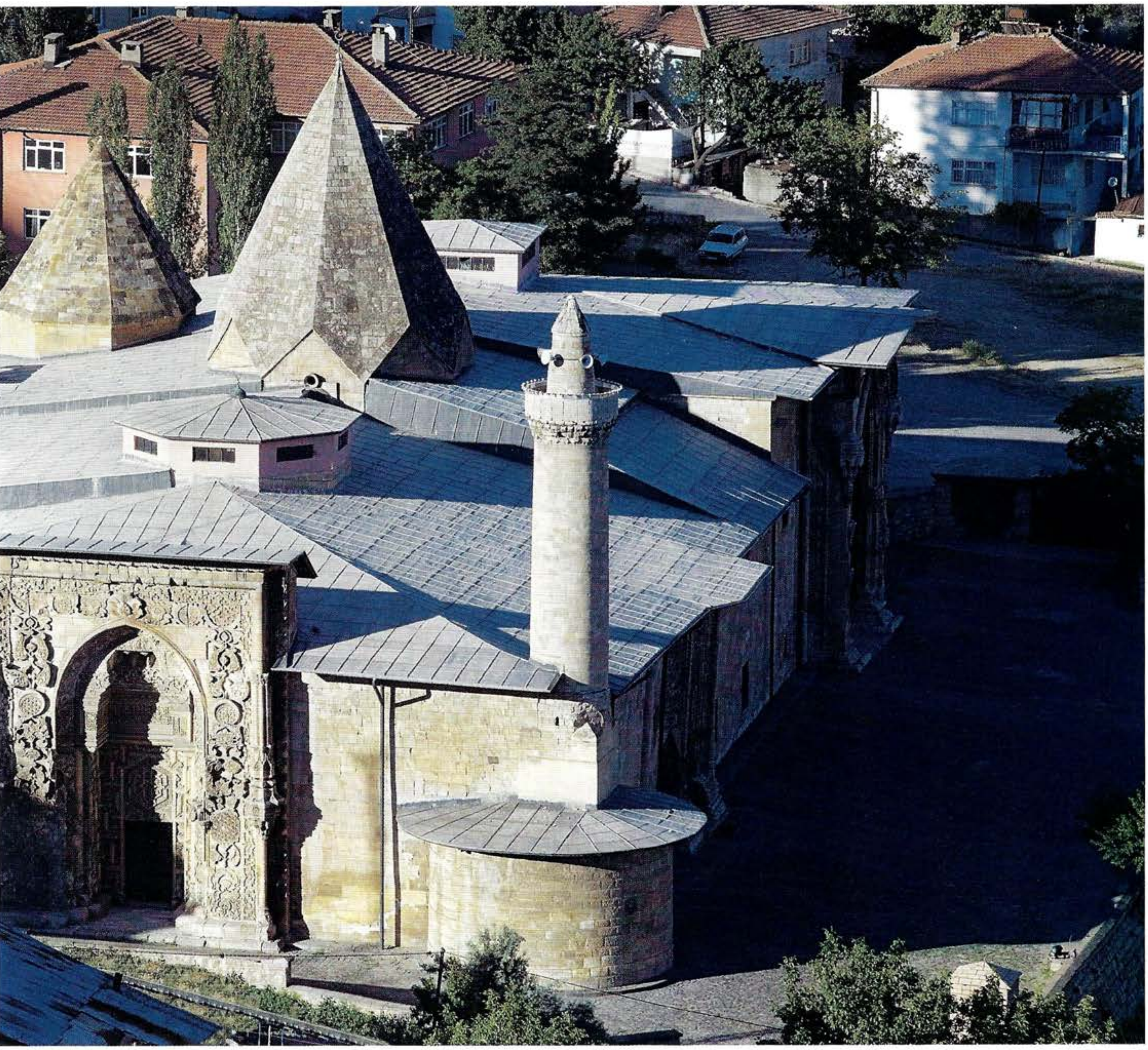
Overlooked by the forbidding Demir Dağı (Iron Mountain) and hidden among the troughs and gorges of the Çaltı Çayı – unregulated tributary of the young Euphrates, carrying white waters to the Keban Dam – Divriği stands on the valley floor, skirted by willows and poplars and flanked by steep hills rising in a stark confusion of copper-green, sand-yellow and blue-grey. In a bare and unpopulated land where outcrops of limestone are snow-white, and springs as clear as crystal taste of iron, it is not unusual for the severe continental winters to cut Divriği off from the outside world for weeks at a time.

Little is known of Divriği's ancient past. It first attracted attention in medieval times, as Tephrike, a formidable stronghold. There an Arab Emir of Malatya settled a community of heretical Paulician Christians within the citadel, with an eye to their controlling defence and trade along the border. In AD969 they duly suffered notorious persecution at the hands of the Byzantines.

Within 50 years of the Byzantine defeat by the Seljuk Turks at Manzikert in 1071, an incoming Turkic tribe, the Mengujek, were established on the Çaltı Çayı at Divriği and on the Euphrates, at Kemah and Erzincan. Though allied by either blood or marriage to the Sultans of Rum, the three petty fiefdoms were nonetheless their rivals.

For almost 200 years, which ended when the Mongols overran the Mengujek lands in 1251, the emirs at Divriği prospered. It was a time of reconciliation and synthesis, when political alliances, taking little account of religion, were quickly forged to hold back the Mongol threat. Within the citadel, the massive bastions and curtain walls of the castle were rebuilt to present a formidable deterrent to invaders, and a three-aisled castle mosque of "unshaped field stones" was completed in 1180. The 12th-century town spilled out beyond the walls and new markets opened to merchants and artisans of every race and creed; conical *kümbets*, memorials to the Mengujekid dead, were erected among the settlements of newly arrived Türkmen migrants.

In the second decade of the 13th century, when Seljuk Anatolian architecture was at its peak, the



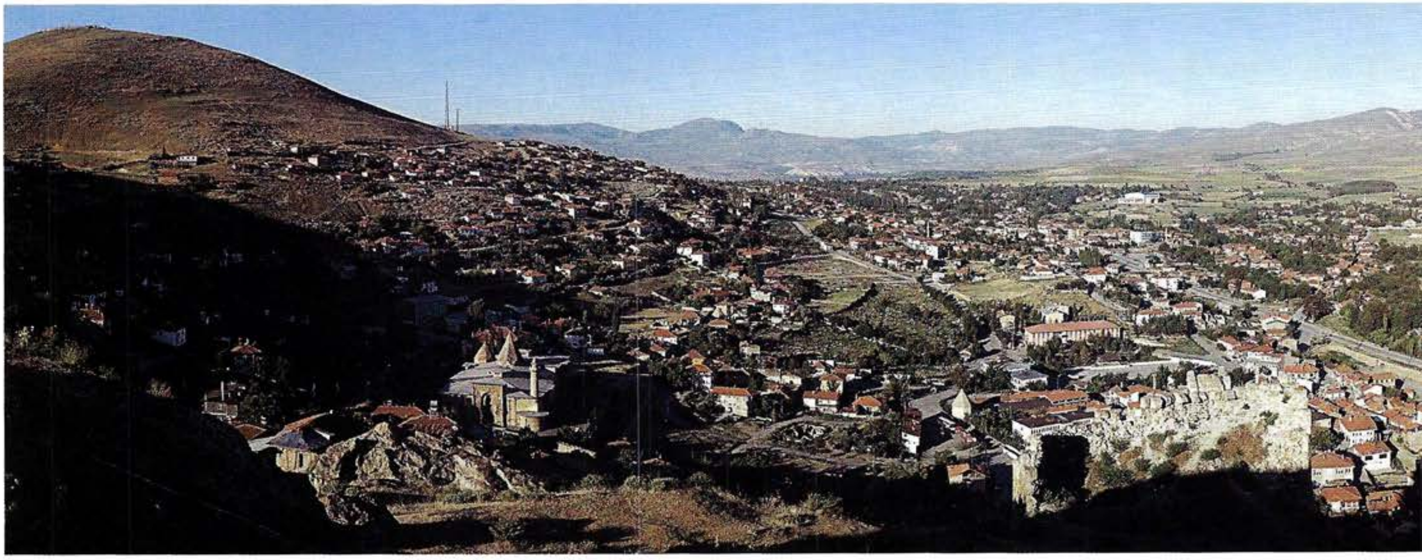
Mevlâna, Celaleddin Rumi, teaching at Konya, was journeying to and from Damascus and may have passed through Divriği. It was then that the ruler of the provincial but cosmopolitan little town, Ahmed Shah, and Turan Melik, very possibly his wife, commissioned a dual foundation of Friday mosque and hospital – *cami* and *şifahane*.

That Seljuk Anatolia attached great importance to medicine and that hospitals were free to all is well known, but what was unusual was to have a mosque and a hospital beneath one roof. It has been suggested that this was a safeguard against theft. More likely it was for convenience rather than security, for the site chosen was on a steep, barren and empty hillside, a 20-minute walk from both the citadel and the new settlements above the river.

Of the construction of the mosque-hospital complex and its use over the centuries, few records remain. The resources lavished on it by Ahmed Shah and Turan Melik doubtless derived from trade as well as the rich iron-ore deposits in the region. Details of the quarrying, the levelling of the platform on which the building was to stand, its construction and the decoration on its three portals, and the more restrained ornamentation of the side walls, are unrecorded, but they must have involved hundreds of workers over several years.

From inscriptions we learn that the foundation date was 1228. We also learn that the architect-master mason was one Khurramshah of Ahlat and that in 1241 the *mimber* (pulpit) was completed by the woodcarver Ahmed of Tiflis. It is safe to assume that the nearby quarries producing the ashlar blocks of red and yellow sandstone, ideal for stone

'Captain Fred Burnaby, an English cavalry officer on regimental leave, struggled into Divriği from the west in dense mist and deep snow, having waded several miles through slush "nearly breast high"'



THE CITY SEEN FROM THE CITADEL
DIVRIĞI LIES ALMOST 1,000 METRES ABOVE SEA LEVEL, AN ENCLAVE SURROUNDED BY IRON-RICH MOUNTAINS AND TREACHEROUS PASSES. THE GREAT MOSQUE AND HOSPITAL, BUILT OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS, FACE THE CITADEL ON THE FAR LEFT. THE ÇALTI ÇAYI, A TRIBUTARY OF THE EUPHRATES, FLOWS THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE VALLEY

carvers, were owned by affluent "Christian" denizens. But transporting the stone and levelling the platform cut into the hill may well have required a migrant workforce. Stylistic evidence points to separate teams of craftsmen.

The Seljuks exploited the rich artistic heritage of the towns they took from the Byzantines. By the 13th century itinerant master craftsmen from Persia, Caucasia and Syria were working within their empire. The craftsmen working on the mosque-hospital complex were almost certainly cosmopolitan travelling experts employed for a season or two to carve freely, perhaps even according to whim. The result was the near-miraculous transformation of three entrance doors into monumental virtuoso portals.

The redoubtable Evliya Çelebi, serving as a customs clerk in Erzurum in the17th century, was captivated by Divriği. Describing the "invincible" castle, he tells of its marvellous cannons, which were fired with great noise at *bayram*. We learn how in summer, when the citadel's cisterns ran dry, water was pumped up from the river through a deep shaft, and he tells of the fine houses of an "embellished city". Ever fond of cats, he describes the luxurious fur of the brick-red Divriği cat, used by merchants, pashas and *beys* to line their topcoats against the winds of the Anatolian winter, and taken to Persia as coveted presents or to be auctioned in cages in the bazaars of Erdebil.

Importantly, he finds "the delicate works of art" on all the walls of the Ulu Cami in "perfect condition". "The carving is so skilled that even the Yıldırım Mosque in Bursa... the carved mimber in Sinop and the Ebulfeth Mosque in Athens in the land of Rum cannot compete with the skill and inventiveness of Divriği's Mosque."

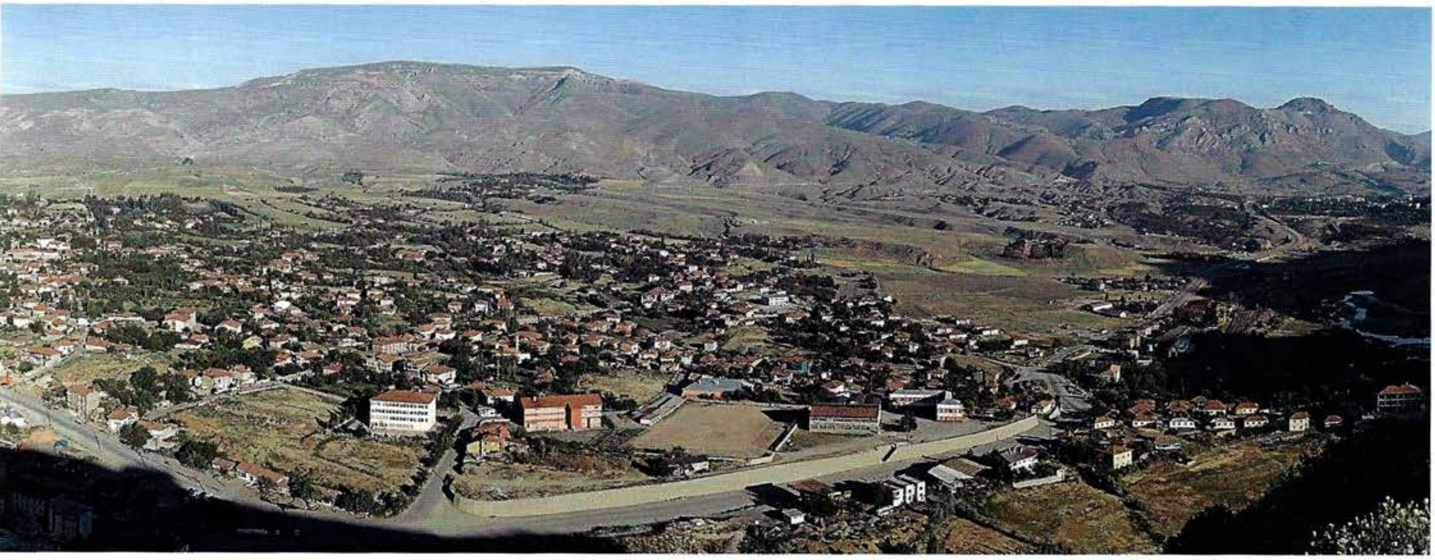
In the late autumn of 1876, Captain Fred Burnaby, an English cavalry officer on regimental leave, struggled into Divriği from the west in dense mist and deep snow, having waded several miles through slush "nearly breast high". As a soldier on leave from the British Army, crossing Anatolia by horse with his soldier-servant, his interest lay more in the old ruined citadel "perched on a seemingly inaccessible rock" than the "numerous minarets and domes lying as it were in miniature below". Locals assumed that he had ridden in on "business connected with the mines", which he was told had been worked "several hundred years ago when people knew how to get at the treasures which lie hid beneath the ground". Having been told that "for the present there was no active trade in Divriği", he walked to the citadel, which he found inhabited only by dogs and lizards.

When the mosque's prayer hall closed we cannot be certain. By 1900 the hospital was being used as a hay barn. During the Second World War, treasures from the Topkapı Palace were housed in the mosque for safekeeping.

I first glimpsed Divriği during the high summer of 1961. I arrived by train from Ankara, taking the *ekspres* to Kayseri, the *posta* to Sivas, and finally the Simeryol to Erzurum, which reached Divriği as the sun came up. The Simeryol (Sivas–Malatya–Erzurum) line was the dream of the new Republic, and Divriği was doubtless covered in order to shift its valuable iron ore economically. Designed to connect the chief towns of Anatolia and eventually to join up with the railway to Kars and the Russian frontier, it was begun in 1933 at both ends, which explains why not all the tunnels met in the middle. It took six years to build, and at times 10,000 men were working to make bridges, cut tunnels and finally shovel earth over hard core to build the single-track railway.

The journey can still be done by train, though most visitors now come by car. They may rub shoulders with the engineers and executives of the mining and smelting enterprises that are still the source of Divriği's wealth, but they will not encounter a Divriği cat. Brick-red carpets are no longer woven from local wool coloured with dyes derived from local minerals; the long-toed leather slipper which resists mud and slush is no longer made. But the Divriği people are still as "generous and charitable" as Evliya Çelebi reported, and I can vouch that the black, purple and white mulberries, from which the Divriği compôtes (*hoşab*), molasses (*pekmez*) and sherbets are made, remain unrivalled. ◆

For Patricia Daunt's articles see cornucopia.net/daunt.html



SEVEN DECADES OF SUBLIME ARCHITECTURE

Michael Hornsby picks some of Divriği's amazing Anatolian contemporaries

The Tombstones of Ahlat, Lake Van, 12th and 13th Centuries

An ancient city on the shores of Lake Van, Ahlat boasts ranks of monolithic tombstones carved in Seljuk style with geometric patterns. The architect of Divriği's Great Mosque came from here, and the stones give a clue to the tradition from which many Seljuk façades sprang.

Great Mosque of Dunaysir, Kiziltepe, 1204

In an area subject to early Islamic influence under the Arabs, this Artukid mosque shows an intriguing convergence of southern styles and the Anatolian stone medium. Restored to not quite its former glory, the stonework round the prayer-hall archways has a peculiar charm.

İzzeddin Keykavus Hospital and Mausoleum, Sivas, 1217

The largest hospital of its kind in Anatolia, endowed by Sultan İzzeddin Keykavus. The portal stonework is not in the best condition, but the Azeri master Ahmet of Murand brought the Iranian love of tricks with red and blue bricks to the sultan's tomb with dazzling effect.

Huand Hatun Complex Kayseri, 1237–8

The hammam of Anatolia's earliest multi-purpose Seljuk complex was probably the first feature to be built here, and remarkably is still in use. It was donated by the wife of the legendary Alaeddin Keykubad I, Mahperi Huand Hatun, who has a beautifully decorated tomb in a corner of the mosque.

Sahip Ata Complex Konya, 1258

The patron-vizier's complex is now little more than an impressive façade. While most of the wooden-pillared mosque is gone, the tiled mihrab is a glimmering cosmos in blue and black, with gorgeous palmettes at its heart.

İnce Minareli Medrese Konya, 1260–65

Probably the most iconic Seljuk façade, this is an explosion of artistry, in contrast to the repetitiveness of some Seljuk stonework. Its eponymous "thin minaret", once much higher, is set to the side so as not to distract from the superb design by the architect Koluk bin Abdullah.

Gök Medrese Sivas, 1271

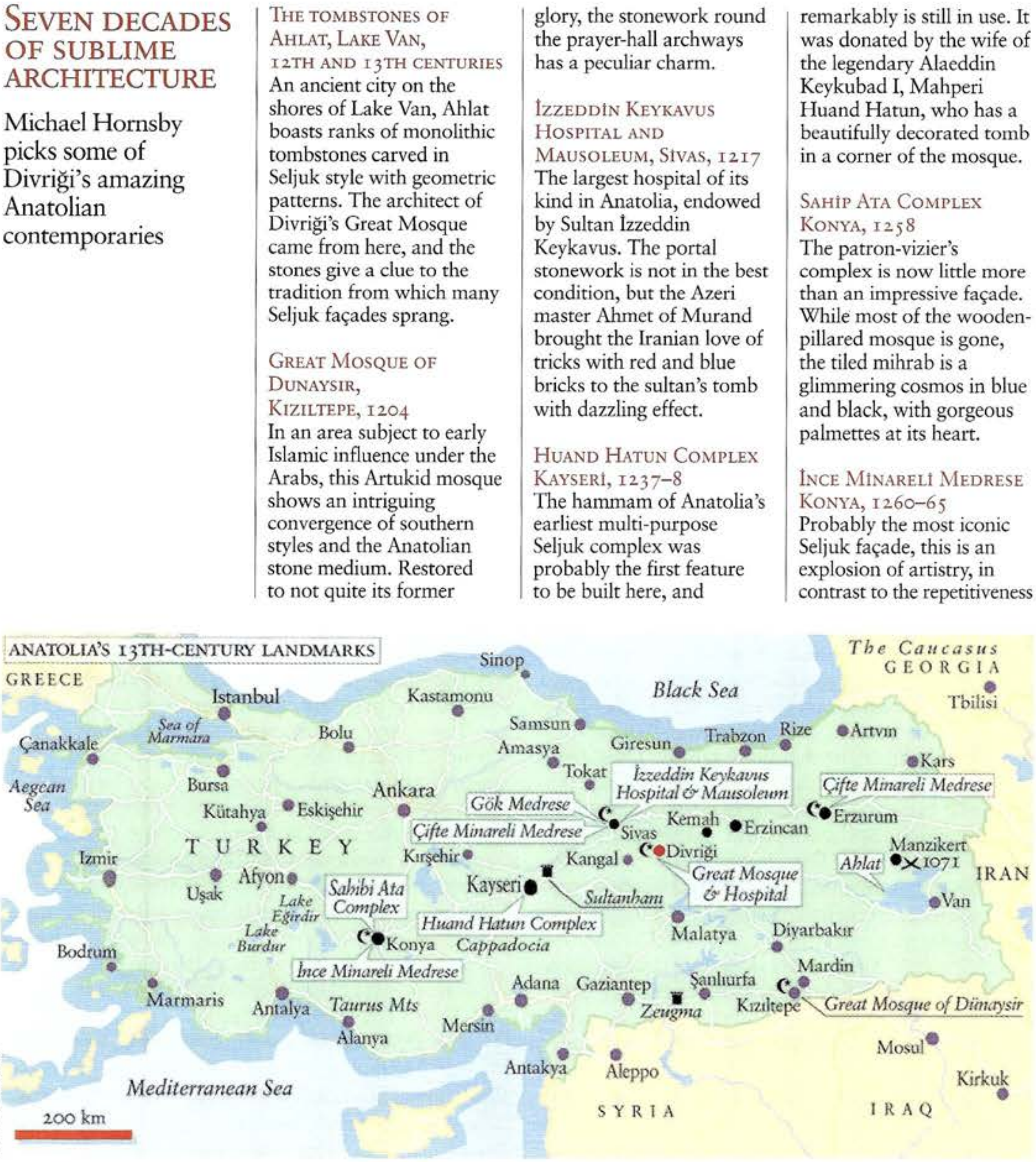
Vizier Sahip Ata Fehrettin Ali didn't shy away from making suggestions to his architect, Koluk bin Abdullah. A fondness for plain "ropes" of stone, also seen in the İnce Minareli Medrese, betrays the patron's hand.

Çifte Minareli Medrese Sivas, 1271

The intricate carving on the façade of this colossal medrese offsets the imposing twin brick minarets that give it its name. Şemseddin Cüveyni endowed it in the year Sahip Ata donated the Gök Medrese. Less remains, but its elegance gives it the edge over its busier neighbour.

Çifte Minareli Medrese Erzurum, before 1277

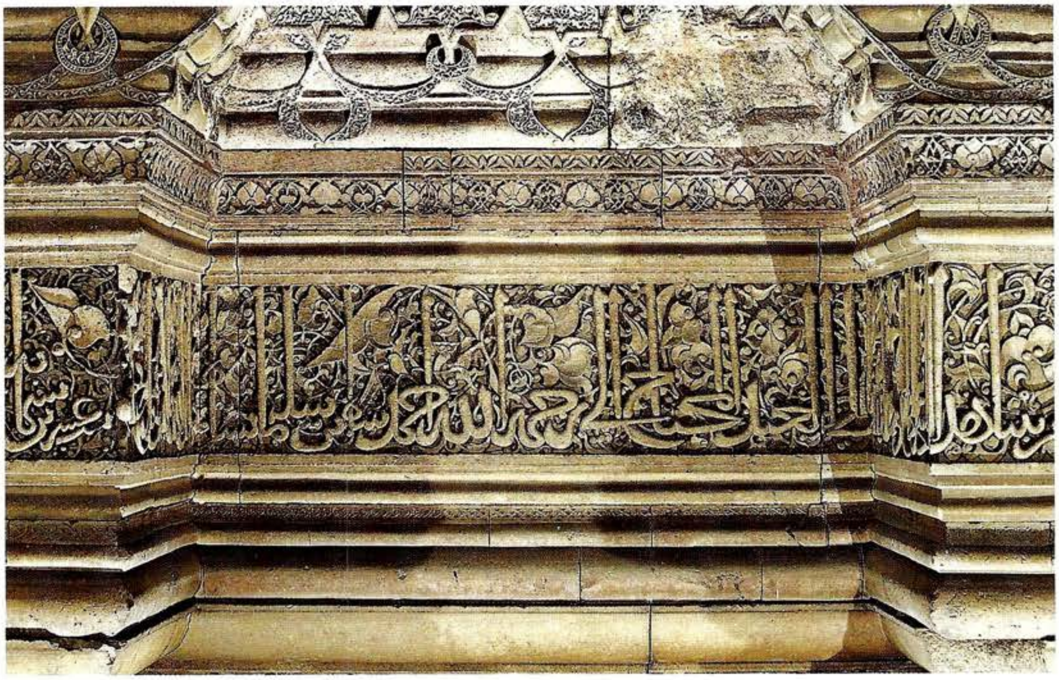
The carving on this colossal medrese was never completed, and its date is debatable, but the scale of the construction and the carving on the portal put it on a par with its rough contemporary, the Gök Medrese in Sivas. Note the important motif of a double-headed eagle over a tree of life at the foot of the right-hand minaret.


ANATOLIA'S 13TH-CENTURY LANDMARKS
GREECE
Istanbul
Sea of Marmara
Çanakkale
Aegean Sea
Bursa
Bolu
Kastamonu
Sinop
Black Sea
Samsun
Amasya
Tokat
Giresun
Trabzon
Rize
Artvin
The Caucasus
GEORGIA
Tbilisi
Kars
Ankara
Kütahya
Eskişehir
Gök Medrese
İzzeddin Keykavus Hospital & Mausoleum
Çifte Minareli Medrese
Çifte Minareli Medrese
Sivas
Kemah
Erzincan
Erzurum
TURKEY
İzmir
Kırşehir
Kangal
Divriği
Manzikert
Ahlat
1071
IRAN
Afyon
Uşak
Lake Eğirdir
Lake Burdur
Sahibi Ata Complex
Kayseri
Sultanhanı
Great Mosque & Hospital
Van
Huand Hatun Complex
Konya
Cappadocia
Malatya
Diyarbakır
Bodrum
İnce Minareli Medrese
Mardin
Marmaris
Antalya
Taurus Mts
Adana
Gaziantep
Şanlıurfa
Zeugma
Kızıltepe
Great Mosque of Dünaysir
Alanya
Mersin
Mosul
Antakya
Aleppo
Kirkuk
Mediterranean Sea
SYRIA
IRAQ
200 km

SUSANNA HICKLING

THE HOUSE OF MENGUJEK...

OYA PANCAROĞLU TELLS THE STORY OF THE LOST DYNASTY THAT BUILT DİVRİĞİ. OPPOSITE, SHE PUTS NAMES TO THE CRAFTSMEN WHO CREATED THIS MEDIEVAL WONDER



ABOVE RIGHT: 'IN THE NAME OF GOD MOST HIGH, THIS CONGREGATIONAL MOSQUE WAS ORDERED TO BE BUILT BY THE SLAVE AHMED SHAH SON OF SÜLEYMAN SHAH WHO BEGS GOD'S MERCY, MAY GOD PERPETUATE HIS REIGN, IN THE YEAR 626' (1228–29). THE REMARKABLE DEDICATION INSCRIPTION ON THE NORTH PORTAL UNIQUELY FOLLOWS THE CONTOURS OF THE DEEPLY RECESSED DOORWAY

One among the handful of Türkmen dynasties to establish themselves in Anatolia in the wake of the Battle of Manzikert in 1071, the Mengujekids appear to have their origins in the military élite of the Great Seljuk Empire. Not much is known of the dynasty's mysterious eponymous founder, Mengujek Ghazi, probably a former general who took possession of the region of the upper Euphrates valley around the year 1080. His descendants continued to rule in the cities of Erzincan, Kemah, and Divriği through the 12th century, at a time when the balance of power was constantly shifting between the multiple political entities of post-Manzikert Anatolia, including the Danishmendids, the Seljuks and the Saltukids, as well as the Byzantines and the Armenians of Cilicia.

In the highly variable circumstances of the 12th century, the Mengujekids managed to hold on to their territories, though they eventually yielded to the ancient Turkic custom of power-sharing among members of the ruling family. Thus, from the middle of the 12th century, Erzincan and Kemah came to be ruled by one branch of the Mengujekid family, which rose to relative political prominence, while Divriği was ruled by another.

This arrangement continued until 1228, when the Erzincan branch was divested of its power and territories as a result of being annexed by the Seljuk sultan Alaeddin Keykubad. That Divriği was spared from this Seljuk expansionism is evident from the numerous dated inscriptions that confirm the remarkable continuation of the Mengujekid dynastic line in Divriği until the 1250s. How the Divriği Mengujekids survived both the Seljuk advances of the 1220s and 1230s and the Mongol invasion of 1243 remains a mystery, as no extant medieval text makes any mention of this branch of the dynasty. Indeed, their existence is attested only by epigraphic evidence on buildings and coins.

Yet, as recorded in the Ottoman tax registers of the early 16th century, the descendants of the Mengujekids continued to endow properties for the Mosque and Hospital complex – the latter having apparently functioned as a medrese since the 14th century. This reveals the enduring prestige of the Mengujekid identity even after the dynasty died out in the second half of the 13th century.

The two branches of the dynasty are united in the Mosque and Hospital complex of 1228–9. The mosque was built by the Mengujekid ruler of Divriği, Ahmed Shah, and the hospital by Turan Melik, who, judging from the family lineage provided in her foundation inscription, was a daughter of Fahreddin Behramshah, most famous of the Mengujekid dynasts, who ruled for six decades in Erzincan, from the 1160s until 1225.

The image of Behramshah as a just and beneficent ruler who turned Erzincan into a significant cultural centre in the late 12th and early 13th centuries comes alive in the Seljuk historian Ibn Bibi's laudatory account of his reign. No medieval architecture survives from Erzincan, which lies on the destructive North Anatolian fault line, but Behramshah's place in the cultural history of Anatolia was assured by his patronage of the pre-eminent Persian poet Nizami's mystical-didactic work, *Makhzan al-Asrar* (*Treasury of Secrets*).

The architectural patronage of his daughter, Turan Melik, and Ahmed Shah, her partner-in-patronage (and perhaps husband as well), stands as testament to the Mengujekids' contribution to the cultural dynamism of medieval Anatolia.

Adapted from '*The Mosque–Hospital Complex in Divriği: A History of Relations and Transitions*', by Oya Pancaroğlu, in the journal *Anadolu ve Çevresinde Ortaçağ No 3*, published in Ankara by AKVAD, 2009

...AND THE ARTISTS WHO CREATED DİVRİĞİ

'Competition for cultural prestige between the various urban centres encouraged the mobility of artists'

The Mosque and Hospital complex of Divriği continues to challenge art historians' attempts to interpret the unique decoration, especially of its portals. But the presence of an artist's signature in both buildings suggests a particular geographical connection. The two signatures appear to belong to the same person, whose name, Khurramshah al-Khilati, indicates a personal or family background in the city of Ahlat (medieval Khilat) on the northwestern shore of Lake Van.

The medieval architecture of Ahlat, however, does not furnish any obvious parallels to Divriği, perhaps because of the dearth of buildings that can be dated to the pre-Mongol period. Yet Ahlat's extensive medieval cemeteries have long been recognised for the exquisite stone carvings on the tombstones. The presence of artists' signatures on these tombstones points to Ahlat being a vibrant and innovative artistic environment from the 12th century onwards.

Artists trained in Ahlat were evidently in demand in other parts of Anatolia: at a time of political fragmentation competition for cultural prestige between the various urban centres encouraged the mobility of artists. The competitiveness of medieval Ahlat as an artistic centre can be gauged from the magnificent quality of the stone craftsmanship and the sophistication of the predominantly geometric designs.

Skilled artists may have been further encouraged to seek employment elsewhere by a series of unfortunate events that afflicted Ahlat in the early 13th century, including earthquakes, political changes and military assaults.

The "miracle" of Divriği's designs may owe their lasting impact, then, to the cultural dynamism of Ahlat, the mobility of artists in medieval Anatolia, and the opportunities for creative synthesis offered by this important commission.

At the heart of the remarkable stone carvings of both mosque and hospital lies a sophisticated grasp of the design process. Incised designs discovered on the masonry have been shown to be the geometric blueprint for the proportions of the mosque portal.

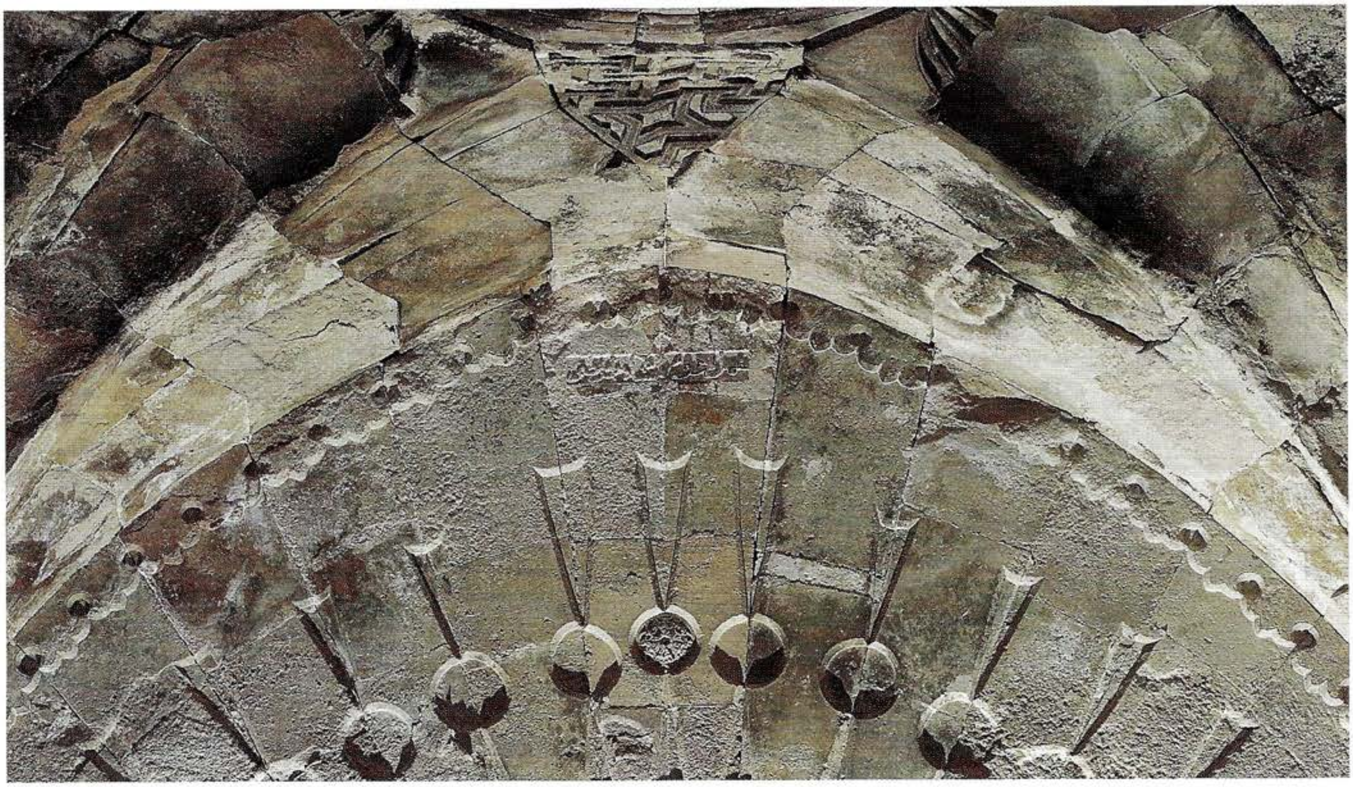
Geometry underlies both the predominantly stylised vegetal decorations of the portals and the more obviously geometric star patterns decorating the portal on the mosque's eastern wall and the wooden *mimber* within.

While the signature on the former is only partially legible, the latter is clearly signed by an artist named Ahmed ibn Ibrahim al-Tiflisi. As in the case of Khurramshah al-Khilati, it is not possible to ascertain whether the artist himself hailed from Tbilisi or belonged to an émigré family living in Anatolia but originating in Georgia.

Regardless, his work represents one of the finest surviving examples of interlacing star patterns executed in woodwork in Anatolia, and it remains the sole reminder of the mosque and hospital's magnificent interior furnishings. ◆

Dr Oya Pancaroğlu teaches in the Department of History at Boğaziçi University, Istanbul, and is the author of *Perpetual Glory: Medieval Islamic Ceramics from the Harvey B Plotnick Collection* (Yale University Press, 2007)

BELOW: THE SIGNATURE OF THE MASTER BUILDER, KHURRAMSHAH AL-KHILATI, IN THE HOSPITAL'S EAST 'EYVAN', OPPOSITE THE ENTRANCE



MEET THE ANCESTORS

The floor of the Great Mosque of Divriği was once a blaze of colour, covered with legendary carpets. Its so-called 'Ancestor' rugs include perhaps the oldest Islamic carpet to survive in reasonable condition. Following a serious theft in the 1970s, the collection is now housed in Istanbul. Daniel Shaffer explains what makes it unique

Few places are more important in the story of the Turkish knotted-pile carpet (*halı*) than the Great Mosque of Divriği. Thanks to the charitable tradition of *vakf* (pious donation), the mosque served as a remarkable repository, a true treasure house, for some of the most inspirational surviving early Anatolian carpets, and for carpets from far beyond.

The Divriği carpets extend across over half a millennium. In addition to Turkish rugs, there are significant pieces from the Caucasus, northwest Iran and Syria. They first came to the attention of connoisseurs in the early 1960s, when they were seen by the patron of Turkish carpet studies, Professor Kurt Erdmann of Istanbul University, and his protégé Şerare Yetkin, who illustrated a handful of them in the 1974 Turkish first edition of her ubiquitous *Historical Turkish Carpets* (Istanbul 1981).

In 1972 a group that included the eminent US carpet guru Charles Grant Ellis visited Divriği to photograph and analyse the carpets. Ellis went on to introduce them at the first International Conference on Oriental Carpets (Icoc) in London in 1976, and in 1978 some were shown in black and white in an article by Belkıs Acar (Balpınar) on the Divriği complex.

Soon afterwards the carpets were heard of in very different circumstances, when 24 were stolen from the mosque. Fortunately, all but three were recovered in 1982. For safekeeping they then joined other Divriği holdings in the care of the Vakıflar Directorate in Istanbul.

Since 1972, Balpınar and her colleagues, first at the Turkish and Islamic Arts Museum (Tiem), then at the Istanbul Vakıflar Carpet Museum, had been assembling and cataloguing carpets from mosques, tombs and Vakıf depots all over Anatolia. This eventually led to the museum's installation in the sultan's annexe at the Sultan Ahmed Mosque in 1979. Fourteen Divriği carpets were among the 83 displayed.

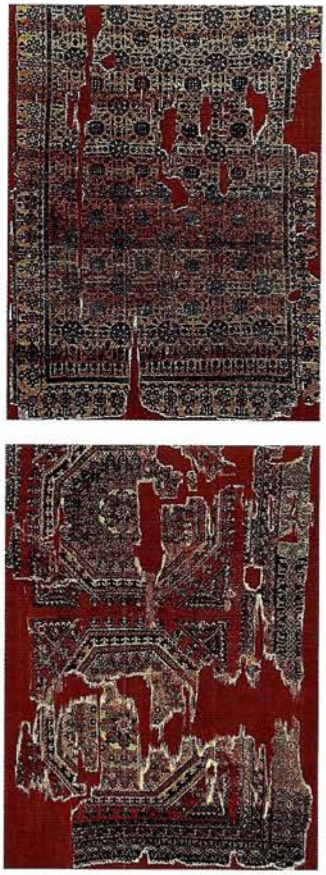
Skip forward more decades, past reasonable fears that the Divriği carpets and their fellows were at risk from uncertain conditions at the irregularly accessible Sultanahmet site, to the 11th Icoc in Istanbul in 2007. One of the triumphs of this event was the co-operation with the Vakıflar authorities that resulted in an extraordinary, ephemeral display of well-conserved carpets from Divriği and elsewhere in freshly refurbished quarters in the old Imaret (soup kitchen) of Ayasofya.

What makes the Divriği carpets so special? The two earliest examples, hailed as "ancestor carpets" (illustrated), are widely discussed in the specialist literature. In age and art-historical importance they rival the "Seljuk" carpets from Konya and Beyşehir now in the Turkish and Islamic Arts Museum. Firmly established in the canon of comparison, yet still posing many questions, they speak of a sophisticated early weaving tradition in eastern Anatolia with powerful links to the east, south and west. With complex designs and accomplished execution, including elaborate kufesque borders with properly planned corner resolutions, these are arguably two of the oldest Islamic carpets to have survived in reasonable condition, the larger and coarser "Seljuk" pieces notwithstanding.

In design, the two-octagon carpet is a precursor to the well-known Ottoman "large-pattern Holbeins", but rendered with an elegant complexity far greater than other examples. The two-colour "compartment-design" carpet is from a different weaving centre. Many elements of its design recur in the somewhat later "para-Mamluk" and "Damascus compartment" carpets.

Otherwise, in addition to a group of early Caucasian Dragon-and-Blossom carpets, the Divriği collection includes great rug after great rug with more or less familiar designs from the classical Ottoman workshop tradition of the 15th and 16th centuries, and from the Anatolian provincial repertoire, but with an important difference.

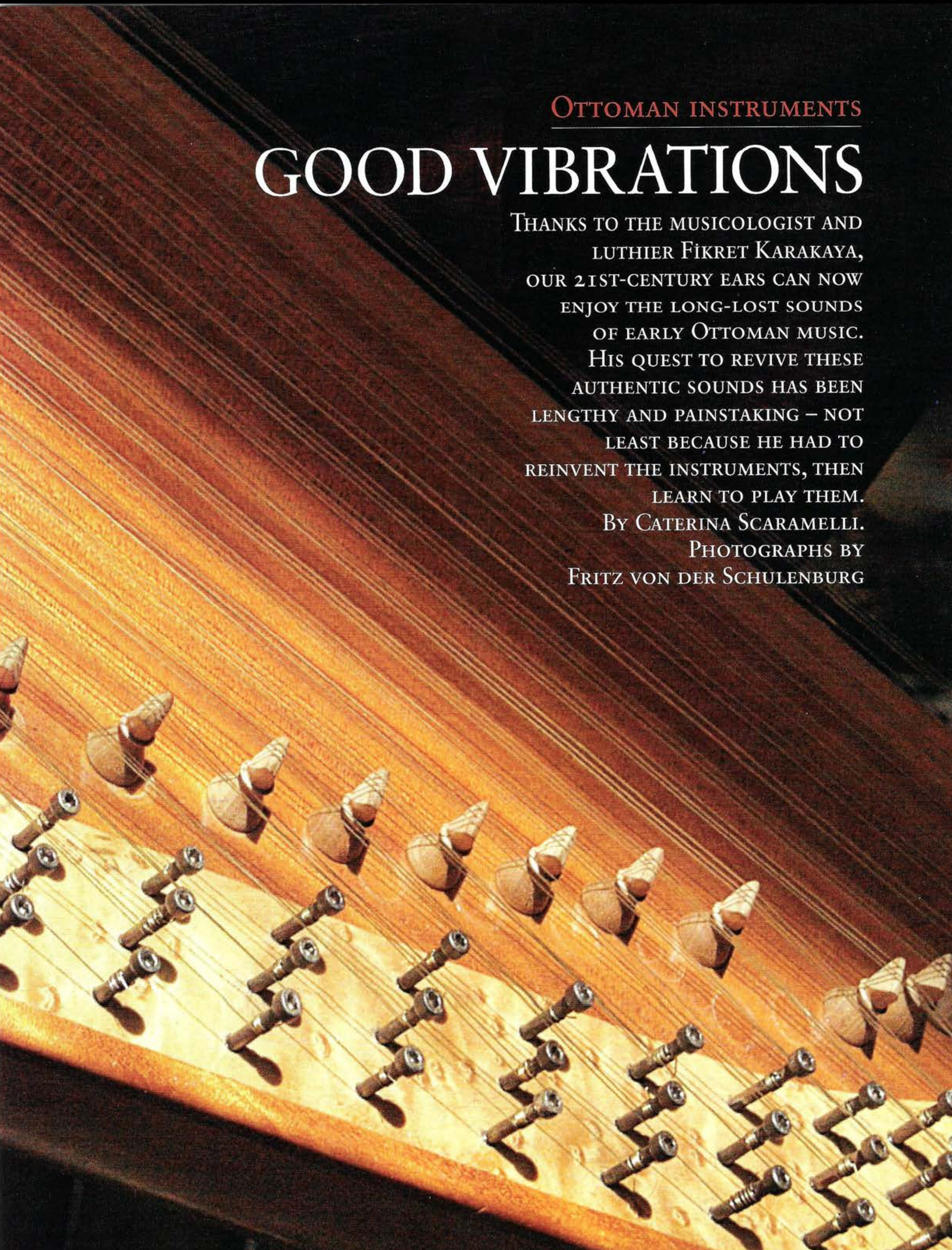
Ellis puts it best: The Ulu Cami "was still, just a few years ago, a treasure house of carpets. The trade routes brought supplies, in competition from the most likely commercial centres: from Ushak, far to the west; from the southern Caucasus and northwestern Persia to the eastern end; with samplings from the Konya area and even Damascus to the south. Yet rugs which might be characterized as products from several of these individual sources prove upon closer consideration to be uncharacteristic in varying degrees; their common features suggest that when distant supplies seemed too uncertain and too costly, there had been room for local enterprise to whip up a few 'Ushaks', a 'northwest Persian' or two, or a half-dozen 'Bergamas' while waiting for the next caravans to arrive." ◆



'Ancestor' rugs from Divriği now in Istanbul's Vakıflar Carpet Museum, both 4 metres long and dated to between the 13th and 15th centuries. Top and opposite above: a 'compartment-design' carpet woven in red and blue – 'para-Mamluk' and 'Damascus' rugs would follow suit. Above and opposite below: a two-octagon precursor to the Ottoman 'large-pattern Holbein' carpets. Woven in wool in a hitherto unknown weaving centre in southeast Anatolia, with its kufesque border and sophisticated corners, it rivals anything from the shrines of the Seljuk sultans in Beyşehir or Konya

Daniel Shaffer is executive editor of Hali Magazine (www.hali.com). The two carpets featured in this article, published courtesy of the Vakıflar Directorate, were centrepieces of the Icoc Vakıflar Carpet exhibition in Istanbul in 2007, and will be on show at the Vakıflar Carpet Museum due to reopen as part of the European Capital of Culture celebrations in Sultanahmet in 2010

This kanun – made by Fikret Karakaya for the Bezmârâ Ensemble to recapture the sound of the 17th century – was modelled on the Uighur kalun and Indian zither

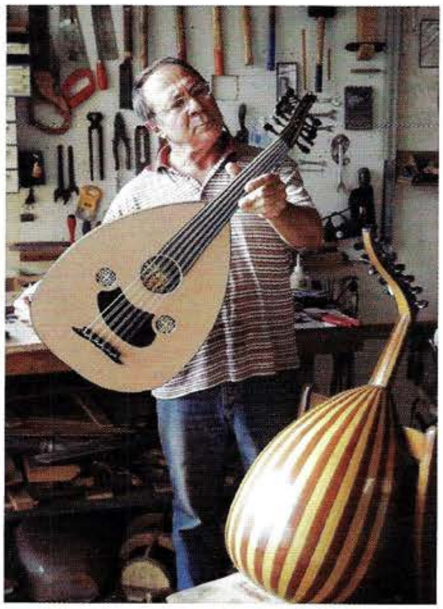


OTTOMAN INSTRUMENTS

GOOD VIBRATIONS

THANKS TO THE MUSICOLOGIST AND LUTHIER FİKRET KARAKAYA, OUR 21ST-CENTURY EARS CAN NOW ENJOY THE LONG-LOST SOUNDS OF EARLY OTTOMAN MUSIC. HIS QUEST TO REVIVE THESE AUTHENTIC SOUNDS HAS BEEN LENGTHY AND PAINSTAKING – NOT LEAST BECAUSE HE HAD TO REINVENT THE INSTRUMENTS, THEN LEARN TO PLAY THEM.

BY CATERINA SCARAMELLI.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

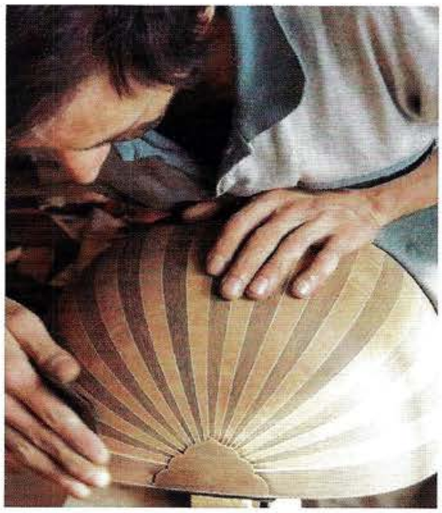


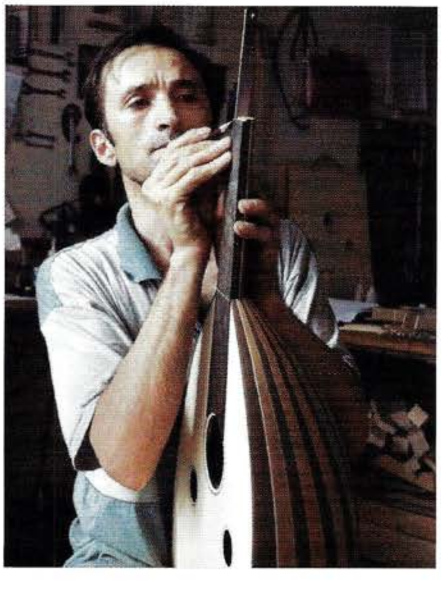
Right: ud shells await assembly in the Istanbul workshop of Faruk Türünz. Below them are the tools of the modern luthier's trade. Interestingly, the word 'lute' derives from the Arabic 'el-ud'

Left, top row: Faruk Bey, a master of ud lutherie, tries a newly built instrument, with contrasting ribs of cypress and juniper

Middle row, far left: the shell of an ud is made with thin ribs of wood, in this case walnut and rosewood, which are first bent individually and shaped against a mould, then glued together

Left and bottom row: the headpiece is then applied. Faruk Bey and his team use specially developed tools to even out any irregularities in the wood and achieve the perfect vibrations. The instrument's proportions are calculated using the laws of acoustics

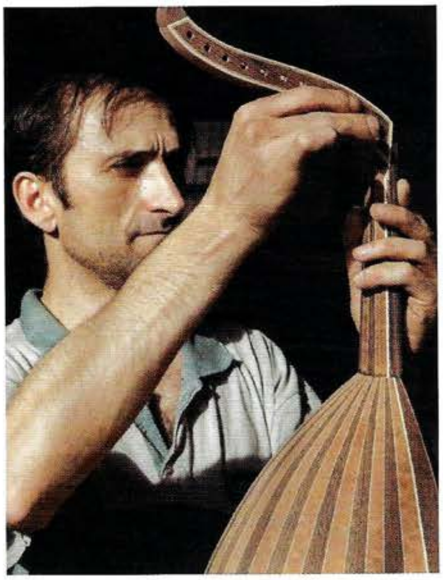


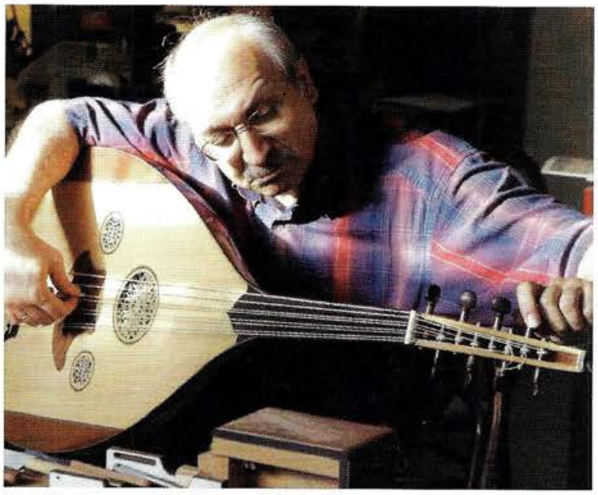


Buzzing sounds and a smell of warm glue filter through the grey metal door of the luthier's workshop and down a narrow Göztepe side street. My nostrils full of wood dust, I follow Faruk Türünz, a scientist of lutherie, from one room to the other as he guides me through the secrets of his craft – the physics of acoustics. The strangely shaped tools of his trade hang in orderly ranks on the walls, standing guard over skeletons of dismembered musical instruments. Five men are absorbed in their delicate work.

Fikret Karakaya – *kemençe* performer, philosopher, encyclopaedist, musicologist, historian and, above all, luthier and organologist – worked here alongside Faruk Bey for nearly a decade before moving to smaller, quieter premises. There, in a studio bursting at the seams with old books, instruments and records, Fikret Bey recounts how he came to realise his dream of playing Ottoman music of the 16th to the 18th centuries on immaculate reconstructions of the original instruments. And a great and arduous enterprise it was, for not only were these instruments constantly changing – falling out of fashion, then regaining popularity – but no original instruments from before the 18th century have survived to the present day.

Today, listening to a recording by the Bezmârâ Ensemble of a 17th-century *fasıl* concert, I hear these instruments, lost to the world for so long and now reborn. My ear wanders from the sound of a





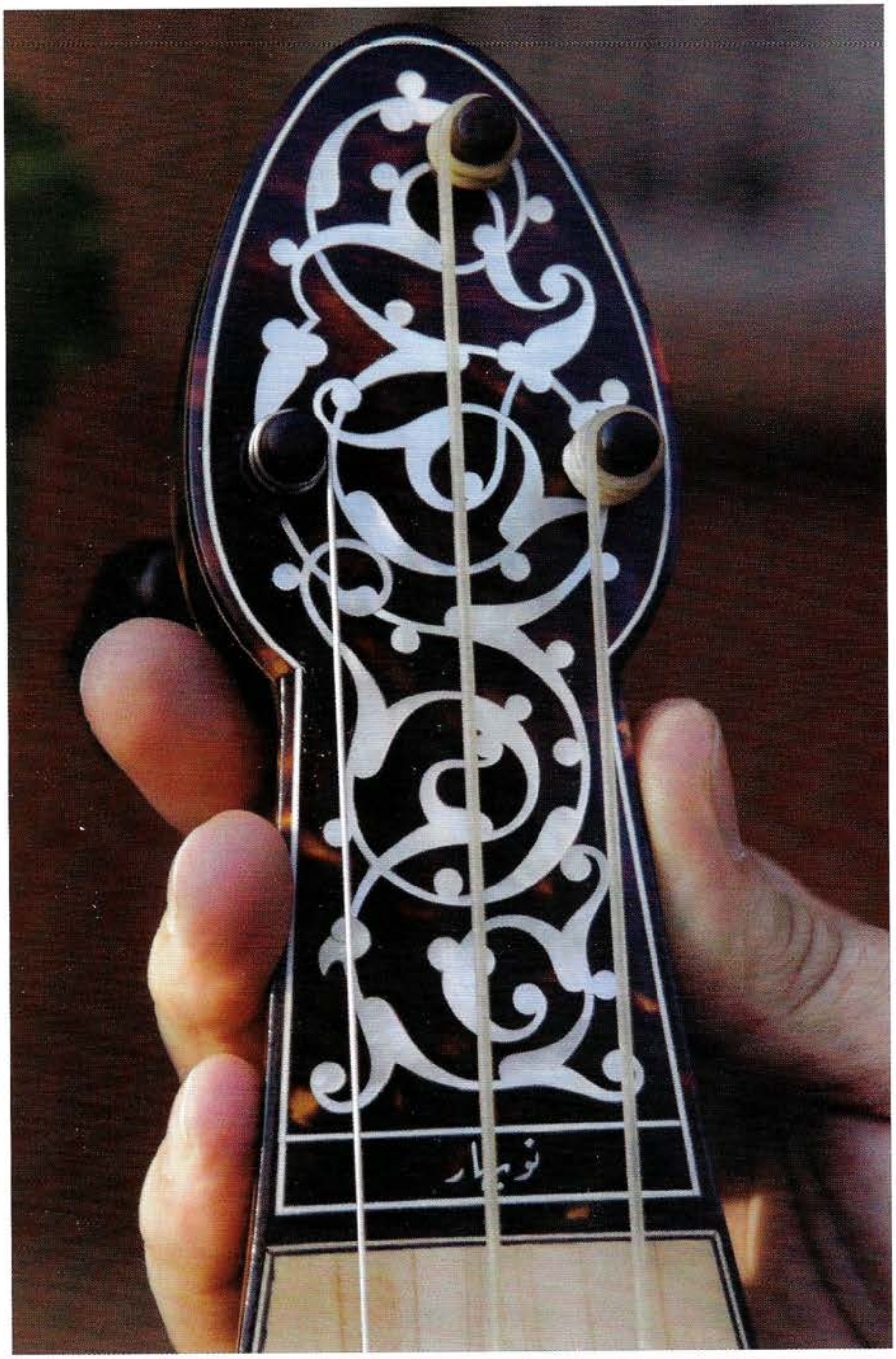
ABOVE: BUILDING AN UD IN FARUK TÜRÜNZ'S ATELIER. LEFT: FİKRET KARAKAYA ON THE ŞEHRÛD, A DEEP-VOICED LUTE TUNED TO ONE OCTAVE BELOW A NORMAL UD. OPPOSITE AND BELOW: THE INLAID HEAD AND PEAR-SHAPED SHELL OF A KEMENÇE, WHICH IS PLAYED UPRIGHT WITH A BOW. BELOW LEFT: PLUCKING A KANUN, A POPULAR INSTRUMENT FOR WOMEN IN THE 19TH CENTURY

plucked lute to that of an unfamiliar string. Over it all, the *ney* blows softly yet at times piercingly, while a deeper lute is plucked an octave lower. The pattern of these *makams* is ethereal and worldly, both grave and witty at the same time.

The Bezmârâ project was born in 1995. At the time Fikret Karakaya was writing a book on musical instruments of the world and performing on the *kemençe*, a small pear-shaped instrument played vertically with a bow, for TRT Radio. His initial idea was to produce a record of music from the collection of Dimitri Kantemir, a fascinating historical figure. This Moldavian prince, the son of the *voyvoda* (governor) of Moldavia, had been sent to Istanbul as a hostage to guarantee his father's loyalty and lived there between 1687 and 1710. Kantemiroğlu, as he is known in Turkey, was an intellectual – a historian, an accomplished *tanbur* player and composer – as well as a witty politician. Before escaping to Russia after a failed attempt to gain Moldavia's independence via a secret pact with the Tsar, Kantemir devised a letter-based notation system to write down a collection of 352 instrumental Ottoman pieces – 315 *peşrev* and 37 *semâi* – and an accompanying theoretical treatise.

Fikret's project, under the patronage of the French Institute of Anatolian Studies in Istanbul, soon grew beyond Kantemir's collection. Why not reconstruct the lost instruments and train musicians to play them again? Fikret had been playing the *kemençe* since his years at Istanbul's Academy of Fine Arts and later at the University's faculty of philosophy. Now he learnt how to build it, thanks to his luthier friends in Göztepe.

The Ottoman musical world was an extremely lively one. Music permeated all strata of society and travelled over long distances. Developments in instrumentation followed changing cultural and political influences, wars and migratory flows. The Topkapı Palace was a centre of musical teaching and performance, with a room dedicated to musical instruction. Slave musicians performed in concert ensembles, as did professional ones who were on the payroll. Women played the *çeng* or, later, the *kanun*. Mevlevi convents provided further centres of music: Mevlevi dervishes developed an instrumental tradition and entered and influenced the courtly ensemble, especially at the end of the 18th century. *Mehter* military music was yet another discipline. Many



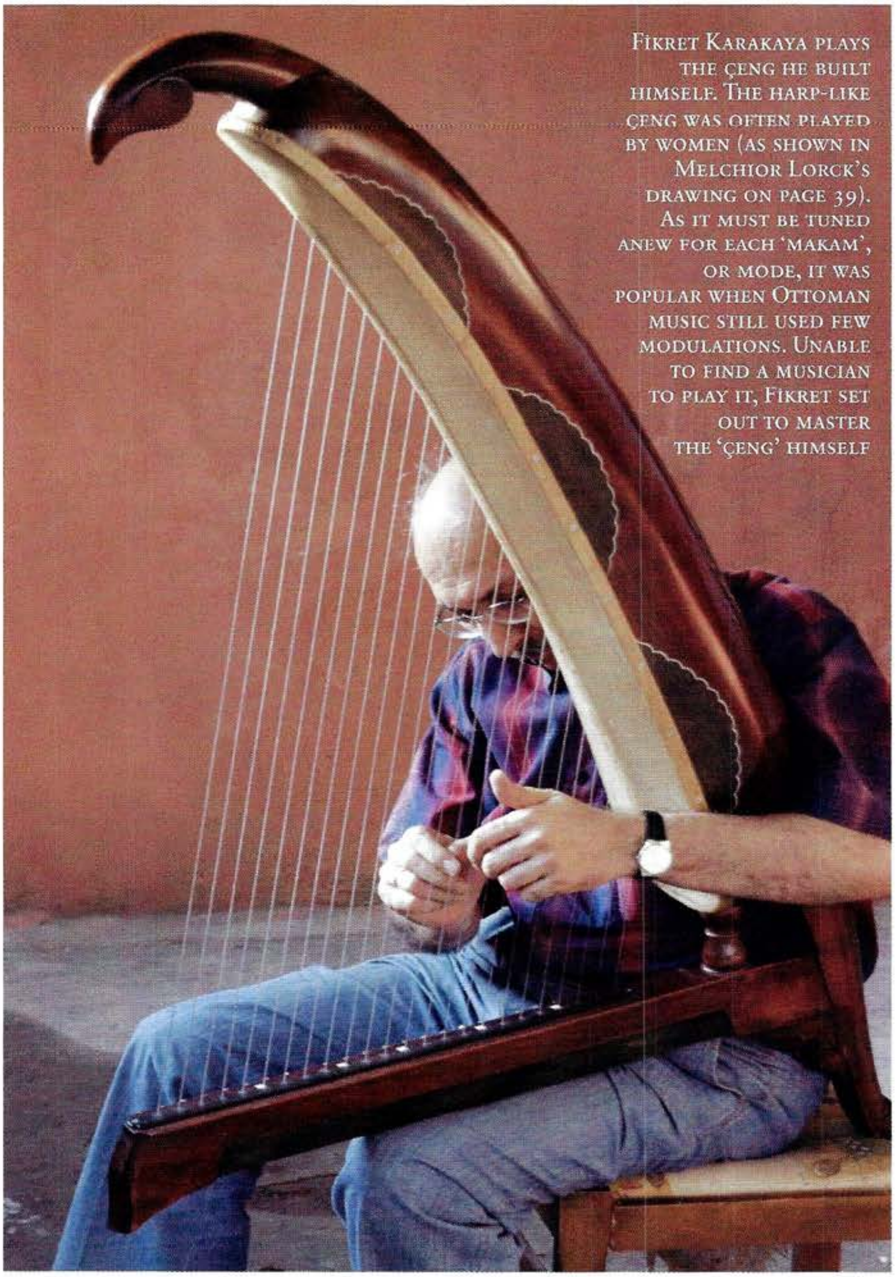
aristocrats and intellectuals – even sultans – were skilled amateur musicians. The secular and the religious, the grand and the popular – all played a part.

At the end of the 17th century a unique Turkish Ottoman musical tradition emerged: modulations between different *makam* (modes) became frequent; *taksim* (improvisations) grew longer and freer, coming to constitute a genre in their own right; and *fasıl* (instrumental) concerts took new forms. Instruments that in Persia merely accompanied the voice became the protagonists in purely instrumental compositions, *peşrevs* and *semâî*. These changes in the social life of instruments hint at the scope and complexity of the Bezmârâ project.

The Ottoman–Safavid wars, beginning in the 16th century, had brought Ottoman music into closer contact with that of the Persian world. Scores of *Acem* (Persian) musicians played at the palace. But by the 17th century a new style surfaced and many Persian instruments left the scene. The delicate *mıskâl* (a pan flute) disappeared. The mystical, wailing *ney*, a wind instrument, was no longer played by the *Acem* musicians and changed its shape: by the 18th century it was the star of the Ottoman orchestra. The sensuous and difficult-to-master *çeng*, with its joyful but timid sound, an instrument played by both men and women, fell into oblivion, along with the trapezoidal plucked *kanun*, which would reappear in a new form in the 18th century. Its old cousin, the hammered *santur* (dulcimer), an instrument with Iranian roots, joined the 17th-century ensemble, but by the mid-19th century had retreated, its tuning unable to accommodate the micro-intervals of Turkish music. Today's Iranian *santurs* are very different from the Ottoman ones, of which none survive from before the 19th century.

The *kopuz*, a lute half-covered in leather, and the *ud* (*barbat* in Persian), a large-bodied short-necked lute played with a plectrum, proudly dominated the 16th-century courtly ensemble, their masters receiving the highest salaries in the palace. The *ud* remained the most popular courtly instrument until the 17th century, when it fell from favour and disappeared. Both *kopuz* and *ud* were overtaken by the six-stringed *tanbur*, an ancient fretted lute, different versions of which exist in Anatolia, and, eventually, by the guitar. The *ud* did not return until the early 20th century, via Syria and Egypt. A larger, big-bellied lute, the *şehrûd*, appeared frequently in 16th-century miniatures, virtually hiding the player behind its large body. Tuned an octave below, it gave depth to the songs it accompanied. But by the 18th century the Ottoman orchestra starred the *tanbur, ney, kemânçe* (spike fiddle or *rebab*) and *santur*.

The 19th century saw tumultuous changes in both music and instruments. Musicians poured into Istanbul from all over the Balkans, bringing with them faster, more virtuosic styles. The Greek stringed *lyra politikas* (the "lyre of Constantinople"), now known as the *kemençe* (Mevlevis call it *rebab*) – and not to be confused with the *kemânçe* (spike fiddle) – left the restaurants and taverns to join the *fasıl* ensemble, thanks to the skill of the great *semâi* player Cemil Bey. The sentimental *viola d'amore* from Europe superseded the long-necked *kemânçe*, and the guitar joined in. At the



FIKRET KARAKAYA PLAYS THE ÇENG HE BUILT HIMSELF. THE HARP-LIKE ÇENG WAS OFTEN PLAYED BY WOMEN (AS SHOWN IN MELCHIOR LORCK'S DRAWING ON PAGE 39). AS IT MUST BE TUNED ANEW FOR EACH 'MAKAM', OR MODE, IT WAS POPULAR WHEN OTTOMAN MUSIC STILL USED FEW MODULATIONS. UNABLE TO FIND A MUSICIAN TO PLAY IT, FIKRET SET OUT TO MASTER THE 'ÇENG' HIMSELF

same time, a genre known as *kanto*, with its ear-grabbing songs based on *makams* but accompanied by Western instruments, gradually won over the popular sphere and the newborn record industry.

Fikret Karakaya's quest to trace the life stories of the instruments and so to give authentic voice to the Ottoman repertoire of different historical periods was a complex one, for there are few sources on 18th-century music. But an even harder task was building the instruments anew. Extensive knowledge of lutherie and world musical instruments was essential, says Fikret Bey, for to reconstruct old instruments is, in effect, to reinvent them: "It was necessary to use imagination."

Painstaking research was essential, into Turkish, Persian, Uzbek and Indian miniatures and primary written sources. Among these was the collection of Kantemiroğlu in the *Kitâbu İlmi'l-Musiki 'alâ Vechi'l-Hurûfât* (*The Book for Teaching Music by Means of Letters*) performed on Bezmârâ's first album.

Fifty years previously, another colourful historical figure, the Pole Wojciech Bobowski, who was captured in his youth and taken to Istanbul as a music slave, had left another collection, the *Mecmûa-i Sâz ü Söz* (*Collection of Instrumental and Vocal Works*), which he wrote under the name Ali Ufkî, using Western musical notation but read from right to left. Ali Ufkî, like Kantemiroğlu, was a polyglot. A dragoman and an intellectual, he gained his freedom and became a key player at the palace.

Back in the 20th century, Fikret Bey makes sketches of hypothetical instruments such as the *çeng, kopuz, şehrûd, tanbur, ud, kanun, kemânçe* and *miskâl* and discusses them with Walter Feldman, an American musicologist who specialises in the Ottoman and Central Asian worlds. Many design choices require technical bravery and intuition: should the soundboard be flat or curved, for example, and should the shape be square or rounded?

Today Fikret Karakaya and Faruk Türünz, the musical historian, are working in Faruk Bey's workshop. Here the instruments are skilfully crafted, and their crystalline sounds resonate. Faruk Bey, who has studied political science and architecture and is a self-taught physical scientist, "listens" to the vibrations of wood with an electronic tool and converts the readings into measurements using equations on Excel. His collaborator, Suat Çetincan, is the mind behind the mysterious electric tools adorning the workshop's walls, invented to impose perfection on capricious wood.

Once the instruments have been built, someone must learn to play them. Fikret Bey's specially recruited classical musicians soon adapted to the strange proportions of the instruments and to the old techniques. He himself has mastered the *çeng*, the first old instrument he built. As he plays his favourite *makam*, his studio seems to expand, filled with centuries of vibrations.

At last early Ottoman music has come back to life and started to breathe again. ◆

Bezmârâ Ensemble have performed early Ottoman music all over the world and are giving monthly recitals in Istanbul in 2010 as part of the European Capital of Culture programme, which has declared 2010 Ali Ufkî Year (see cornucopia.net/2010.html). Their recordings include *Splendour of Topkapı* (Opus 111, 1999), *Yitik Sesin Peşinde (In Search of the Lost Sound)* (Kalan, 2000) and *Mecmûa'dan Saz ve Söz (Music and Songs from Ufkî Bey's Collection)* (Kalan, 2004). Fikret Karakaya recently released an album featuring his own compositions, entitled *Eski Muskinin Rüzgârıyla (On the Breeze of Old Music)* (Güvercin, 2009). www.bezmara.com

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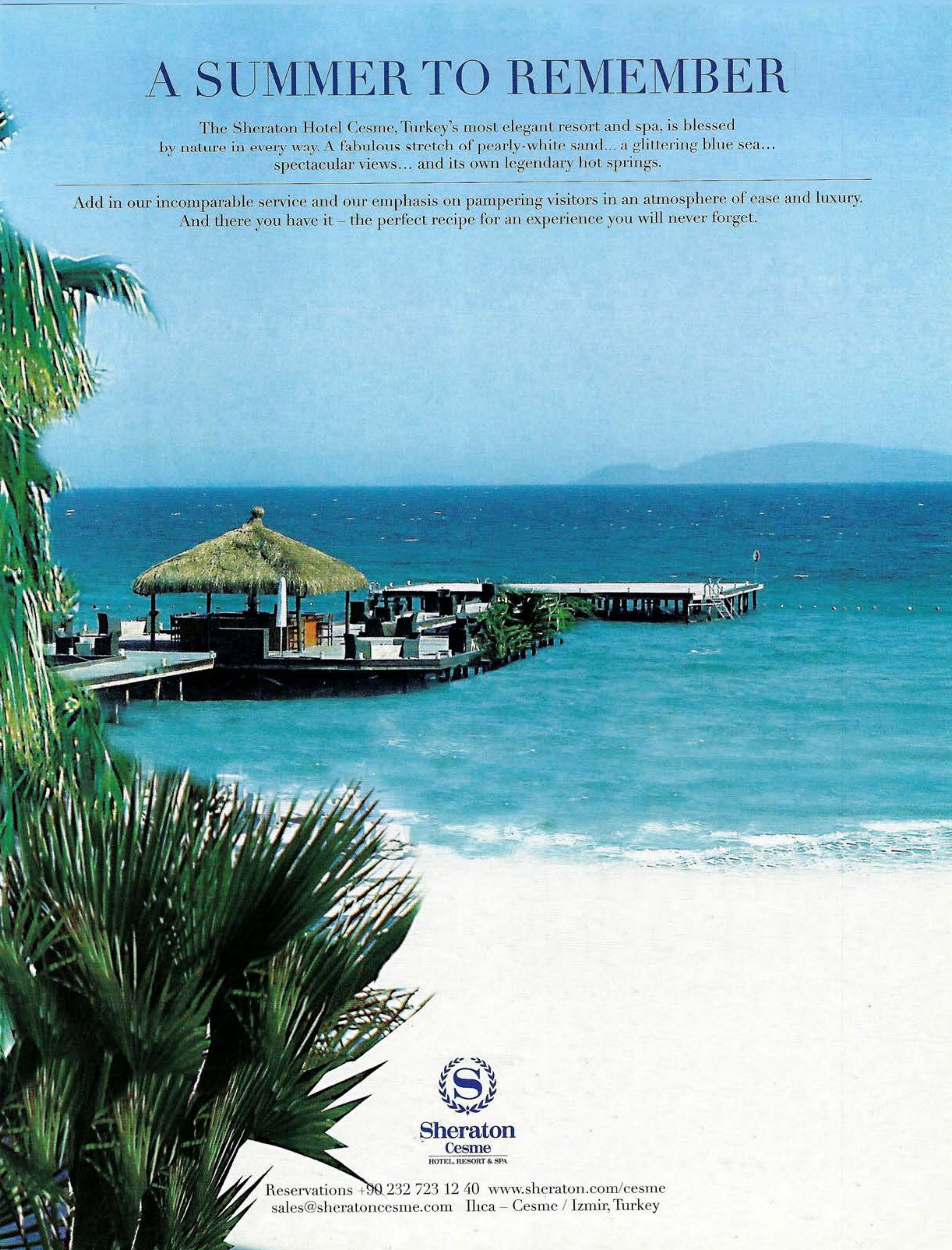

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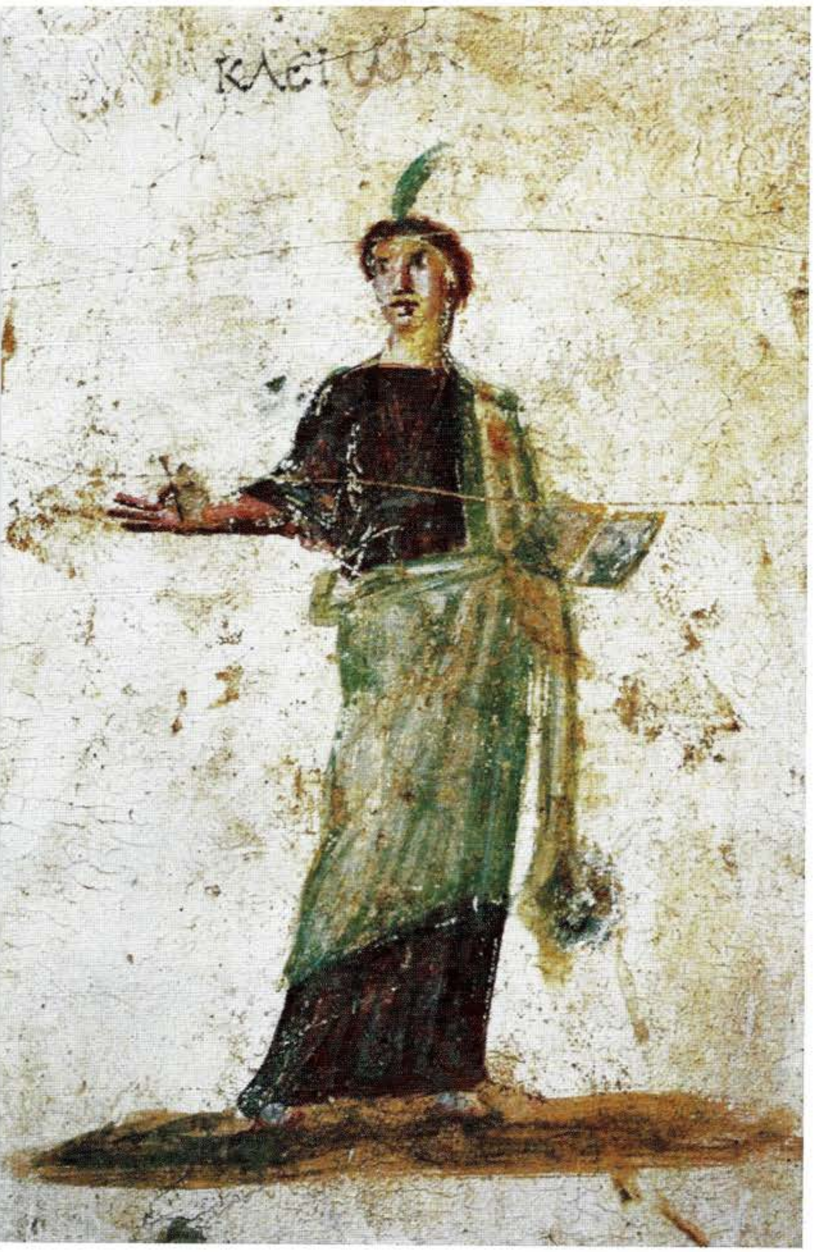
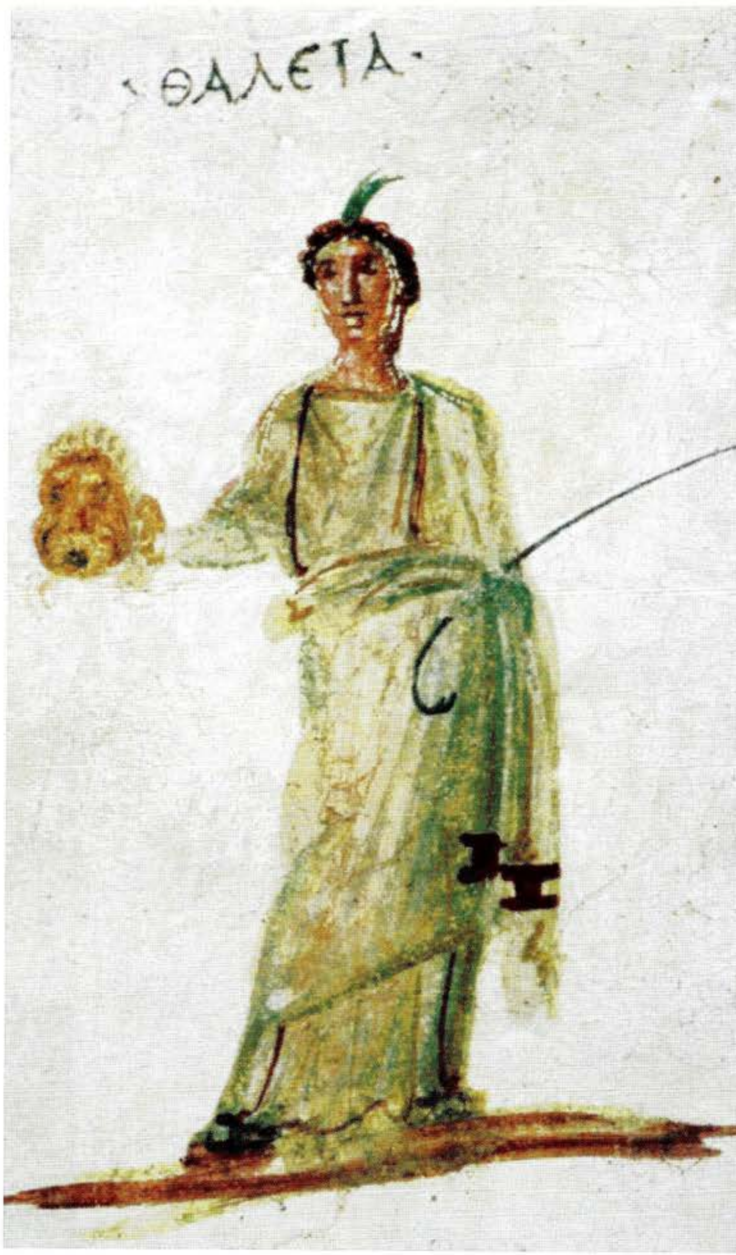


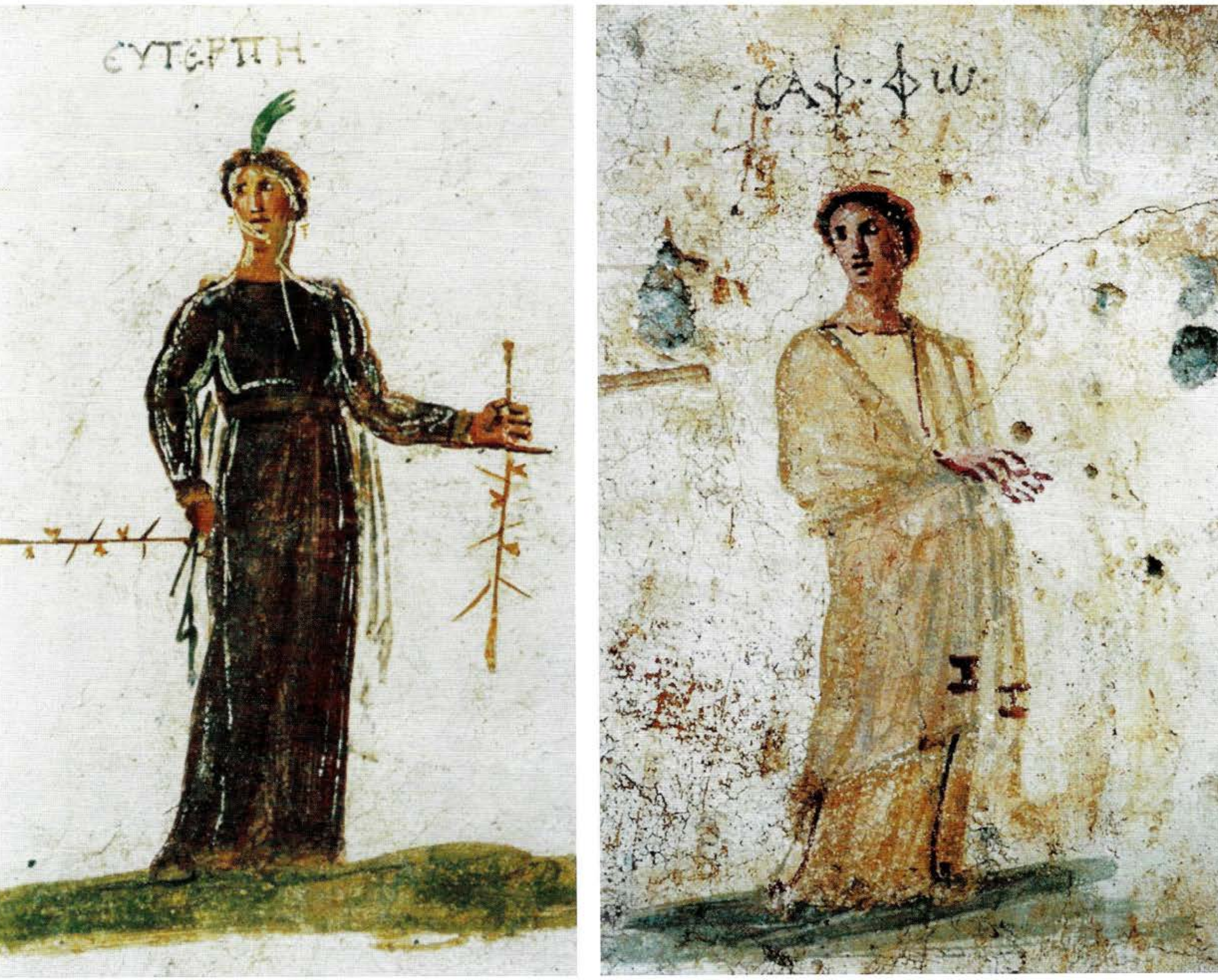


AT HOME WITH THE EPHESIANS

Its Temple of Artemis, magnificent Theatre and Library of Celsus made Roman Ephesus a wonder of the ancient world. But the real marvels of the city are the private properties of its wealthy citizens. Thomas Roueché steps inside a block of astonishing apartments. Photographs by Jean Marie del Moral

Ephesus has always been known as home to one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and the first archaeological missions to the city concentrated on the search for the remains of the Temple of Artemis. For Ephesus at its zenith, between the first and third centuries, was the major port in Asia Minor and gateway to the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire. Its wealth in this period is evident in the grand monuments visible today. The façade of the Library of Celsus displays the flashy opulence of privately funded public spaces, and the massive theatre is still used for musical and theatrical performances. Yet the city's wealth extends beyond great public buildings to the quotidian details of private lives. The Terrace Houses, situated at its very centre, offer a glimpse into the everyday life of the city's elite, those responsible for its cosmopolitan beauty.

The identity of Ephesus was profoundly eastern. Antony and Cleopatra made it their capital during the Roman civil wars, and Plutarch tells us of Antony's entrance into the city: "Women arrayed like Bacchus, and men and boys like satyrs and Pans, led the way before him, and the city was full of ivy and thyrsus wands and harps and pipes and flutes and the people hailing him as Dionysus, the giver of joy and beneficence." Ephesus was one of the foremost ports in Asia



THREE MUSES AND A POET IN TERRACE HOUSE TWO: FROM LEFT, CLIO, THALIA, EUTERPE AND SAPPHO. SHOWN HERE BEFORE RESTORATION, THESE PAINTINGS, UNDER RUBBLE SINCE AD262, WERE IN REMARKABLY GOOD CONDITION

Minor, and prominent Romans travelling east to take up governorships or administrative posts generally passed through; Pliny the Younger and Cicero both write in detail of their visits. From the end of the third century, however, the city began to lose its prominence as earthquakes brought down the great monuments and the harbour gradually silted up.

Excavation of the Terrace Houses by Austrian archaeologists took place between 1967 and 1983, and in 1999 the magnificent remains of the so-called "Terrace House Two" were covered with a large white roof structure for protection.

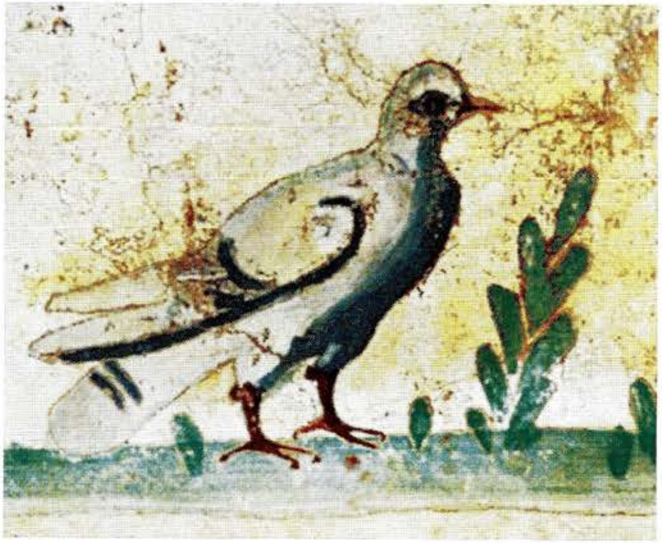
The Terrace Houses were so called because they were built into the hill on terraced ground, a form of building also known as *Hanghaus*, or slope house. Because Terrace House One escaped the earthquake of AD262 and continued to be lived in until the end of the seventh century, it lost its original Roman decoration to continued repainting. Terrace House Two was in a sense more fortunate because it was ruined in the earthquake.

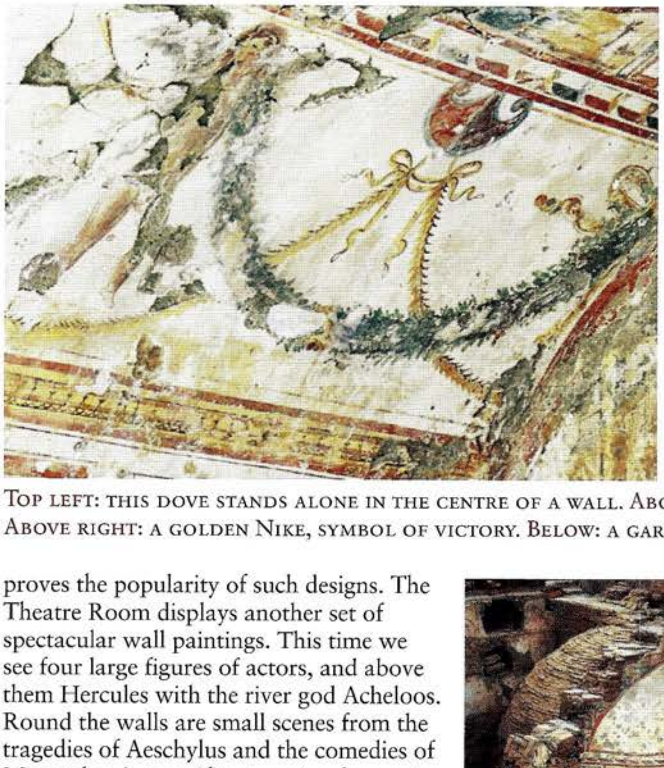
Like the others, it was a Roman *insula*, or apartment block, comprising six apartments of three storeys each, constructed towards the end of the first century – a most sophisticated form of urban living. When the towering three-storey building collapsed, the delicate interiors of the lower floors were preserved under the heaps of rubble that landed from above.

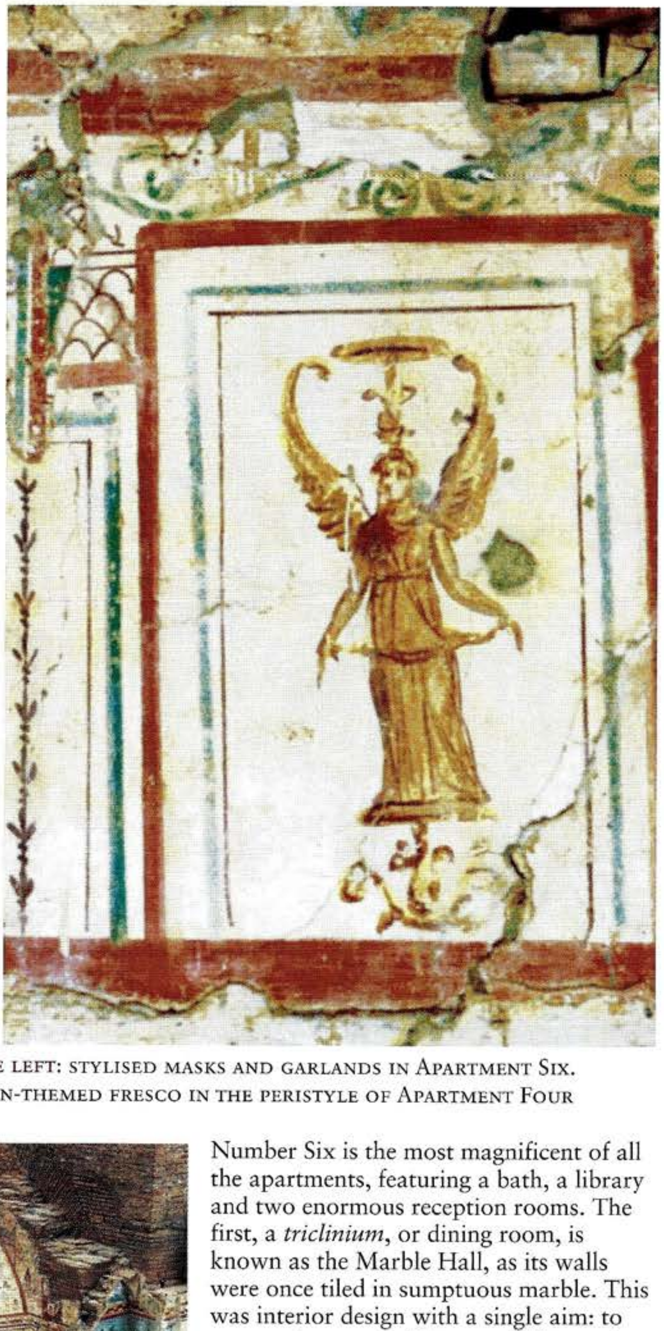
This chronology has only recently been acknowledged. Earlier archaeologists assumed that both Terrace House One and Two were inhabited until the city was deserted in the seventh century. Thanks to recent excavations, this has been revised. While Terrace House One was indeed inhabited until the seventh century, datable fragments found in the rubble show that Terrace House Two was abandoned much earlier, at the end of the third century AD.

House Two's frescoes, still in the process of restoration, are truly magnificent examples of the high period of Roman art, second only to those of Pompeii, although they generally differ in style and subject matter. Most of the frescoes are intellectual in inspiration, depicting philosophers and muses, whereas in Pompeii pastoral scenes are more common.

Most magnificent of all are those in the Room of the Muses, the first to undergo restoration. The white walls are divided into a series of panels, each displaying the figure of a muse. The fact that there are two similar rooms in neighbouring apartments



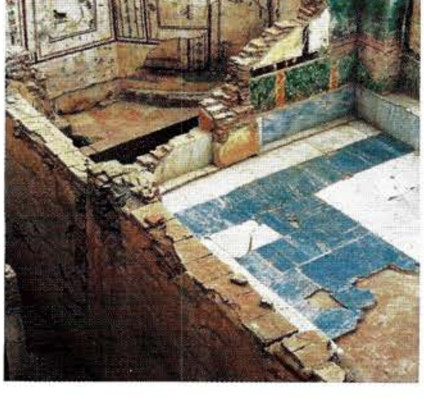




Top left: this dove stands alone in the centre of a wall. Above left: stylised masks and garlands in Apartment Six. Above right: a golden Nike, symbol of victory. Below: a garden-themed fresco in the peristyle of Apartment Four

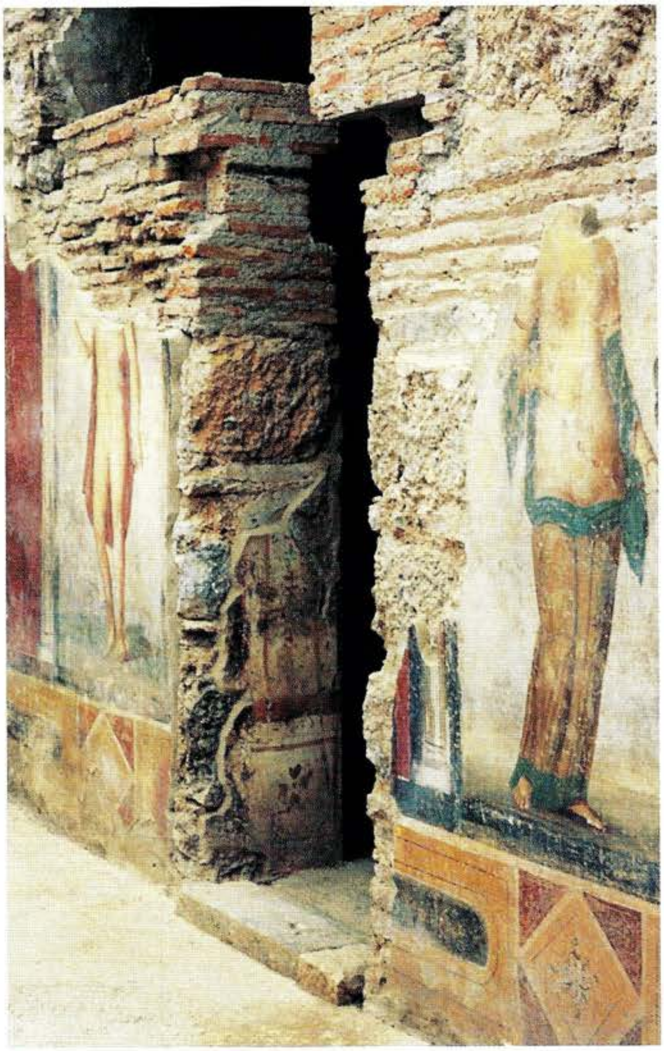
proves the popularity of such designs. The Theatre Room displays another set of spectacular wall paintings. This time we see four large figures of actors, and above them Hercules with the river god Acheloos. Round the walls are small scenes from the tragedies of Aeschylus and the comedies of Menander. A magnificent pastoral scene in the peristyle, or courtyard, of Apartment Four lends an illusion of space. This room is similar to examples at Pompeii. In the other apartments the natural world is depicted in a more abstract style, within larger and more complex patterns of cupids, animals and masks. Frescoes such as these, as well as the apartments' grandiose architecture, were obviously intended to reflect the owner's wealth, urbanity and intellectual standing.

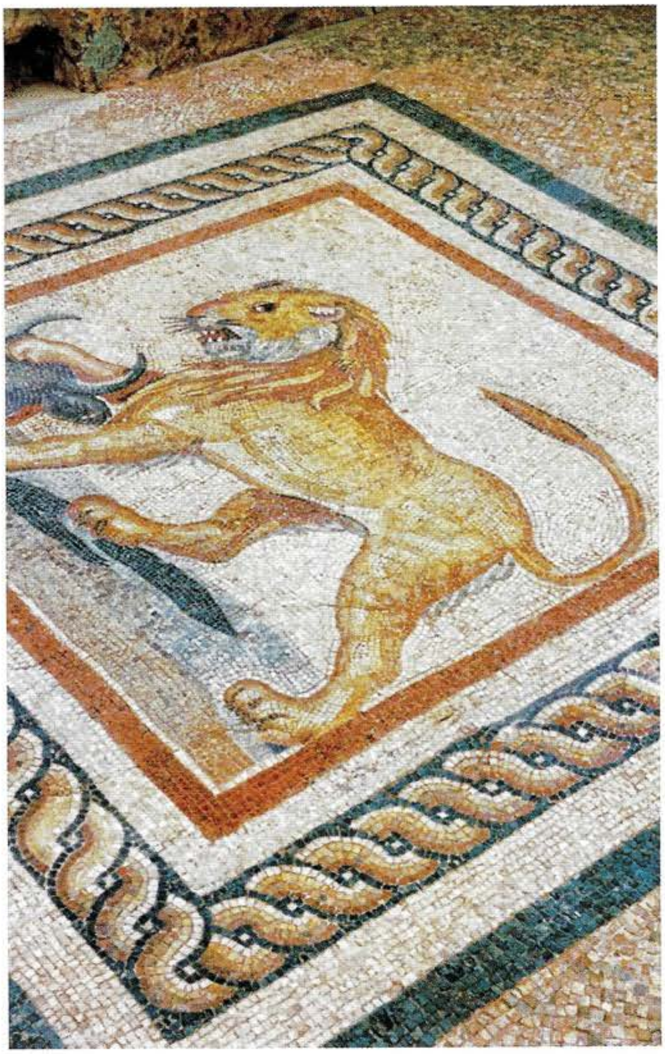
The fine glass mosaic in Apartment Two depicts Dionysus and Ariadne, and elsewhere black-and-white patterns again conform to contemporary fashions.



Number Six is the most magnificent of all the apartments, featuring a bath, a library and two enormous reception rooms. The first, a *triclinium*, or dining room, is known as the Marble Hall, as its walls were once tiled in sumptuous marble. This was interior design with a single aim: to convey the status of its owner. Next to it stands the *basilica privata*, another enormous room, whose function is less clear. Crowned by an enormous dome, it featured a heated floor and a large pool. Though conventional wisdom had it that this was where the owner received clients and carried out his business, more recently this has been questioned.

Apartment Six is notable for its many references to the god Dionysus. In the peristyle two busts of the god once stood either side of a bust of the owner. And in a small room off the *basilica privata* is a fantastic example of stucco work featuring figures from the Dionysiac





ABOVE LEFT: IN THE THEATRE ROOM, PROBABLY USED FOR INTIMATE DINNERS AND PERFORMANCES, THE NUBILE BODIES OF THE ACTORS ON THE WALLS WOULD HAVE REFLECTED THOSE OF THE PERFORMERS. ABOVE RIGHT: A MAGNIFICENT LION MOSAIC IN APARTMENT FIVE

pantheon. These references have led some to believe that the apartment, and particularly the *basilica privata*, was the setting for rites of the cult of Dionysus. Once again, sumptuous decor and ostentatious architecture emphasise the wealth of the owner. At the expense of neighbouring flats, the marble hall had been increased in size and the *basilica privata* completely remodelled.

Remarkably, we know the name of the owner of Apartment Six. Gaius Flavius Furius Aptus was a leading citizen of Ephesus and at one time led the Ephesian Olympic Games as Alytarch. The bases of two statues of the goddess Aphrodite – often linked to the sea – have given rise to the theory that he made his fortune in shipping. Aptus's home was a vital means to display his power. sophistication and status. In the morning he would conduct business and meet clients, while in the evening prominent Ephesians would be received and entertained.

In Apartment Two a graffito has been found that refers to a certain Salutaris. This could be Caius Vibius Salutaris. A prominent Ephesian noted for his civic benefaction, he also dedicated silver and gold statues to be carried through the grand processional ways of the city. On his arrival in Ephesus from Italy, he rapidly became an influential member of the city's elite, who saw urban development as a means of social advancement.

Around the same time, at the beginning of the second century, Tiberius Julius Celsus Polemaenus, proconsul of Asia, founded his Library of Celsus, a building that advertised his cultural prowess in his lifetime and served as his tomb after his death. These three men, living within a century of each other, illustrate how the Ephesian elite established their status.

The apartments of House Two must be seen as monuments in themselves. They were as vital to the self-promotion of a Roman aristocrat as any great public benefaction. Of course the frescoes and marble revetment would have been seen only by the favoured few – a tiny fraction of the crowds impressed by great processions and grand public edifices. But what Terrace House Two's admiring visitors lacked in numbers they would have more than made up for in exclusivity and influence. The wealth evidenced in these apartments is far more than merely an ancient "keeping up with the Joneses". ◆

The author is grateful to the excavation team from the Austrian Academy of Sciences, particularly Dr Sabine Landstätter, the excavation director, and Dr Hilke Thür, for their kind help and support.

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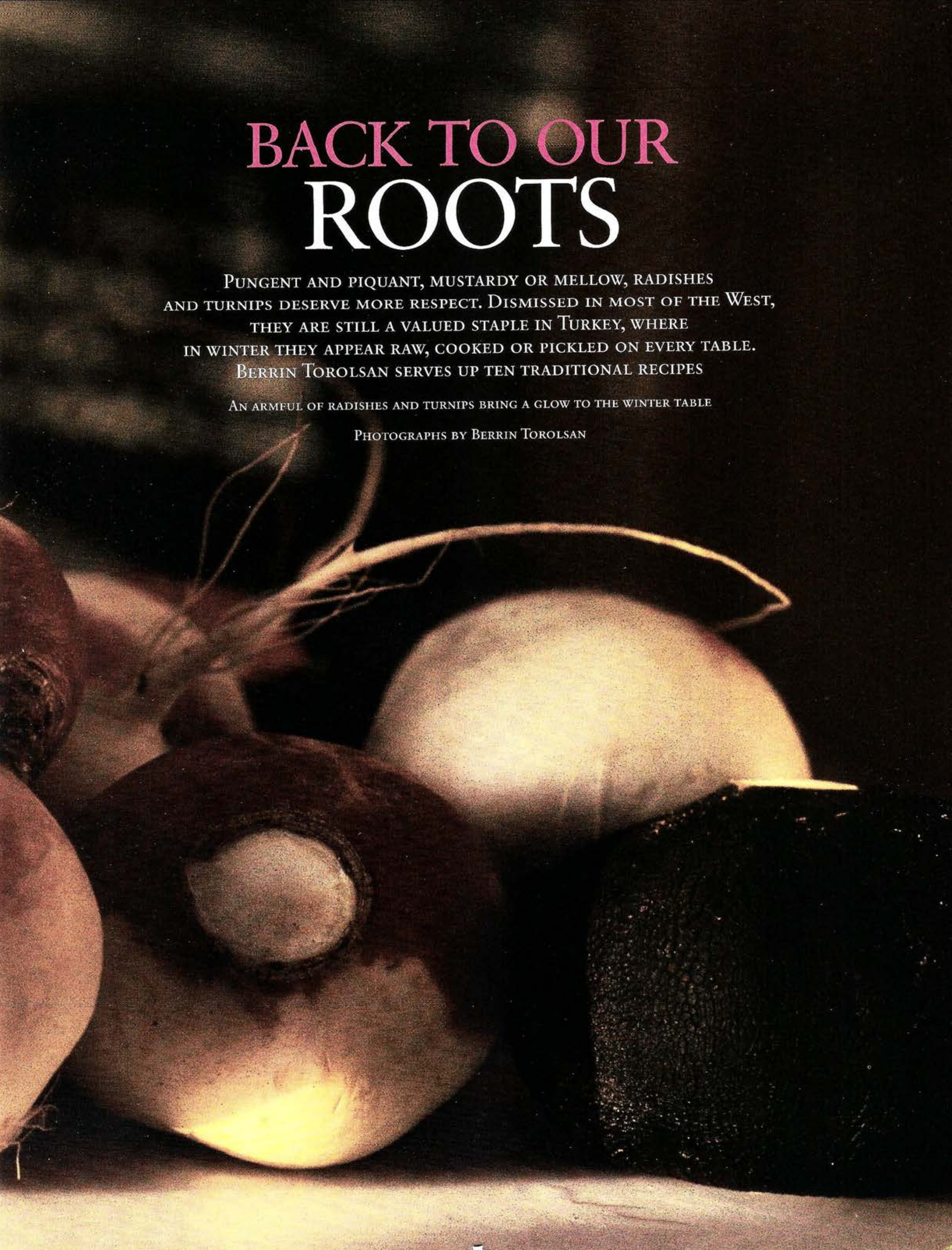
BACK TO OUR ROOTS

Pungent and piquant, mustardy or mellow, radishes and turnips deserve more respect. Dismissed in most of the West, they are still a valued staple in Turkey, where in winter they appear raw, cooked or pickled on every table. Berrin Torolsan serves up ten traditional recipes



An armful of radishes and turnips bring a glow to the winter table

Photographs by Berrin Torolsan

Nowadays every vegetable and fruit crosses continents to the remotest corners of the globe, and every crop is immediately available on supermarket shelves without regard for season or geography. As a result, younger people no longer have any idea of what is best eaten when. The fascination of seeing the first fruit appear at a particular time of year has been completely lost. Personally, I like to stick to the seasonal pattern recommended by wise men of the past. I am used to enjoying aubergines in summer and cabbages in winter, and find it hard to accept that cherries have become almost as common a sight in supermarkets as potatoes.

A winter without root vegetables is something I cannot contemplate. Their soothing, starchy texture is exactly what one needs in the cold months. In Istanbul the most enjoyable root vegetables are carrots, celeriac and beetroot (which perhaps deserves a chapter to itself in a future issue). Order *karışık salata* (a mixed salad) in any old-fashioned Istanbul restaurant and a plate arrives at your table bearing all the colours of the rainbow. Grated carrot, lettuce leaves and shredded purple cabbage are invariably adorned with red and milky-white radishes, grated or in paper-thin slices.

Parsnips and swedes are not cultivated in Anatolia and are not part of the diet; I do not recall seeing any in markets on my travels. But turnips, and radishes large and small, are piled high in markets all over Turkey. Market stalls and street-vendors' barrows are proudly decked out with arrangements of crimson-red, coal-black and pearl-white radishes and purple-topped turnips, surrounded by fresh herbs and salad leaves in every shade of green.

Some radishes are more pungent than others. But in Turkey all variants of *Raphanus sativus* are called *turp*. Simply used in salads, they are never cooked – except for *turpotu*, the fresh green shoots of early spring, which are blanched and eaten like spinach. Until cos lettuces begin to appear in early spring, tables in winter are unthinkable without radishes, with their colour and crunch and distinctive spicy flavour.

Small red radishes, known in the old days as *fındık* (hazelnut) radishes, are sold in bunches, untrimmed, still bearing tufts of green leaves on top and their long, fine roots. They are often eaten dipped in salt or thrown into a bowl, like crimson marbles, with other salad leaves. Because they are quick to grow and fun to harvest, they are ideal plants to introduce children to gardening. The large red radishes are usually the size of an apple. When the tail and stalk have been trimmed, they are grated unpeeled, and the crimson skin and crisp white inside make a very attractive sight.

The large white varieties, described in a gardening manual of the 1970s as *kestane turbu*, or chestnut radishes, are also the size of an apple. Their flesh tastes mild and the texture is dense but juicy. Their fine, slightly pearly skin is peeled and they are grated or thinly sliced into rounds or ribbons and served with a vinegary dressing.

Kara turp, the black radish, is firm-textured. Its coarse coal-black skin is peeled to reveal a surprisingly white inside. Grated and dressed with a little vinegar, olive oil and salt, its horseradish-sharp flavour makes it an excellent appetiser. Istanbullus believe the pungent black radish has more potent properties than milder varieties.

Celâlüddin Hızır, the Ottoman physician who died in 1417, describes in his detailed health-care manual *Müntahab-ı Şifâ* how radish is hot and dry and draws chills and colds from the system. It not only assists the digestion but sharpens the eyesight. Turnip is hot, too, but moist, Hızır says. Because of its warming properties, it provides a nutritious soup in winter. But with both radishes and turnips it is wise, he warns, to avoid excess.

The Habsburgs' ambassador to Istanbul in the 1550s, Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, was surprised one day to see a Janissary "devouring" a mixture of turnip and onion seasoned with salt and vinegar. "It would perhaps be truer to say that it was hunger that was the chief sauce," noted the Flemish diplomat, "for he could not have enjoyed his meal more if it had consisted of pheasants and partridges."

Another Teutonic visitor, Hans Dernschwam, whose visit coincided with Busbecq's, wrote in his diary of his time in Turkey – *Tagebuch einer Reise nach Konstantinopel und Kleinasien (1553–55)* – that turnips and radishes, *Rüben und Rettich*, were, alongside beans and lentils, the most common staples for the Turks. To this day turnips and radishes are found side by side as salad vegetables.

Spindle-shaped, purple-topped white turnips are a common sight in winter. Turnip, as its Latin name *Brassica rapa* suggests, belongs to the cabbage family, and is closely related to rape,

IN THE 16TH CENTURY, RECORDS SHOW THAT
MORE THAN 7 TONS OF PICKLED TURNIPS WERE PASSING THROUGH
THE IMPERIAL KITCHENS EVERY WINTER.
THIS ROSE TO 10 TONS IN THE 17TH CENTURY

which carpets acres of English countryside in bright yellow flowers in early summer and is cultivated for its oil-rich seeds. In Turkey turnips – *şalgam* – are enjoyed raw, cooked or pickled. When eaten raw as a salad, they are shredded or thinly sliced, like radishes. Their distinctive mustardy bite, which cleanses the palate, makes them excellent company for rich meats and fish. Cooking, however, transforms the starch in the turnip, giving it a mellow taste.

Before the arrival of potatoes from America, the frost-hardy, less demanding turnip was one of the most commonly consumed root vegetables in the Old World. Perhaps it had been so since prehistoric times. Today, turnips might be out of favour at top tables elsewhere, but they are still enjoyed in Turkey, where delectable stews and heart-warming soups simmer away, as they have for generations.

In Sivas, in the east of the country, turnips are still known by their archaic Central Asian name, *çamgur*, and stewed with rich mutton. In Erzincan, in the same region, bulgur-stuffed turnips are enjoyed with garlicky yoghurt. In Konya, the former Seljuk capital in the heart of Anatolia, dishes are prepared in spring with lamb and tender turnips. On the high plateaux of Kars and Ardahan, villagers dry their turnips, sliced in rounds, for the snowbound winter months ahead. And in Adana, the slightly tangy beverage known as *şalgam suyu*, literally turnip juice, is tinted with the regional black carrots to give a lovely deep pink liquid. Rich in vitamins, it is the best thing to drink with the kebabs Adana is renowned for.

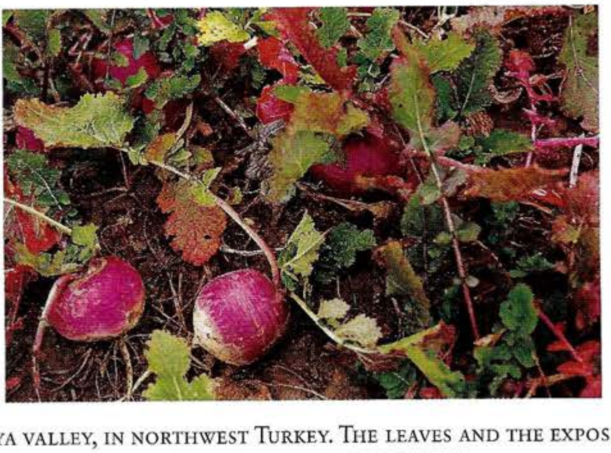
Pickled turnip has been a favourite appetiser of rulers and subjects alike since Roman times. Apicius, famous for his sumptuous banquets in the first century, gives a recipe for honeyed turnip pickle. And in 1226, in his *Book of Dishes (Kitabü't-Tabîh)*, Kâtip al Bagdadî recommends an identical recipe to the caliphs of Baghdad as a "stimulant for the banqueter". Two centuries later, Mahmût Şirvanî – an Anatolian physician and scientist who wrote on subjects as diverse as religion and ophthalmology, perfumery and cookery, and was read by the ruling *beys* and sovereigns of the Ottoman dynasty – wrote a Turkish translation of al Bagdadî's recipes. He made few changes, but added his own comments on the medicinal effects of different dishes and a few extra recipes.

One of Şirvanî's benefactors, to whom he dedicated his work on precious stones, was the Ottoman sultan Murad II (1412–51). Sadly, the title of Şirvanî's cookery book is unknown, because the first and last pages of the only existing copy are missing. In it he praises "that sweetish turnip pickle" (*"yani şalgam turşusı kim tatlurak ola"*) for properties that include the almost miraculous power of "increasing the light of the eye". The recipe is as timeless as Şirvani's Turkish.

The surviving kitchen manuals of Murad's son, Mehmed the Conqueror, show that pickled turnips were enjoyed at court. With the expansion of the Ottoman imperial household in the 16th century, vast quantities were consumed. Records show that 5,685 *kıyye* (more than 7 tons) of pickled turnips were passing through the imperial kitchens every winter. This rose to 8,050 *kıyye* (some 10 tons) in the 17th century, by which time as many as 10,000 people were being fed daily by the palace.

Of all the edible roots, radishes and turnips are the most ancient, going so far back that botanists cannot pin down where they might have originated. Both have been an essential source of nourishment since the very beginning, and were found over a large area of the Old World, from the east of Asia to the west of Europe. They are a true gift of nature, packed with vitamins, minerals and goodness. Subtle but flavoursome, they surely deserve pride of place at any winter feast.

Berrin Torolsan, bt@cornucopia.net.
For an index of cookery articles in past issues, see cornucopia.net/cookerylisting.html



TURNIPS IN THE SAKARYA VALLEY, IN NORTHWEST TURKEY. THE LEAVES AND THE EXPOSED TOPS OF THE ROOTS ACQUIRE A LOVELY PURPLE TINGE

Turp Salatasi
Radish Salad

1 large red radish
1 black radish (peeled)
2 carrots (scraped)
Olive oil
Vinegar
Salt
Black olives to garnish
Fresh flat-leaf parsley

A winter classic, this colourful salad is the perfect foil for roasts and grills. It can be prepared with any large radishes, but including a black one gives it an extra mustardy pungency. The black radish (which must have its coarse peel removed) is white when grated, whereas the red one ends up red and white because the fine skin is left on. You can use a mandolin grater or an ordinary grater with large holes.

1 Trim, wash and prepare the radishes and carrots.

2 Grate the vegetables separately, creating different piles on the serving plate.

3 Prepare a dressing of olive oil, vinegar and salt, mixing well, and spoon it over the grated vegetables.

4 Without mixing the different colours, fork the vegetables so that they are evenly coated with the dressing.

5 Decorate with the olives and parsley.

Turpotu Salatasi
Salad of Radish Greens

Radish greens
Salt
Olive oil
Lemon juice

In her book *Food from the Fields*, written in 1974, Evelyn Kalças writes about the edible wild plants of the Aegean, explaining that *turpotu* is the green leaves of a wild radish (also known locally as donkey radish). The leaves, which resemble rocket but with fine hairs, are gathered in spring and sold in the market as early greens. They are blanched briefly in boiling, salted water, then used for salads with a little olive oil and a squeeze of lemon juice. A reader from Izmir warns us that to preserve the emerald green colour one should add the dressing just before bringing the salad to the table.

Turpotu Kavurmasi
Eggs with Radish Greens

Radish greens
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 large onion (sliced in half-moons)
Salt, sugar and red paprika flakes
Eggs
Yoghurt (optional)

Simple and appetising, this dish is also from the Aegean. In spring the green tops of radishes are harvested to be enjoyed as vegetables, leaving the roots in the soil to continue growing. Stir-fried, they can be eaten by themselves with yoghurt as a light snack, but eggs transform them into a meal.

1 Clean and rinse the greens under a running tap to remove all the grit.

2 Blanch briefly in boiling, salted water until limp. Drain in a colander and squeeze out the excess water by pressing them with the back of the spoon or ladle against the colander. Chop roughly on a board.

3 Heat the oil and stir-fry the onion until it is soft and slightly caramelised. Add in the greens and fry briefly. Season with salt and sugar.

4 Break the eggs into the pan, taking care not to burst the yolks. With a fork, gently scramble the egg whites with the contents of the pan. Cook, covered, for a couple of minutes, until the yolks are clouded but still runny in the middle.

5 Serve straight away with a sprinkling of paprika flakes on the eggs and oven-fresh bread and perhaps a dollop of yoghurt.

Turp Turşusu
Pickled Radishes

1kg small red radishes
200g sugar
3/4 glass vinegar
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon each of black and white peppercorns (coarsely crushed)

This recipe was given to me by Paulina Dominik, a Polish friend. Radishes are clearly appreciated as much by Poles as by Turks. When asked "How are you?" people in both countries often reply, "Like a radish", meaning fit as a fiddle. This pickle is prepared in early winter, when radishes are plentiful, to accompany meat and fish dishes. It can also be added to give a spice to winter salads.

1 Wash, trim and prick each radish with a wooden toothpick.

2 In a deep pan bring about 1/2 litre of water to the boil. Add the sugar, vinegar, oil, salt, peppercorns and radishes to the pan and continue to boil for 2 minutes more.

3 Remove the radishes from the hot water with a slotted ladle and place them in jars. Fill with enough of the cooking water to cover. Keep the pickle in a cool larder until needed.

Şalgam Çorbasi
Cream of Turnip Soup

2 or 3 small turnips
1 medium onion
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon sugar
Stock (optional)
Salt
1 tablespoon rice (rinsed)
Milk
Dried or fresh mint to garnish

One can add other roots, such as carrots or beets, to this modest but elegant soup – they will give extra flavour as well as colour. But as turnips are mild, avoid stronger-tasting roots such as celeriac, which would mask the mellow, caramelised flavour.

1 Trim and peel the turnips and the onion, and chop roughly.

2 Heat the butter in a soup pan. Add the turnips and onion with the sugar and stir-fry. Taking care they don't burn, keep stirring the vegetables until they begin to caramelise and turn golden brown at the edges.

3 Pour two glasses of cold water – or stock, if you are using it – into the pan. Add the rice, season and leave, covered, to simmer over a gentle heat for about 20 minutes. When the vegetables are cooked and the rice grains have expanded and are soft, remove from the heat.

4 Transfer the contents to a bowl. Pass the vegetables through a sieve or strainer over the soup pan. Stir in the cooking liquid. At this stage, the soup will still be fairly thick. Dilute to the desired consistency by adding milk.

PURPLE-TOPPED TURNIPS, WITH RADISHES LARGE AND SMALL – CRIMSON, PEARL-WHITE AND COAL-BLACK, BUT ALL CRISP AND WHITE INSIDE

5 Stirring, reheat the soup without letting it come to the boil, and taste to adjust the seasoning. It should have a slightly sweet, chestnut edge.

6 Serve hot with a small knob of butter in each bowl, if you like, and sprinkle with dried or fresh mint.

ŞALGAM DOLMASI
STUFFED TURNIPS

6 medium-sized turnips

Filling:

250g minced lamb

1 large onion (finely chopped)

2 tablespoons rice (rinsed)

Salt

1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Butter

1 tablespoon wine vinegar

1 dessertspoon honey or sugar

Sadly, stuffed turnips are now unheard of in Istanbul, and this recipe is unknown although it appears again and again in 19th-century cookery books. Mehmet Kâmil, a professor at the Imperial School of Medicine and the author of *Melceü't-Tabbâhîn* (*The Refuge of Chefs*, 1844), Fahriye Hanım, author of *Evkadını* (*Housewife*, 1882), and the officer Mahmut Nedim, author of *Ahçıbaşı* (*The Chef*, 1898), all use essentially the same method.

1 Trim the top and tail, peel the turnips like an apple and cut around the stalk ends. Reserving the tops, hollow out the turnips, leaving the sides at least the thickness of a finger.

2 To prepare the filling, place the meat in a deep bowl, along with the chopped onion. Add the rice and season with salt and pepper. Add a little water to keep the filling moist and mix well.

3 Use a spoon to stuff the turnips with the filling. Stand the dolmas upright in the bottom of a shallow pan. Put a small knob of butter on top of the filling of each dolma and replace the top.

4 Sprinkle with a little extra salt.

5 Mix the vinegar and honey or sugar with about half a glass of water. Add it to the pan, cover and bring to the boil. Immediately reduce the heat and simmer for 15–20 minutes, until the turnips are soft. Allow to simmer a little longer to thicken the sauce further.

6 Serve hot with the sauce spooned over.

ŞALGAMLI PILAV
TURNIP PILAV

4 tablespoons vegetable oil

1/2kg lamb meat (boned and cubed)

3 or 4 turnips (peeled and cut into strips)

5 carrots (scraped and cut into strips)

3 onions (chopped)

2 teaspoons cumin seed

2 teaspoons hot paprika flakes

Salt and ground black pepper

1 glass short-grain rice (rinsed)

2 glasses hot water

This recipe is adapted from *The Art of Uzbek Cooking*, by Lynn Visson. Uzbekistan, whose rich gastronomic heritage has been relatively untouched by foreign influences, has many dishes that include turnips and radishes. This recipe, called *shalgamli palov* in Uzbek, is a turnip pilav. *Shalgamli va rediska palov* also includes radishes – Uzbeks

> 'ŞALGAM SUYU' – TURNIP JUICE – TAKES ITS RUBY COLOUR FROM THE ANCIENT, DEVILISHLY DARK, DEEP-PURPLE CARROTS ONLY AVAILABLE IN THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF ANATOLIA

seem to have an infinite number of pilavs. *Turpli manti* is steamed dumplings with a filling of minced lamb and radishes.

1 Heat the oil in a heavy casserole, add the meat and sauté on all sides until brown. Add half a glass of water and cook until the meat is tender. Add more hot water if needed to stop it sticking.

2 Stir in the vegetables, cumin seed and paprika flakes. Season to taste and continue simmering the mixture, which is known as *zirvak* in Uzbekistan.

3 When the vegetables are half cooked, without disturbing the contents of the pan, spoon in the rice and flatten the surface. Taking care not to blend the rice in with the rest, slowly add 2 glasses of hot water at the side of the pan. Cover and bring to the boil, then reduce the heat to the minimum and simmer, covered, until all the water is absorbed and the rice is cooked. Allow to rest for a while, covered and undisturbed.

4 When serving, turn the pan onto a large plate and serve the pilav with the meat and turnips piled over. An appetising radish salad goes perfectly with this dish.

Shalgham Bata
Turnip Stew with Rice

3 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 onion (chopped)
500g lamb pieces on the bone
4 or 5 turnips (cubed)
1 tablespoon each of ground ginger and ground coriander
1 tablespoon brown sugar or molasses
Salt and black pepper
1 glass short-grain white rice
Pinch of saffron threads (soaked in half a glass of warm water)

This tasty turnip stew is from Afghanistan, adapted from the book *Noshe Djan: Afghan Food and Cookery* by Helen Saberi. *Bata* is a sticky rice pilav, like Turkish *lapa*. Short-grain starchy rice is cooked with water in a ratio of one to three.

1 Heat the oil in a pan and fry the onion until soft and golden.

2 Add the meat and stir-fry until it has browned on all sides, absorbed the juices and released its fat. Add the turnips to the pan and sauté a little more.

3 Stir in the spices (except the saffron), the sugar or molasses and the seasoning. Add half a glass of water, bring to the boil and simmer until the meat is tender. Check from time to time and add more hot water if necessary to prevent sticking.

4 Meanwhile place the rice in a pan with 3 glasses of water. Add salt and bring to the boil, then reduce the heat and cook gently, until the rice has absorbed all the liquid. Leave to rest for half an hour.

5 Stir the rice, which by now is thick and sticky. Strain some oil from the stew, spoon onto the rice and stir.

6 Before serving, transfer the saffron with the water it has soaked in to the stew, stir to mix and leave over a low heat for a minute or so.

7 Pile the rice in a mound on a serving dish, make a well in the centre and ladle the stew and its sauce into it.

Şalgam Turşusu
Honeyed Pickled Turnips

6 or 8 fresh crisp turnips
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon honey or sugar
1/2 glass wine vinegar

An excellent appetite sharpener, this delicate sweet-and-sour pickle is a centuries-old classic. Mehmed the Conqueror's court seems to have enjoyed it greatly, judging by the quantities recorded in the imperial kitchen accounts. The method seems hardly to change, except that Şirvanî's 15th-century cookbook recommends adding saffron, and some later sources add crushed mustard seeds to help fermentation.

1 Peel and quarter the turnips.

2 Place them in a deep pan and cover with water. Add salt and cook for about 10 minutes, until the turnips have lost their raw edge. Transfer to a colander to drain, saving the cooking water.

3 Take a deep bowl large enough to contain the pickle, squeeze each piece of turnip gently by hand to remove excess water, and arrange in the bowl.

4 Add the honey or sugar and the salt to the vinegar. Stir to dissolve and blend. Pour the liquid over the turnips and shake the bowl. Add the hot cooking water to cover. Put a lid or plate on top and allow the turnips to absorb the marinade at room temperature. The pickle will be ready to eat in a couple of days and can be kept in the fridge for later.

5 This pickle is served chilled in individual bowls with plenty of liquid, like a compôte. If the juice is too acidic, dilute it with fresh water when serving.

Şalgam Suyu
Turnip Juice

4 or 5 fresh turnips
2 medium carrots (black if possible)
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon citric acid ('limon tuzu')
1 slice of stale bread

An unusual but most refreshing drink, *şalgam suyu* takes its ruby colour from the ancient, devilishly dark, deep-purple carrots which are only available in the southern parts of Anatolia. It is a speciality of Adana, where it is served with the city's famous kebabs.

Dr Erman Artun tells us in a recent anthology, *Yemek Kitabı* (*The Cookery Book*), in the chapter entitled "Adana Kitchen", how this most extraordinary drink is made at home, but he gives no quantities. My adaptation is for a small amount, just to give it a try. The usual orange carrots can be used, but the colour will obviously be less interesting. Bread is included as the yeast activates the fermentation process.

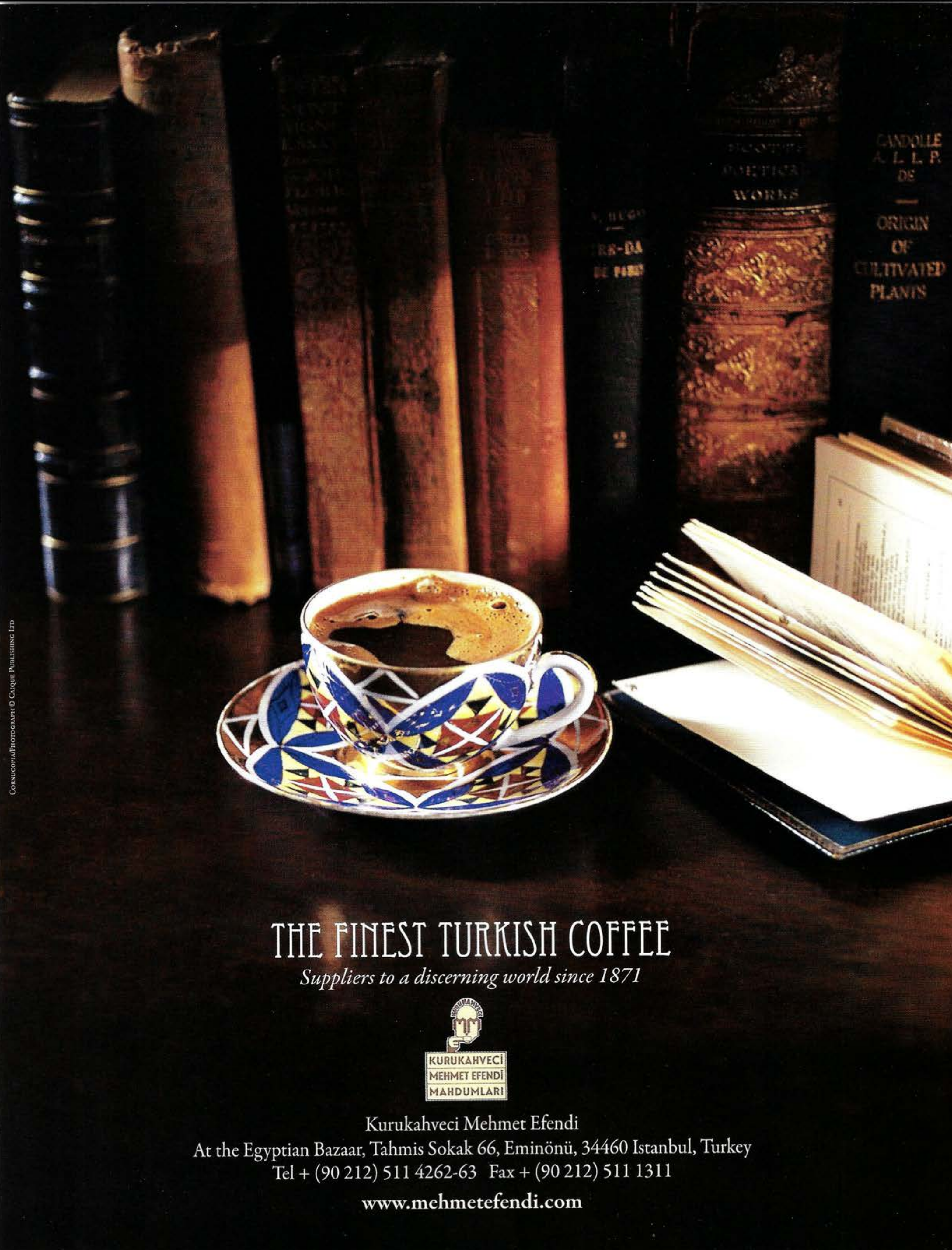
1 Peel and cube the turnips. Scrape and slice the carrots lengthwise into strips.

2 Measure the fresh water by filling the container you intend to use later. Bring to the boil in a large pan, adding the salt and citric acid.

3 Place the slice of bread, tied in a piece of clean muslin, in the bottom of the container. Add the turnips and carrots.

4 Pour the hot liquid over the vegetables to cover. Place a weight on top and leave, covered, to improve. The turnip juice should be ready in a week or 10 days' time. ◆

The Art of Uzbek Cooking, by Lynn Visson, is published by Hippocrene Books ($24.95). *Noshe Djan: Afghan Food and Cookery*, by Helen Saberi, is published by Prospect Books (£12)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Since the death last year of her husband, Selim, Azize Ethem has been adjusting to life on her own in their new house. The neighbours have rallied round to transform the garden, and there have been visits from her daughter and son. Meanwhile, a trip to update her ID card sets alarm bells ringing – as does the possibility of close encounters with jackals, wolves and bears

VILLAGE VOICES

In mid-August, while my daughter, Sara, was visiting, we sat in the garden one evening watching the Perseid meteor shower. With up to 60 meteors an hour, it was akin to a scene in a science-fiction movie. So far from a town of any size, the night sky was clear as the shooting stars zipped across the heavens. While we watched we were serenaded by a frog chorus, with the occasional call of a night heron.

As with most new houses, there were lots of small jobs to be completed. The carpenters, the plumber, electrician and the artesian-well man had all promised to return but hadn't. Osman was too busy to plough the area waiting for lawn seed and I awaited the earth-moving machine to spread mountains of gravel along the drive. Towards the end of the summer my son, Julian, had planned a visit; a week before his arrival I commented to a friend that it would have been nice to have everything shipshape for him. No problem, she said, and immediately started phoning tradesmen and workers. She told them my son was arriving from Australia in two days and intended to take me back with him as I was in a foreign land with no one to care for me.

Next morning I slept late and woke to muted voices. Lots of muted voices. Staggering onto the terrace, I was welcomed by a rousing cheer. There were 60 men there. The electrician and his team were fitting the outside lights, the plumber the outside taps and one carpenter was finishing the window frames while another fitted the fly screens. Osman ploughed the lawn area, and when the machine for the gravel arrived a group of neighbouring farmers armed with rakes tackled each mound as the machine deposited them down the long drive.

My crafty friend had known it was an insult to the locals to infer I couldn't manage here in Keramet. That evening, as I sat on the terrace watching the sunset, I marvelled at how the house and garden had been transformed in just one day. It is very special that so many people arrived on a Sunday to demonstrate the kindness of a close-knit Turkish community.

Talk of the devil

In early October the *panayır* was held in Iznik. This annual fair brings traders from far and wide. For a week the streets are lined with stalls selling everything from lettuce to lingerie. To me it offers little I cannot find on any market day, but obviously I am missing something, as everybody for miles around clogs the streets until late into the night. The same week a funfair with antiquated rides reminiscent of my childhood is set up on the outskirts of town. Rıza, who worked for us in Iznik, forbids his family to go anywhere near what he calls "Satan's Paradise". He went a few years ago and saw a man eating fire, while another pulled a rabbit from an empty hat. These feats could only be the work of the devil and nothing will convince him otherwise.

Night of the jackals

Last week Dorothy and I visited English friends living in the hills near Yalova. The autumn colours were like a picture on an old-fashioned chocolate box. The back roads were narrow, slippery and twisting. We managed to lose our way three times, and our host had to come and guide us the last few miles. I thought I lived in an isolated spot, but this makes my home seem almost suburban. At night they hear the calls of jackals and wolves. I didn't even know there were jackals in Turkey, and when I jokingly said I supposed they had bears as well, they happily told me they were further into the hills but only tracks had been seen. Because people are always asking me how I can live in the middle of nowhere, I didn't say a word. But with jackals, wolves and bears, these people really are intrepid.

Mission almost impossible

Sara and I set off for Istanbul the day before Julian's arrival to meet his 6.30am flight. Technologically dyslexic as I am (I have only just mastered the DVD machine), I thought I was hallucinating in the airport terminal when a policeman sped past on what looked like a motorised porter's trolley. I was contemplating having a strong coffee to pull myself together when two more officers whizzed past. My offspring and probably the rest of the world knew exactly what these things were. Later I looked up Segway on the internet and am now au fait with yet another amazing invention.

Just after Julian and Sara left I was notified that I had to go to Orhangazi to be issued with a new ID card, as my address and marital status had changed. After I had patiently lined up in the wrong queue for 10 minutes a clerk took pity on me. Filling in the form, he asked for the number of the house. I explained the house was half a mile down a track through the olive groves. The track has no name and I certainly have no house number. All houses have numbers, he assured me. I must visit the Keramet *muhtar*, ascertain the number and return to complete the form.

The thought of searching the Keramet tea-houses for the village headman was far from pleasing, and the look on my face prompted the helpful man to telephone him. In no time a number was obtained, the form completed and a new ID card placed in a machine to be encased in a plastic sleeve.

When it became obvious that my card was not doing whatever was expected of it, two other workers joined my helper, who fiddled with the machine while they offered advice. Suddenly there was a nasty smell of burning plastic, followed by smoke and a very loud fizzing noise. Whether there were smoke detectors or someone hit a fire alarm I have no idea, but a siren wailed as we were all herded outside onto the pavement. Two fire trucks arrived and only after a thorough inspection of the building were we allowed back inside.

I was ushered into the manager's office to sit in a VIP chair, where I sat sipping tea while a security guard went off to another government building to have a second copy of my upgraded details laminated. Mission accomplished, I'd had quite enough excitement for one day and headed straight home to the peace and quiet of number 3635.

Ottoman connections

In January I visited my friend Çetin. Living in Jakarta, he spends his spare time extolling the beauty of his homeland and the friendliness of the Turkish people. On my arrival he presented me with my itinerary and a week was spent meeting fascinating people, many of them Turks with Indonesian business interests. I stayed in the most beautiful hotel I have ever been in, just outside Yogyakarta, in the village of Tembi. In Java I learned that in the mid-16th century Sultan Selim II sent a fleet to Aceh in northern Sumatra to assist the Aceh sultanate in its fight against the Portuguese in Malacca. I am told there are still signs of the Turkish presence there, including a Turkish cemetery. Obviously a second visit to Indonesia is required to follow up this Ottoman connection. ◆

'Beyond the Orchard', a book of Azize Ethem's stories (Çitlembik–Nettleberry), is available to CORNUCOPIA *subscribers at £6.50, post free*

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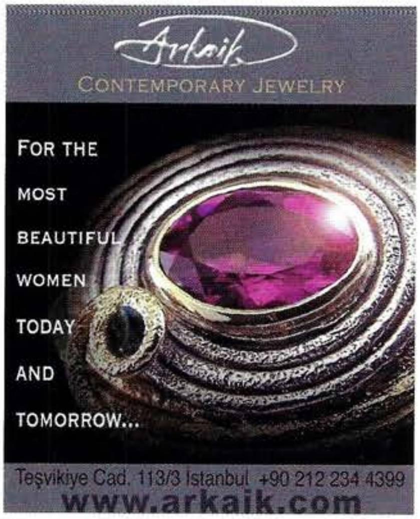

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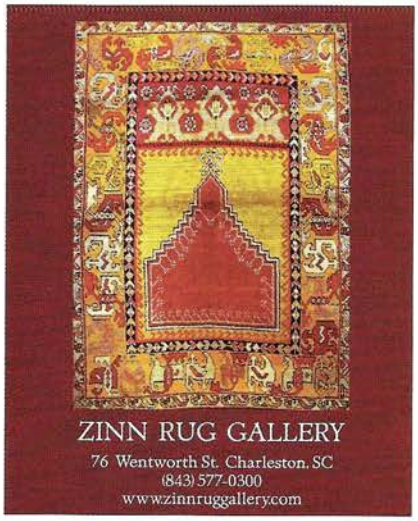

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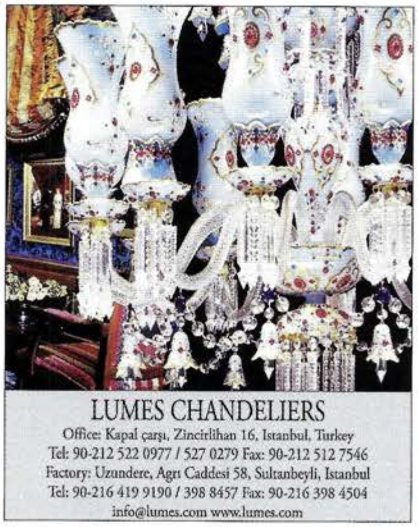

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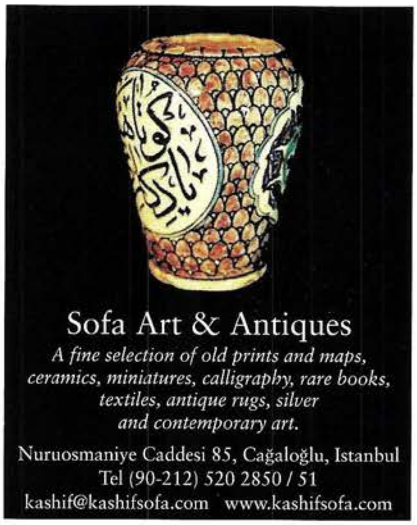

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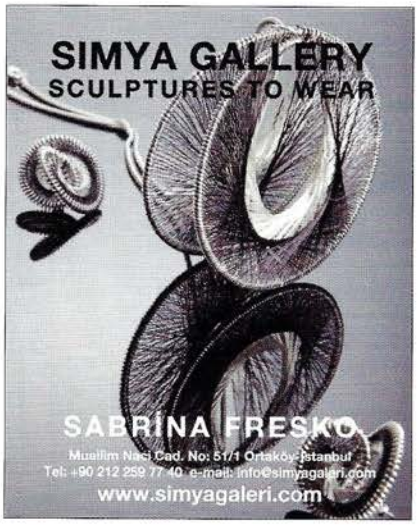

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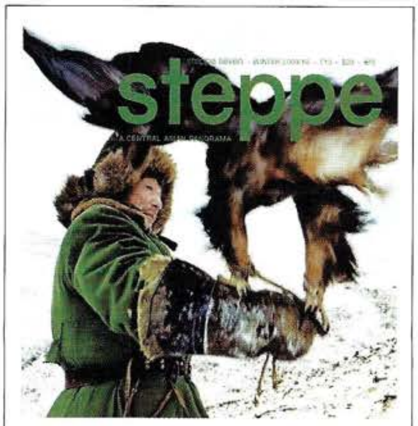

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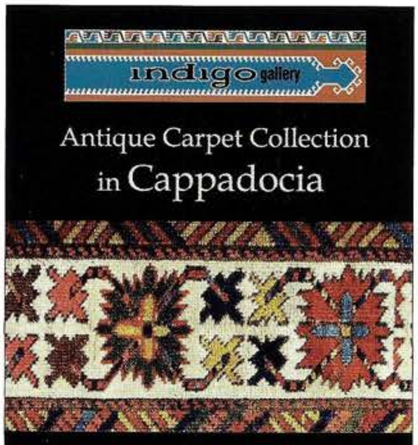

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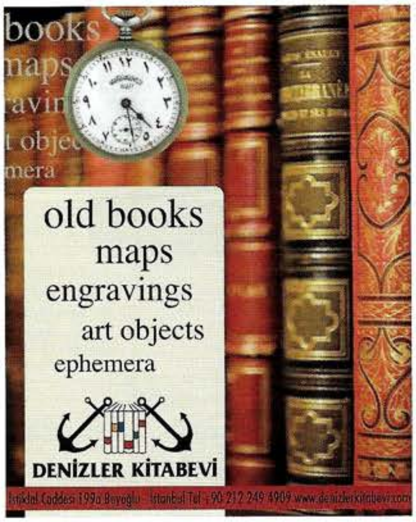
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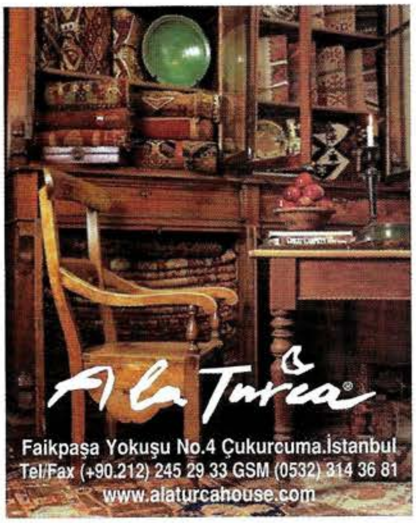
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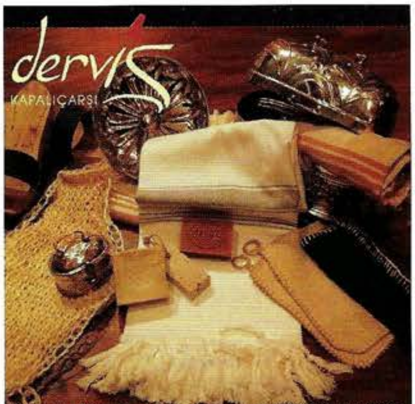
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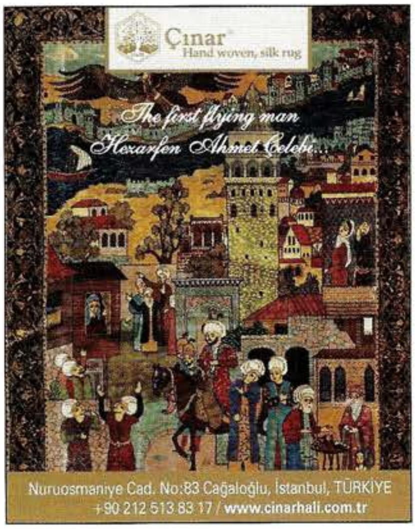
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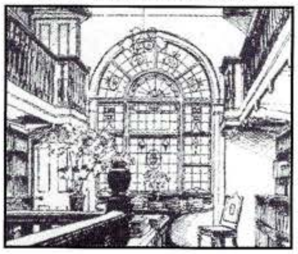

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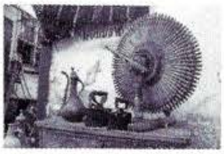

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The search for star quality

Andrew Finkel's alter egos argue the toss over the best Turkish cuisine. Will the winner be modern-creative? Real-deal authentic? Unpretentious-traditional? Or could it just be his local tried-and-tested, no-frills meyhane?

These days I find myself hopelessly torn between the dinner table and the analyst's couch. Multiple personalities argue with one another even as I unfold my napkin to take the first bite. There is Me Number One, whose idea of heaven is to search incognito for the gold standard of Turkish cuisine dressed in a Michelin inspector's false whiskers and putty nose. This really annoys Me Number Two, whose theory is that the pleasure of eating out in Turkey lies not in invention but in lack of pretension. If there are going to be extra stars, they should reward establishments that go out of their way to present the familiar that little bit better than anyone else. Me Number Three is in search of the authentic; it won't settle for less than stone-pressed organic olive oil in hand-blown bottles, and uses a hydrometer to test the specific gravity of sheep's-trotter soup. All three must face the ridicule of a Number Four who long ago decided that if the chairs don't wobble, the food is decent and the waiters cheerful, why make a fuss? This Me has the advantage of being in cahoots with my wife. "None of these fancy up-scale restaurants is really worth the detour," they cry in unison. Even if it's "same-old same-old", the fare at our favourite *meyhane* is perfectly decent and a third the price. All this bickering has put me in a grumpy mood. Nothing seems to please.

Well, that's not exactly true. You would have to be on life-support not to be in awe of Şirvan, a modest kebab restaurant in Gaziantep where everything tastes of greatness. I have written more than once in praise of this southeastern city which is the nation's portal to a foodie universe. And that was before I visited its ultimate shrine. It's a bit like that character Oracle in the film *The Matrix*. Formica tables and tubular metal chairs are the last things you'd suspect of having a direct line to the meaning of life. Of course, the meat is brilliant: the lamb shish just tender enough and not over-spiced; crusty chopped mince flavoured with pistachio or served as *ali nazik*, where the garlicky yoghurt and aubergine is more a sauce than a bed for vegetables. I was ushered in by a friend who explained that the proprietor had worked for many years in the famous İmam Çağdaş restaurant, but (and she whispered the words lest the gods should overhear) "I think this is better."

I thought the day would never come when I would praise a *lahmacun*, a round, thin flatbread with an equally thin layer of a meaty paste. I used to look down my nose at those who referred to it as a "Turkish pizza". From now on I shall refer to pizza as Italian *lahmacun*, though only the best pizza has a dough as delicate and crisp yet just pliable enough to act as an envelope for a salad of parsley and spring onion. A bigger surprise were the *böreks* – the same bread dough baked around a filling. One had olives and walnuts and the other cheese and parsley, both with sharp red pepper and a bang of flavour, like someone throwing a switch in your brain. There is also a sweet cheese *börek*, which is good for breakfast, but the real sweets are the varieties of *baklava*. It takes 10 years, according to Şirvan Payaslı, to become a *baklava* chef, which makes sense when you look at the results: the green of the pistachio shining through the translucent layers of buttery, sugared pastry, as well-constructed a bit of food architecture as the most elaborate sushi.

Şirvan is many miles (literally and figuratively) from Topaz, now an established high-class eatery overlooking the Bosphorus. Here the dining room is modern and attractive and clever enough not to compete with the spectacular view of Dolmabahçe. At Şirvan the strongest drink is buttermilk (*ayran*), but here there is a good bar and a hard-working sommelier. The moment the food arrives, all those personalities of mine are at each other's jugulars.

The menu boasts that this is a collaborative effort of chefs from the whole Mediterranean, but Topaz would be better off with just one who knew what he was doing. There is a lack of confidence – the priority seems to be not to offend its expense-account clientele. Everything is on the insipid side of subtle. I actually summoned the waiter over to ask if I'd been given the wrong starter, since the scorpion-fish soup with saffron didn't taste of fish. Everything is all prettily arranged, but then so is rose-petal icing on a birthday cake, which no one actually eats. I didn't have the courage to reach across the table to sample my host's warm stuffed vineleaves with yoghurt and sour cherry, but he announced

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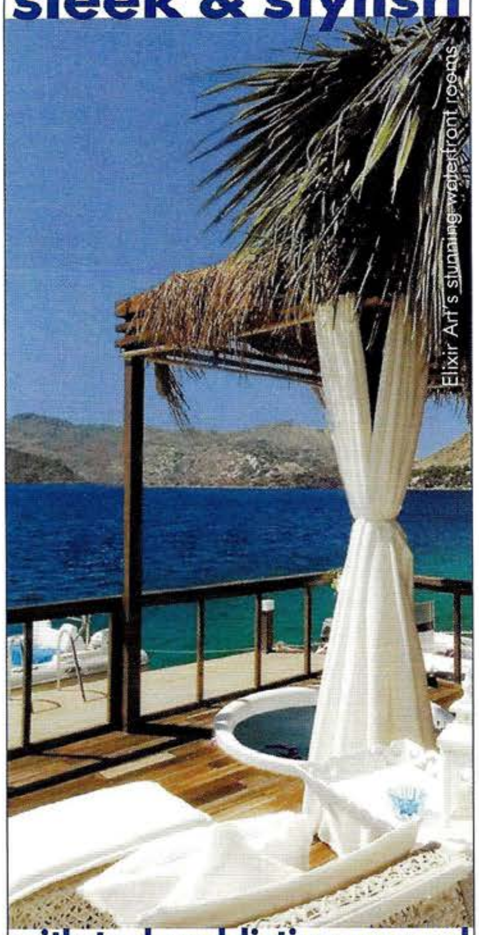

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himself unimpressed. I like sweetbreads, and these were grilled on a wooden kebab skewer until they were slightly chewy, which wasn't so bad, but I didn't get the point of the fusion "risotto" of bulgur and porcini. Topaz is expensive and doubly annoying because it seems to have the resources to produce interesting food but doesn't respond to the challenge.

I confess my myriad selves were equally irritated with Griffin, a newish Istanbul fish restaurant that is pointedly old-fashioned. If they would calm down for a minute they would find there was much to recommend. For a start, the owner, Hakan Özkaraman, is a nice man, and when we showed up on a busy Saturday night without a reservation he went out of his way to make up a table. The setting, too, is intriguing. It is the night-time annexe to the long-established Tarihi Karaköy Balık Lokantası (the Historical Karaköy Fish Restaurant) on the Galata-side shore of the Golden Horn. You have to navigate the narrow alleyways and ancient warehouses of Perşembe Pazarı (the Thursday Market), in what used to be the city's hardware district. Mr Özkaraman's father had a ball-bearing shop nearby. It's not that easy to find, but large parties of Istanbul's upper crust have clearly found the way. They are after a taste of old Istanbul – a bit like 1960s London, when if you wanted a real Chinese meal you had to go to the East End. So it is another plus that Griffin is bringing some life into an area where otherwise the lights would go out at night. On the other hand, there are lots of decentish restaurants in Istanbul.

Your expectations rise as the lift takes you to the top floor of a building which was used as a British Army HQ during the occupation after the First World War. There you are greeted by one of the city's most remarkable panoramic views – the historical peninsula from Topkapı Palace to the Süleymaniye Mosque. It's even better than Topaz, but the interior is a bit grim, and when it's crowded, as it frequently is, the floor-to-ceiling encaustic tiles bounce the sound around, so it's noisy.

None of that would matter if the food were better. The fish chowder is not as bland as Topaz's, but still ordinary. The meze is decent – a few good standard dishes but nothing out of the ordinary. We had shish for main course – one of sole, the other of corb (*minekop* in Turkish). Once upon a time these were luxury dishes in Istanbul, but there was something missing, even then. The sole is closer to plaice and really needs additional zing, and there was no lemon, or bay, or even a lonely tomato on the skewer to lend some flavour. Instead, both servings are doused with an inexplicably generous amount of olive oil. Though we are careful with what we eat and, particularly, drink, the bill is high. One of those Mes leaves muttering something about paying a premium for lack of pretension. This Me, by the way, has now retired to that favourite *meyhane* Asır (reviewed in CORNUCOPIA 25). It is a great deal better than it pretends to be.

As a coda, I mention a recent story in *The Times* which, for one hopeful moment, suggested a device that would solve all my Mes' problems. It is a machine invented by two MIT whizkids, described on a website as a "personal food factory that brings the versatility of the digital world to the realm of cooking". It consists of refrigerated food canisters which slot into the ultimate oven. Nutrients are piped into the chamber through extruder heads, in effect acting like a colour inkjet, allowing a creative spirit to "print", in three dimensions, an elaborate dinner. "It works by storing, precisely mixing, depositing and cooking layers of ingredients," the invention's website reads. "Elaborate gourmet meals at the touch of a button," enthuses Murad Ahmed, technology reporter for the Thunderer. Intrigued, I phoned my favourite boffin, who informs me that the first dish produced will be what in Turkish is called an *asparagas*, or a completely fabricated news story. Needless to say, the device is called a Cornucopia. ◆

BRIEFLY NOTED: Istanbuleats.com is an interesting food blog that is accruing a list of descriptive reviews of mainly down-to-earth restaurants in the city. There is also food news, and it was here I learned that the luxury tax on wine is about to be lifted. There was also a bit of praise for this column, so clearly their judgment is to be trusted.

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Located in the business district of Mecidiyeköy and designed specifically for the needs of the business executive, The Marmara Şişli has a unique architectural style, combining modernity with a Fifties twist. Panoramic views of Istanbul, 107 rooms, fitness room, meeting and banquet halls, 24/7 room service and free wireless internet.

www.themarmarahotels.com sisli-info@themarmarahotels.com

TEL 90-212 370 9400 FAX 90-212 292 3315

FOUR SEASONS HOTEL ISTANBUL AT SULTANAHMET

In the heart of the ancient city, on the doorstep of the Topkapı, Blue Mosque and Ayasofya, this award-winning hotel embodies a level of service guaranteeing it a place among the world's greats. Each of the 65 splendid, high-ceilinged rooms in this sensitively restored Turkish neoclassical bastille has its own unique character.

www.fourseasons.com/istanbul

TEL 90-212 402 3000 FAX 90-212 402 3010

GRAND HYATT ISTANBUL

Located in the heart of the city's business district, Grand Hyatt Istanbul has 360 stylish rooms including Grand King and Grand Deluxe rooms, elegant suites, 71 Grand Club rooms and 7 apartments; highly adaptable meeting and conference rooms; the pool, gardens, exceptional restaurants and spa provide wonderful diversions.

www.istanbul.grand.hyatt.com

TEL 90-212 368 1234 FAX 90-212 368 1000

KEMPINSKI HOTEL BARBAROS BAY – BODRUM

This hideaway resort – on one of the most enchanting bays of the Aegean coast – is a byword for relaxation and rejuvenation, with the world-renowned Six Senses Spa, and its own private bay and marina. 148 rooms and 25 luxury suites with magnificent views of the Aegean.

www.kempinski.com/bodrum

reservations.barbaros@kempinski.com

TEL 90-252 311 0303 FAX 90-252 311 0284

THE MARMARA PERA

A superior four-star hotel in the historic Pera district delivering amenities for business and leisure travel alike. Spend your day enjoying the mystique of Old Istanbul and charm of artistic Pera and Istiklâl Caddesi, its famous avenue. The Marmara Pera proudly offers guests the comfort of home in every one of its 203 rooms and suites.

www.themarmarahotels.com pera-info@themarmarahotels.com

TEL 90-212 251 4646 FAX 90-212 249 8033

HILTON IZMIR

Aegean landmark city-centre hotel with stunning panoramic views, 380 rooms (9 suites, 64 deluxe/ 63 exec. rooms), 3 restaurants, 2 bars, 18 meeting rooms, business centre, banqueting facilities, helipad, covered parking, shopping mall, health club (squash and tennis courts, fitness centre, indoor pool, steam bath, sauna, solarium). Wireless internet in all rooms, restaurants, meeting rooms.

www.hilton.com sales.izmir@hilton.com

TEL 90-232 497 6060 FAX 90-232 497 6000

ARMADA HOTEL - ISTANBUL

Looking for the genuine Istanbul? Head for the Armada, in the historic Old City. Stroll to the unmissable Topkapı Palace and Ayasofya. Enjoy a drink or dinner in the magical rooftop restaurant overlooking the Blue Mosque and the Sea of Marmara. Get in tune with the rhythms of live gypsy music or traditional *fasil.*

www.armadahotel.com.tr

info@armadahotel.com.tr

TEL 90-212 455 4455 FAX 90-212 455 4499

CORNUCOPIA'S LUXURY HOTEL DIRECTORY

Listed online at www.cornucopia.net

TAŞ HOTEL – ALAÇATI, ÇEŞME

A wonderful hotel in a little town that has become the showcase of rediscovered country chic. Taş Hotel is a 120-year-old stone house, whose natural, simple unaffected style pioneered the vogue for Alaçatı. 7 rooms, refreshing swimming pool in a perfectly peaceful lawn, superb breakfast of olives, village bread and home-made jam.

www.tasotel.com; info@tasotel.com

TEL 90-232 716 7772 FAX 90-232 716 8517

SUMAHAN ON THE WATER – ISTANBUL

Located in an historic setting on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, a small special hotel with private waterfront – intimate, modern and very comfortable. All 13 suites and 7 rooms have spectacular views of the old city. Private Bosphorus launch service; award-winning Kordon Restaurant on premises; airport 35km.

Member of Conde Nast Johansens.

www.sumahan.com info@sumahan.com

TEL 90-216 422 8000 FAX 90-216 422 8008

LAVANTA HOTEL – YALIKAVAK, BODRUM

Panoramic sea view, spectacular sunsets. This small, exclusive *hôtel de charme* is operated by the owners. Rooms and suites are individually decorated with antiques and valuable furnishings. Set in a tranquil hillside surrounded by olive groves and fields of fragrant herbs. May 1–Oct 16.

www.lavanta.com lavanta@lavanta.com

TEL 90-252 385 2167 FAX 90-252 385 2290

THE MARMARA BODRUM

A member of the small luxury hotels of the world and winner of the five-star diamond award. The Marmara Bodrum is internationally recognised as among the finest, with its exceptional service for an elite clientele. Its distinctive architecture and sophisticated residential design is reflected in its 96 deluxe rooms and suites.

www.themarmarahotels.com

bodrum-info@themarmarahotels.com

TEL 90-252 313 8130 FAX 90-252 313 8131

MEHMET ALI AĞA MANSION – DATÇA

Member of *Relais et Chateux*, this is a unique museum hotel set in the almond, olive and lemon groves on the Datça peninsula. The Ottoman konak was built in 1809, its frescoes lovingly restored. Swimming pool, private beach, 18 rooms in a choice of modern or traditional style. The hotel's Elaki Restaurant is famed for its wine cellar and regional cuisine. www.kocaev.com; info@kocaev.com

TEL 90-252 712 9257 FAX 90-252 712 9256

EMPRESS ZOE – SULTANAHMET, ISTANBUL

A delightfully peaceful small hotel just a minute's walk from Aya Sofya, Topkapı Palace and the Arasta Bazaar with a secret garden of cypress and palm trees next to the romantic ivy-clad ruins of a 16th-century domed hamam covered with wild delphiniums and snapdragons.

Each room is airy and full of charm.

www.emzoe.com info@emzoe.com

TEL 90-212 518 2504 FAX 90-212 518 5699

GAMIRASU CAVE HOTEL – CAPPADOCIA

One of the best cave hotels in Cappadocia, the Gamirasu is located in an exquisitely restored 12th-century Byzantine monastic retreat. All 23 rooms are beautifully designed in harmony with the surroundings, with all modern comforts. Horse riding, hot air ballooning, Turkish cookery courses.

www.gamirasu.com info@gamirasu.com

TEL 90-384 354 5815 FAX 90-384 354 5864

MUSEUM HOTEL – UÇHISAR, CAPPADOCIA

'Wonderful, artistic, one of a kind,' writes an ecstatic visitor to this painstakingly restored Uçhisar house hotel with dramatic views over Cappadocia's tufa landscape. Each of the 18 suites and 22 arched and rock-carved rooms is lavishly furnished, with every comfort and mod con: unforgettable.

www.museum-hotel.com

info@museum-hotel.com

TEL 90-384 219 2220 FAX 90-384 219 2444

INCIRLIEV – ALAÇATI, ÇEŞME

Incirliev, 'a bit of heaven in Alaçatı' as the guests say, is a peaceful boutique hotel set in the serenity of ancient stone houses. 8 individually furnished, spacious rooms with charisma and personality. Soak up the peaceful sounds of nature in the courtyard, while enjoying a delicious home-made breakfast.

www.incirliev.com info@incirliev.com

TEL 90-232 716 0353 FAX 90-232 716 0393

TOMTOM SUITES – BEYOĞLU, ISTANBUL

An exceptional boutique hotel converted into high-ceilinged luxury suites from the old 1850s home of the Soeurs Gardes Malades. In a pretty, peaceful square between the Italian ambassador's Palazzo Venezia and the Palais de France, in a quarter of Beyoğlu named after a captain in the Ottoman navy (Tomtom Kaptan). The rooftop restaurant bar has a historic harbour view.

www.tomtomsuites.com info@tomtomsuites.com

TEL 90-212 292 4949 FAX 90-212 292 4230

SHERATON ÇEŞME HOTEL, RESORT & SPA

The new Sheraton 6km from pretty Çeşme offers Californian, Mediterranean and seafood restaurants, pure white sands, and a truly life-enhancing thermal spa fed by naturally hot seawater springs. Daily tours arranged to the classical sites. Fast motorway link to Izmir's international airport (90km).

www.sheratoncesme.com sales@sheratoncesme.com

TEL 90-232 723 1240 FAX 90-232 723 1856

SEDIRLI EV - ALAÇATI, ÇEŞME

Sedirli Ev, a charming, small hotel with 8 distinct rooms, offers the intimacy and comfort of a homely, peaceful haven. Relax with a drink in beautiful surroundings by the pool and the cool stone walls in summertime, or sit cosily by the fireplace in winter. Enjoy a delicious home-made breakfast by the poolside in the garden.

www.sedirliev.com

info@sedirliev.com

TEL 90-232 716 9271 FAX 90-232 716 6565

THE MARMARA MANHATTAN

A luxury all-suite hotel serving overnight and long-term guests in New York City's most fashionable Upper East Side. The 32 floors offer panoramic views of Manhattan with 108 spacious, guest suites. The unique roof-top Penthouse suite and terrace offer an oasis of relaxation amidst the city's hustle and bustle.

info@themarmarahotels.com

www.themarmarahotels.com

TEL +1-212 427 3100 FAX +1-212 427 3042

WITT ISTANBUL SUITES

The designers from Autoban have helped to reinvent Ogilvy & Mather's Cihangir HQ as Istanbul's coolest pied-à-terre, a haven of luxury and sassy modernity (Ladder bookcases, Pumpkin coffee tables). The 17 huge suites (4 with sweeping views) have it all: marble kitchenettes, Ross Lovegrove bathrooms, Denizli-woven sheets, 24/7 room service.

reservation@wittistanbul.com

www.wittistanbul.com

TEL 90-212 393 7900 FAX 90-212 393 7950

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